Beginning **RIGHT TO THE HEART**— A NOVEL OF A FIGHTER WHO MARRIED A LADY

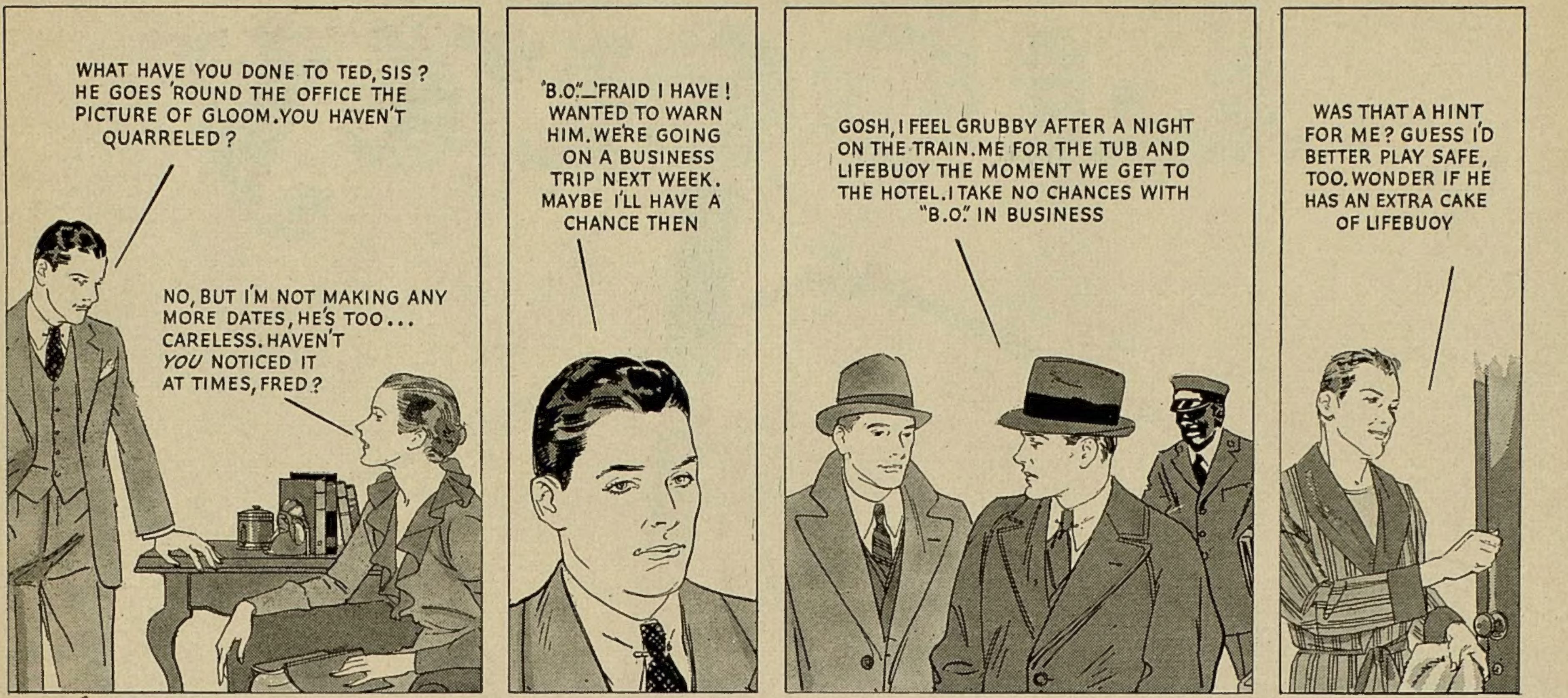
MAR 30,
1935

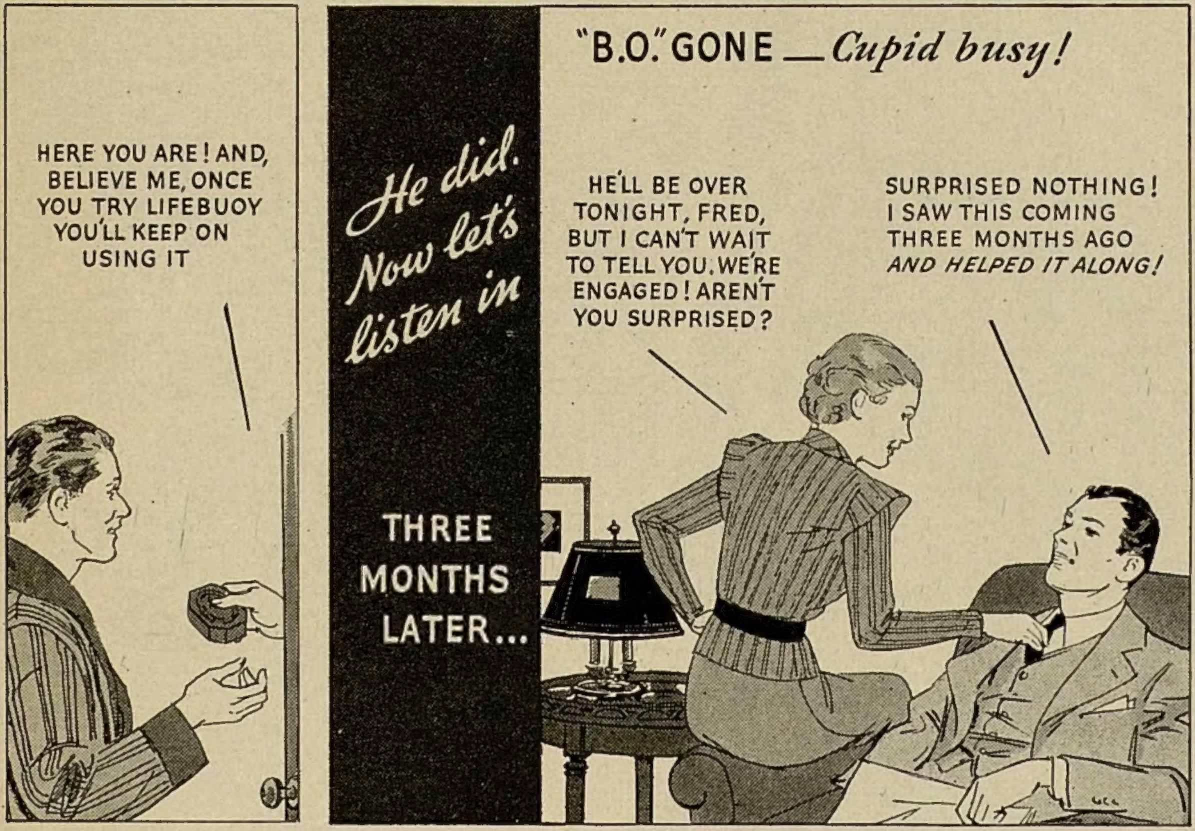
Liberty

5¢

THE EMPIRE OF THE KINGFISH by **WILL IRWIN**

NEW LIFE FOR A DYING ROMANCE

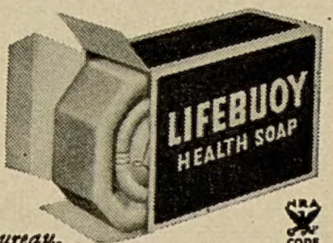

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO TED, SIS? HE GOES 'ROUND THE OFFICE THE PICTURE OF GLOOM. YOU HAVEN'T QUARRELED?
NO, BUT I'M NOT MAKING ANY MORE DATES, HE'S TOO... CARELESS. HAVEN'T *YOU* NOTICED IT AT TIMES, FRED?
"B.O."—'FRAID I HAVE! WANTED TO WARN HIM. WE'RE GOING ON A BUSINESS TRIP NEXT WEEK. MAYBE I'LL HAVE A CHANCE THEN
GOSH, I FEEL GRUBBY AFTER A NIGHT ON THE TRAIN. ME FOR THE TUB AND LIFEBUOY THE MOMENT WE GET TO THE HOTEL. I TAKE NO CHANCES WITH "B.O." IN BUSINESS
WAS THAT A HINT FOR ME? GUESS I'D BETTER PLAY SAFE, TOO. WONDER IF HE HAS AN EXTRA CAKE OF LIFEBUOY


HERE YOU ARE! AND, BELIEVE ME, ONCE YOU TRY LIFEBUOY YOU'LL KEEP ON USING IT
He did. Now let's listen in
THREE MONTHS LATER...
"B.O." GONE — Cupid busy!
HE'LL BE OVER TONIGHT, FRED, BUT I CAN'T WAIT TO TELL YOU. WE'RE ENGAGED! AREN'T YOU SURPRISED?
SURPRISED NOTHING! I SAW THIS COMING THREE MONTHS AGO *AND HELPED IT ALONG!*

YOUR COMPLEXION IS FRESH AS A ROSE
THAT'S THE KIND OF COMPLEXION LIFEBUOY GIVES YOU!

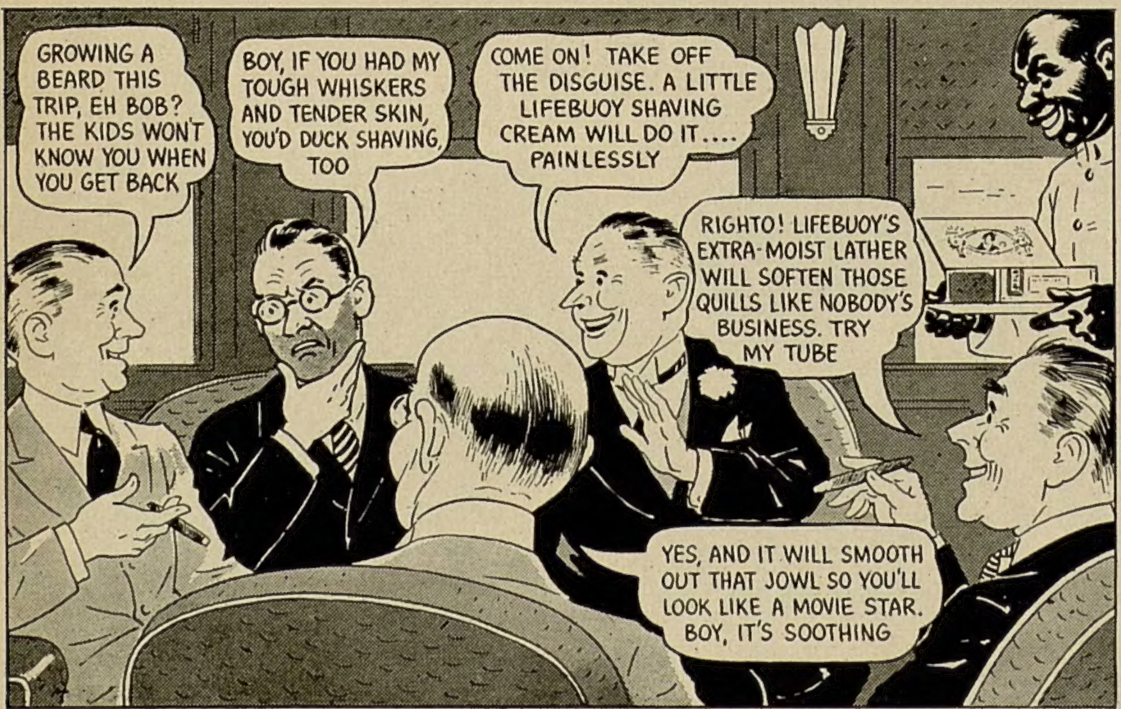
AND she's just one of the *millions* who say, "Lifebuoy agrees with my skin!" Complexions thrive on its gentle mildness—grow fresher, clearer, lovelier. Tests made on the skins of hundreds of women prove that Lifebuoy is decidedly milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Lathers abundantly in hardest water. Rich, deep-penetrating lather that *purifies* pores, stops "B.O." (*body odor*). Notice how *clean* Lifebuoy smells, how quickly this scent vanishes as you rinse.


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

BOB TAKES IT ON THE CHIN


GROWING A BEARD THIS TRIP, EH BOB? THE KIDS WON'T KNOW YOU WHEN YOU GET BACK
BOY, IF YOU HAD MY TOUGH WHISKERS AND TENDER SKIN, YOU'D DUCK SHAVING, TOO
COME ON! TAKE OFF THE DISGUISE. A LITTLE LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM WILL DO IT.... PAINLESSLY
RIGHTO! LIFEBUOY'S EXTRA-MOIST LATHER WILL SOFTEN THOSE QUILLS LIKE NOBODY'S BUSINESS. TRY MY TUBE
YES, AND IT WILL SMOOTH OUT THAT JOWL SO YOU'LL LOOK LIKE A MOVIE STAR. BOY, IT'S SOOTHING

I NEVER THOUGHT I COULD SHAVE SO CLEAN AND CLOSE IN SOLID COMFORT. LIFEBUOY SURE IS GREAT!

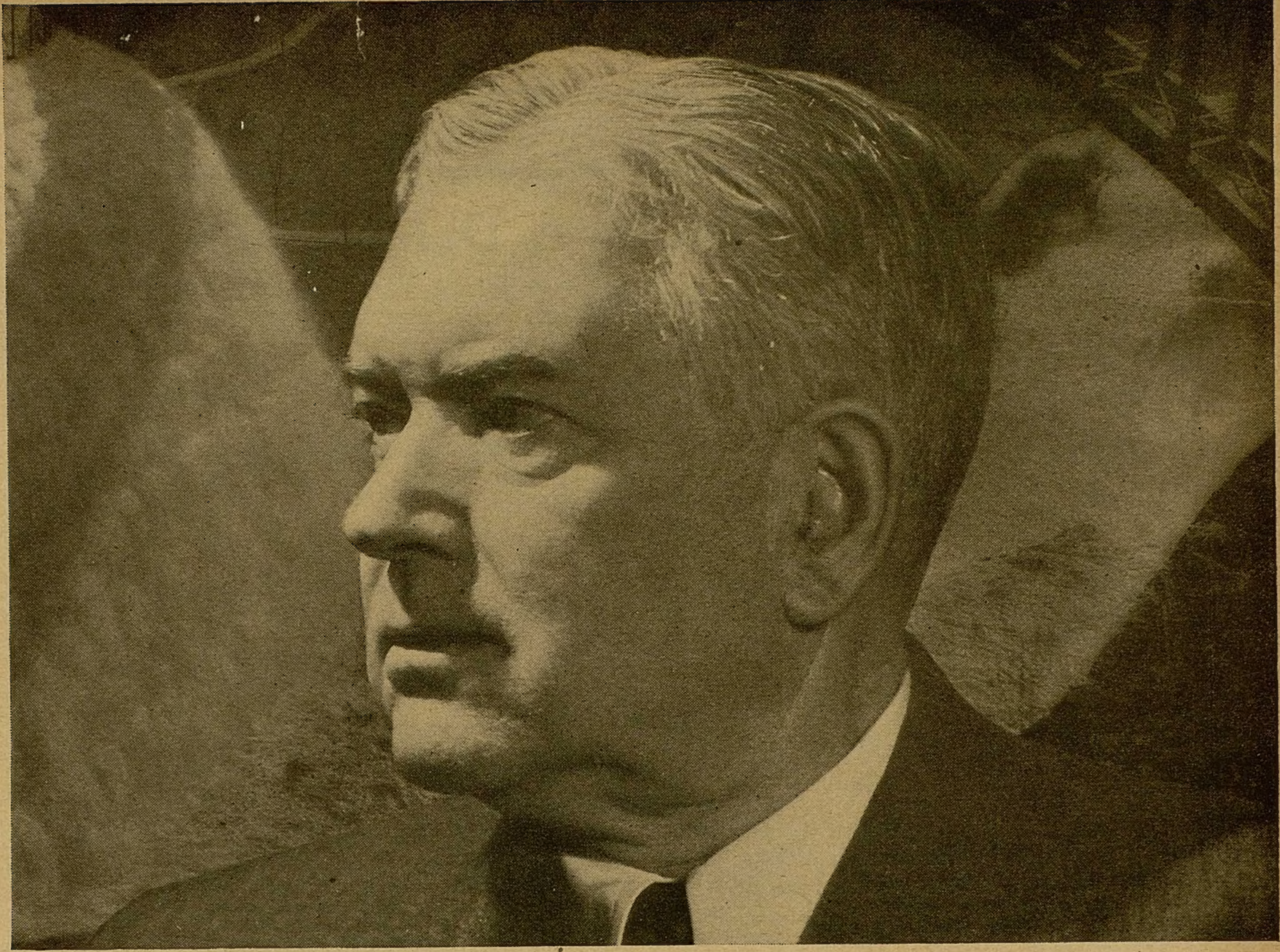
LIFEBUOY lather gives the smoothest, most comfortable shave ever. It holds 52% more moisture—*soaks* tough beards soft, easy to shave close. It's mild and soothing, too—over 20% milder than other leading shaving soaps.

Send for a FREE trial tube

Try it. Write Lever Brothers, Dept. A-123, Cambridge, Mass., for a Free 12-day tube. *This offer good in U. S. only.*

LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG FULL-SIZED TUBE



Brought Water to a Million Arid Acres

but he's a **DENTAL CRIPPLE** just the same!

"Pink Tooth Brush" began it

LONG AGO in his transit-carrying days, he ate the rough, coarse food of railroad mess cars and contractors' camps. But little by little in his climb to success, soft and well-cooked foods took the place of rough camp fare. His gums, robbed of vigorous work, grew tender . . . sensitive! Then he had his first warning—a tinge of "pink" on his tooth brush.

He ignored it—*absolutely*.

His intelligence should have warned him—his dentist's advice driven home his danger. Today he admits his fault—but today he's a Dental Cripple.

It's not a new story—it's happened before. You can't trifle with "pink tooth brush"! Don't leave yourself open to serious gum disorders—to gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea.

There's no mystery about "pink tooth brush." Our modern foods do not and cannot give our gums the work they need. Robbed of that work, they grow sensitive and tender—and sooner or later that warning tinge of "pink" appears.

Play safe—get Ipana Tooth Paste today. And add gum massage with Ipana to your daily health routine.

Brush your teeth regularly with Ipana. And each time you brush your teeth, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. Try this for a month. Your teeth will be far brighter, your gums much healthier—and you can forget about "pink tooth brush."

Professional Opinion says:

- *From a standard dental text:* "Refined foods are . . . soft, so as to require little or no mastication."
- *A well-known authority says:* "Bleeding of the gums always means trouble and should receive attention at once."
- *Excerpt from a professional treatise:* "It is important to brush the gums in order to keep them in a healthy condition."

IPANA

Tooth Paste

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
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TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO
NEW YORK
USED ALWA

MARCH 30, 1935 **Liberty** VOL. 12, NO. 13

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

ARROGANT UNIONISM A DEMORALIZING FORCE

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is to be congratulated on his sincere effort to supplant the dole with work for millions of the unemployed in the face of the belligerent opposition of unionism. In his advocacy of the four-billion-dollar relief measure designed to bring relief to all unemployed, he was met by the demands of labor leaders that regular union wages be paid. Had he acquiesced it would have meant that he had agreed to lessen by millions the number who would be assisted and thus would have defeated the object of the four-billion-dollar relief measure.

Three million worker-members of the American Federation of Labor should not have been permitted to seize or dictate the benefits of the four-billion-dollar relief to the exclusion of millions of other workers now on or facing the dole.

It required unusual courage to fight the powerful labor-union lobby, but in this instance every worker not affiliated with the American Federation is applauding him. President Roosevelt in his stand proved a President for all workers and not for just one class.

Organized labor cannot assume that as workers it has carried all the load of this depression. At the best it can claim but three million membership, and the needs of the eight to ten million unemployed in this country also must be recognized. The relief measure was not proposed as a relief solely for organized labor.

Nor can organized labor claim its plight in the depression has been comparable to that of other workers. Wage cuts for workers in general have averaged from 25 to 30 per cent in the last three years. Union labor has not had to undergo this because it was carried through in many instances by long-term contractual relations with employers.

Unionism in co-operation can be and has been beneficent, but unionism in arrogance can destroy. Capital, too, can be beneficent or cruel and pitiless.

But a difference between operation of capital and labor is that capital when actually earned has usually been so through a lifetime of sacrifice and hard work by the possessor, and the possessor has the protection of this capital in mind at all times. He must operate on stable principles.

Labor is responsible for jobs only. It has no investment at stake; no sacrifice or thrift is involved. Consequently it can be more drastically inconsiderate. By its arbitrary acts or those of its leaders it can destroy property, take away the dividends of widows and orphans, bring ruin and bankruptcy upon huge organizations and, even as in the case of the ill-conceived San Francisco general strike, cause untold losses and suffering to people in no way involved.

The American Federation of Labor with its three million membership, less than 10 per cent of the workers of this country, had an opportunity during the depression to be a force for great good, but many times the greed and lack of consideration for others by its leaders have been too blatantly noticeable.

Millions of dollars totaling into billions have been lost because of demands which were impossible for business to meet. The writer knows of one organization that lost eight million dollars through attempts to meet union conditions. The business had to close and the results of years of hard work by its officials and the millions of investment were destroyed with the jobs of hundreds of employees.

An attempt of unionism to seize power over business was shown in the recent drive to increase its membership. Nearly one million new members were added after the NRA was inaugurated. A large percentage of these new members now acknowledge they enrolled because of representation made to them that President Roosevelt desired them to join. This now is known to have been a false representation.

The American Federation of Labor has attempted, and in many instances has succeeded in, browbeating legislators.

Labor leaders loudly proclaim that they can control the union-labor vote, yet these leaders never have controlled the votes of more than 50 per cent of the members of their own organization.

In the secrecy of the voting booths the members of labor unions vote in accordance with the dictates of their intelligence and conscience, and legislators are foolish to believe that union leaders can deliver these.

President Roosevelt in refusing to believe that the American Federation of Labor speaks for the American worker deserves the thanks of every American citizen.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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THAT LITTLE BIT OF BAD

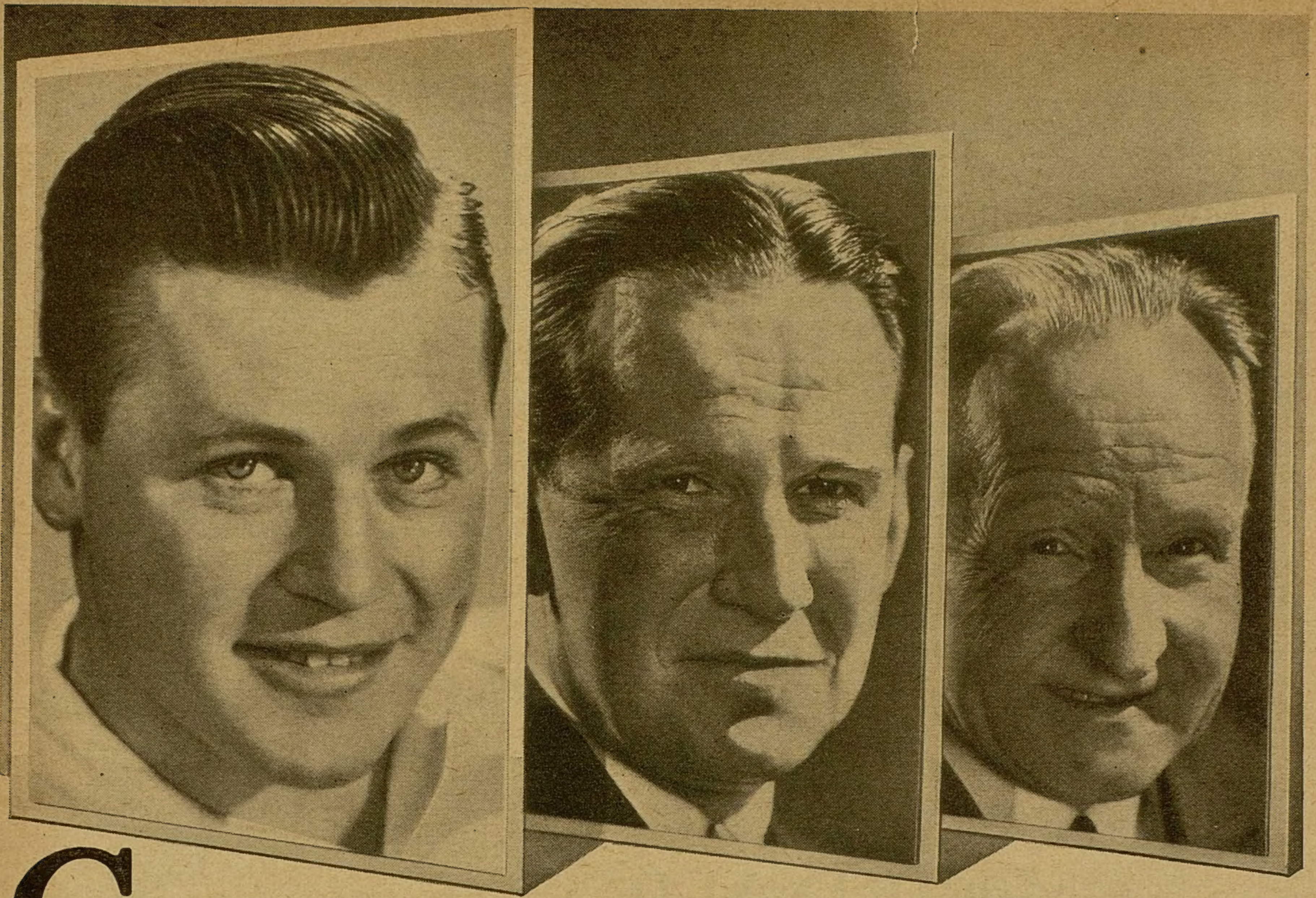
in "Naughty Marietta" that made her throw convention overboard, made us forget all the rules, too, when we produced it—with the result that it is as gay and disarming as anything you've ever seen!

Of course, with Victor Herbert's melodies to begin with you couldn't very well miss, but W. S. Van Dyke (who directed *Trader Horn, Thin Man*) has put some unexpected twists and turns in it that make it a sheer delight. It is *different.* A *new* kind of musical...A *singing* romance full of excitement and glorious melody. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer proudly presents...

JEANETTE
MacDONALD
and the sensational new singing STAR
NELSON EDDY *in*

VICTOR HERBERT'S
NAUGHTY MARIETTA

with
FRANK MORGAN
Douglas Dumbrille
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
a W. S. VAN DYKE Production
Book and Lyrics by Rida Johnson Young
Produced by HUNT STROMBERG
Also Coming Soon
Jean Harlow, Wm. Powell *in* "RECKLESS"



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Gem has never deviated from the practical principle of a straight, rigid blade, in a flat, *full-contact* frame.

Your father and grandfather are doubtless among those who have stuck to Gems from the start, because Gem *alone* enables them to use the smooth, tugless, *right-angle stroke* of the barber's razor, with which they learned to shave.

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This new Micromatic holder won't permit the choppy, beard-twisting strokes which provoke ingrown hairs and persistent irritations.

Gem Blades can't budge, scuff or nip. They never skip a dimple or a wrinkle. A *once-over* controls the blackest stubble for twenty-four hours.

Gem's five-point lock and Dual Alignment (patented feature) hold and set the edge so *precisely*, and allow such *close* shaving, that Gem Blades wade through the heaviest bristle without a wince from the thinnest skin. Built of 50% thicker surgical steel, stropped 4840 separate times; so tough tempered and *indefinitely* keen that all substitutes dull faster.

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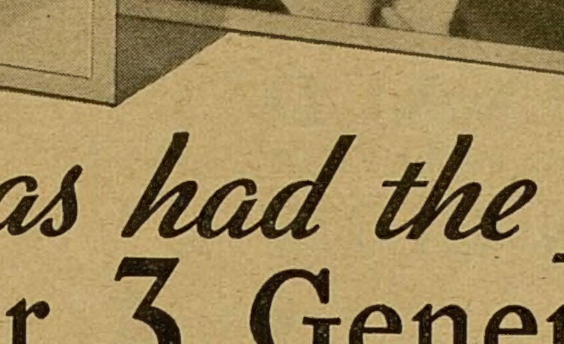
Handsomely boxed, gold-plated sets, $1. Or a trial outfit, with regular dollar holder, and single- and double-edged blade, for *your* quarter and *our* coupon.



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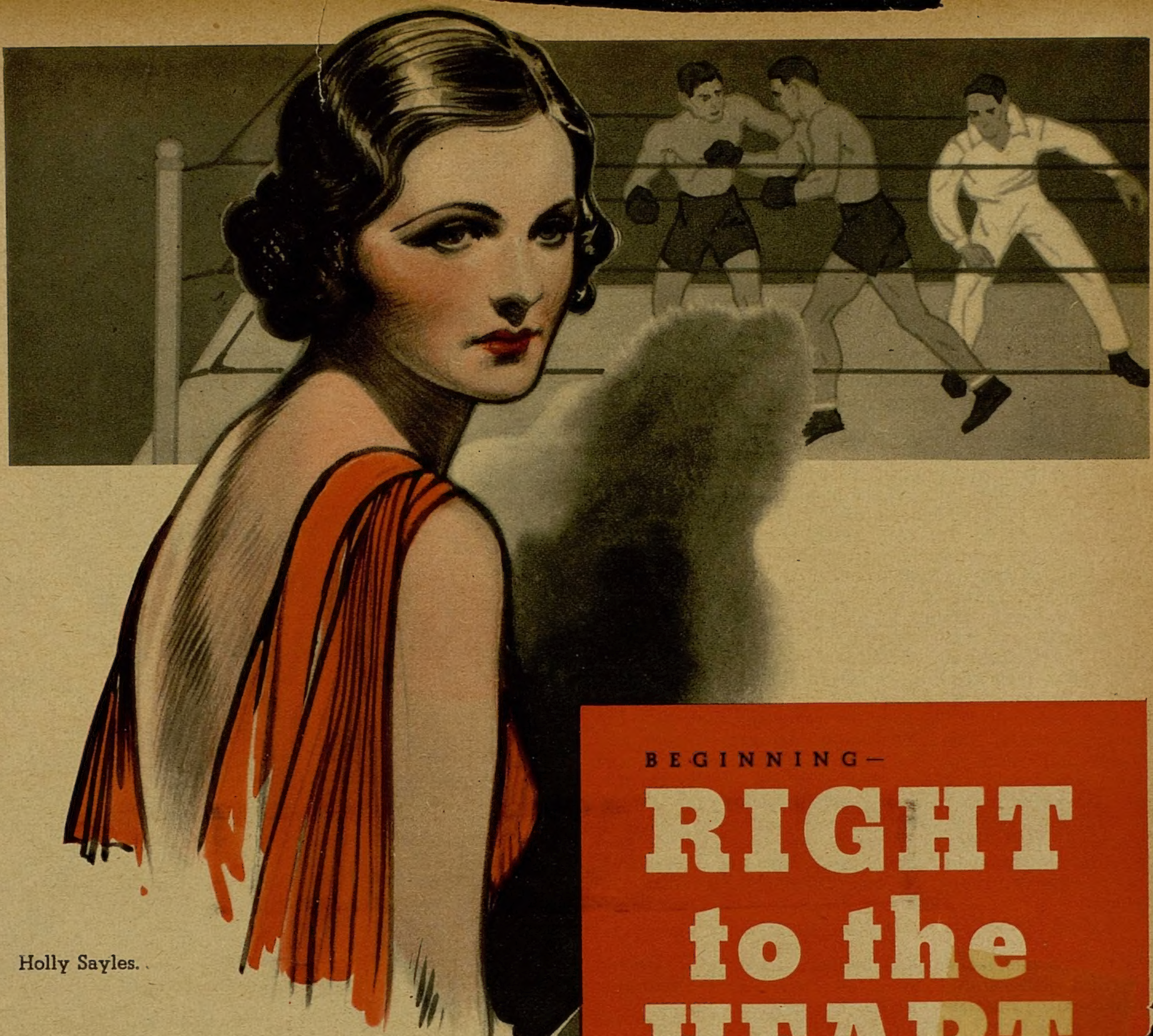
ALL ONE PIECE — *Twist — it opens! Twist — it closes!*



Holly Sayles.

BEGINNING—

RIGHT to the HEART

A Novel that Is Grave and Gay and Tender, All in One—of a Fighter and a Lady, and Their Brave and Buoyant Romance

by

REITA LAMBERT

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART ONE—HOLLY SAYLES MAKES A DISCOVERY

DANCING comfortably with Ray Hallam at Bird Sexton's birthday dinner dance, Holly thought of a number of things: that summer was nearly over, that the family would soon be moving back to town, and that the prospect of winter left her as cold as its own snows. "Ray, I'm getting old," she said.

"You're telling me," Ray said.

She looked up at him sadly. "I hoped you hadn't noticed."

"It's pretty obvious," he said and waved off Harris Beach who wanted to cut in. "Not just now, Bee. We're in conference." He glanced down at Holly's black head in the curve of his arm. His eyes were excited but he kept his voice carefully casual. "It's time you did something about it, darling."

"I know. I was just thinking that this'll be my fourth season. And I'm nearly twenty-two and haven't a thing to show for it. Not a thing."

"You have me," Ray said. "Or you could have me if you knew what was good for you."

She murmured, "So kind, darling. You *have* been faithful." And, with her dark eyes swinging up to his, she chanted, "'Since I was a simple debutante and you were a stag at bay—'"

"You need air," he said, and danced her out through the open window.

They tacked a cautious course toward the boathouse which they felt pretty sure would be deserted. It was, and they sat down on the steps and lit cigarettes. A harvest moon hung over the Sound.

Ray's arm girdled Holly's shoulders and she thought grimly, "Well, I practically begged for it."

Ray lost no time. "Holly darling, what do you say we get married?"

"I say no, thanks." She leaned her head restfully against his arm and swung her sandaled foot. "I don't want to marry anybody—yet."

"First thing you know you'll be just somebody's aunt."

"That's one thing I won't be. You forget I'm an only child."

"No, I don't. That's why you're such a spoiled, moody brat." He drew her head against his cheek. "But I love you, all the same. Holly darling—"

"Don't, Ray!" She sprang up and flung her cigarette away. "I'm in a horrible mood tonight. Maybe it's the moon—" She stopped and flung out her arms. "Ray, don't you ever feel that you're missing something? Experiences, emotions— I— I can't say quite what I mean, Ray. Haven't *you* ever felt it—as though some one were holding out on you? Holding out something tremendously exciting?"

"Marriage can be exciting if you're in love," he said.

"About as exciting as a cup custard. Do you know what it would be like if we got married—two nice people as eminently suited to each other as you and I, darling? A church wedding with all the proper people present. A honeymoon in Bermuda, or maybe Europe. A suitable apartment, not too far from home. Sunday dinner with the folks, and pretty soon a nursemaid wheeling Junior up the sunny side of Park Avenue."

"Well, what's the matter with that?" he asked.

"Everything. Living like that—well, it would be like living with only a part of you—leaving a lot of yourself—the biggest part of yourself—untouched."

"You've been reading the wrong books lately, my girl—or seeing too many movies."

She laughed. "No, I'm just reverting to type. I'm going common, Ray. You know, my grandfather was lovely and common. His idea of refined luxury would have been a gold monogrammed spittoon. Hello, Bennie. Did you bring me a piece of Bird's birthday cake?"

"Listen," Bennie Harbough said, out of breath with running. "I've been looking all over the place for you. Charlie Hale just telephoned me. He's got four tickets for the fight and can't use 'em. Do you two want to come along?"

"What fight?" Holly said.

THE two men looked at each other. "*The* fight," Bennie said, elaborately kind. "Our heavyweight champion is defending his title tonight, darling."

"A prize fight! Bennie, I'd adore it!"

Ray said, "Wait a minute. You don't know what you're letting yourself in for, Holly."

She started after Bennie, who called back, "Aren't you coming, Ray?"

"No, thanks. I'm just effete enough to prefer a birthday party," Ray said and watched them go, Holly's laughing face lifted to Bennie's.

Bennie hunted up Frances Chester, his current flame, and Harris Beach jumped at the chance to see the fight and be with Holly at the same time.

New York was forty miles away.

"Boy, is this a break!" Bennie said, backing his car out of the congested driveway. "I'll expect a handsome Christmas present from all of you, mind."

"Who is the champion, Bennie?" Holly wanted to know.

The men groaned.

"West. Montana West is the name," Harris said. "Montana for the state."

"How lovely, being named after a state," Frances said. "Is he nice, Bennie? Do you know him?"

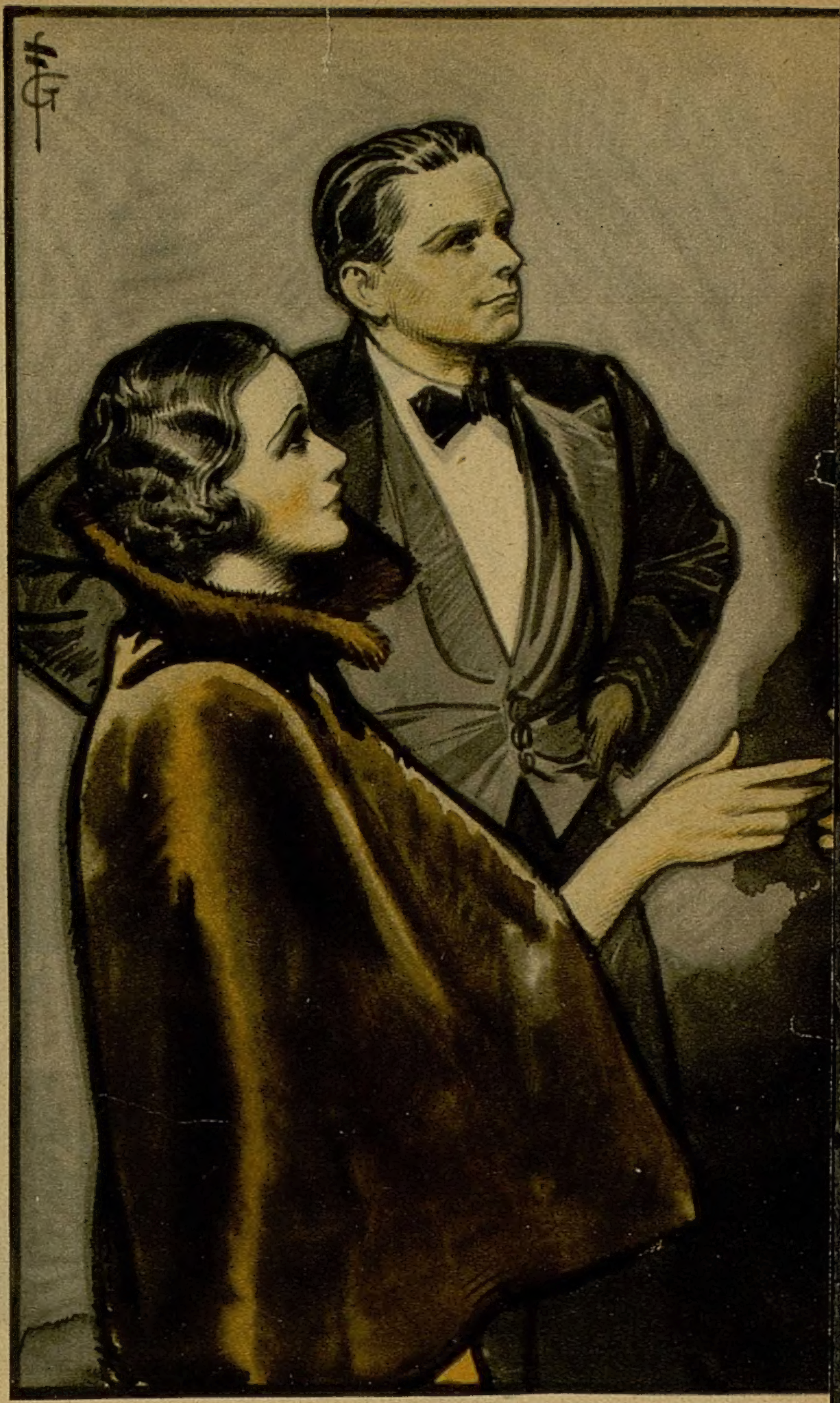
"Do I know him! I'm a member in good standing of the A. C., my child. And is he nice? He's a prince is Monty."

"I always think of prize fighters as all meat and no matter," Frances said. "That was a red light, Bennie."

"Matter enough," Bennie said, ignoring the allusion to the light, "to pile up a million berries before he's twenty-eight."

When they finally achieved their seats they found them very good ones, giving them a clear view of the ring.

The men placed the two girls between them as a protection against sordid alien contacts, and they launched an excited technical discussion across their charges.



Monty's magnificent body was swathed in a bathro

Into the center of the ring swaggered a swarthy giant with a bristling black bullet of a head, in a green-and-orange bathrobe. Above the welcoming din that greeted him, Bee shrieked at Holly, "That's the Texas Cock. The champ'll be along in a minute, and—"

Roar upon lusty roar broke from the vast bowl. Holly had never thought that mere noise could be so horrible, so completely terrifying. She shook Bee's arm, but he was roaring too, his mouth wide open, his eyes straining toward the ring.

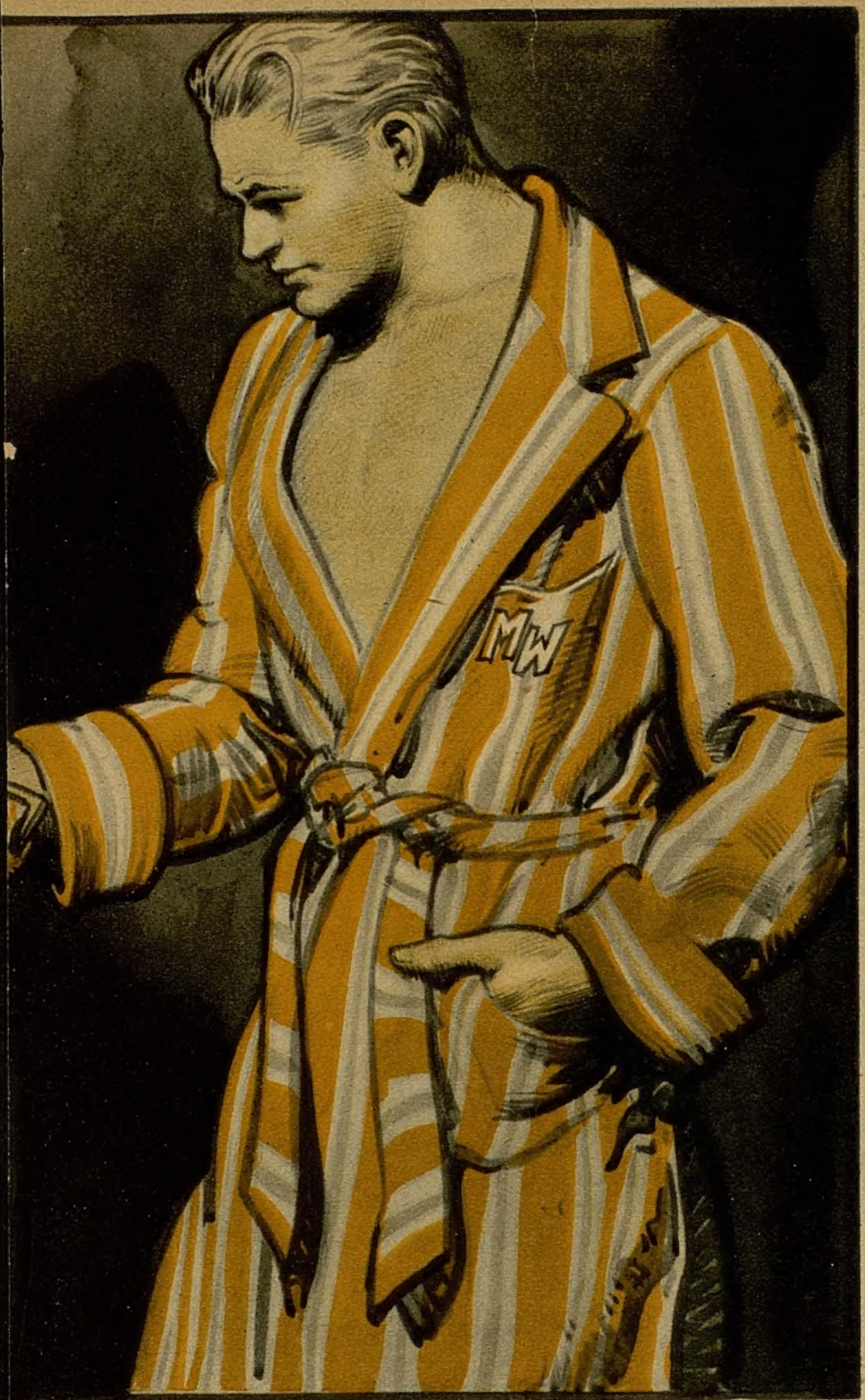
Then Holly turned too, and looked at the cause of all this tumult: A benevolent-looking blond giant, his body burned golden by the summer sun. He was smiling, a broad pleased grin that showed every sound white tooth in his head, and shaking hands with himself and waving now in this direction, now in that. Now straight at Holly's section, and suddenly she was no longer frightened but so excited she could hardly breathe.

Then the bell rang.

"Kill him, Monty!—Take it easy, baby!—Don't be scared. Go *get* him, Cocky! —Atta boy!—hit him again, he's— One, two, three, four— He's *down!* He's down! Upsee-daisy! Sting him, Cocky!"

The bell rang and Frankie moaned, "I can't bear it!"

Nobody heard her. Holly least of all. Holly with her



"So you're the girl who belongs to this," he said.

cheeks as red as her red-chiffon dress, her eyes straining toward the ring. The bell had rung again and Monty came out of his corner smiling. "Put him down for good this time, Monty!— Hi, Cocky, wake up! Your pancakes'll get cold!— One, two, three—"

"Look!" screamed Holly.

Frankie covered her face with her hands. Bennie was standing. Everybody was standing, shouting, tearing their throats to shreds.

"Hi, Monty!— Give him the works, Cocky!— One, two, three— He's down again! Come *on,* Cocky!— Five, six, seven— Throw him a pillow. He wants a little nap— Ten!— He's *out!* Hi, champ, champ—champ—champ!"

Something struck Holly on the chest. A man's hat. Just what she needed. She waved it round and round her head, and the champion, with his gloved hand in the air, stood smiling his broad pleased smile. Smiling, it seemed, straight at Holly, straight into her eyes.

"Hey, come on. Whose hat is that?"

"Hat?" said Holly and looked at it dazedly. "Goodness, I don't know."

She discovered that she was standing on her seat and stepped down. "Where's my— I can't find my bag."

Bennie grinned. "You threw it into the ring, darling."

"I didn't. *Did* I, Bee?"

"I saw Monty pick it up," Bennie said. "What do you say we go back and get it? What do you say we go back and meet the champ?"

Bennie knew a short cut to the dressing rooms. Down a dark stone passage they flew at breakneck speed, through corridors thick with smoke, crowded with men, and women too. Bennie beckoned one of the men and spoke to him.

He took a card out of his pocket and scribbled on it. He handed the card and a bill to the man. "Give him that. See what you can do, buddy."

Buddy looked at the bill and the mob swallowed him.

Holly was thinking, "So *this* is what I'm like inside. Watching two men punch each other—and liking it!" No, it wasn't just that. It was something else. Something deeper, more vital. Something real, as though she had, at last, sunk her teeth into life.

BUDDY appeared suddenly. "Come along," he said and blazed a trail through the crowds in the corridor, through a doorway, another— Holly began to shake. Her throat felt thick and hot. Her heart was beating so terribly fast.

"Hello, Bennie!"

"Hello, champ! Congratulations, fella! I want you to meet my friends—"

There were a dozen people in the dressing room, but there might have been none or a hundred for all Holly knew; for all either she or Monty West knew. Monty's magnificent body was swathed in a gaudy bathrobe. His close-cropped fair hair was wet in spots. His blue eyes looked down at Holly. At a pocket-sized girl in crumpled chiffon, her short black curls loose on her neck, her vivid little face alive with excitement.

"So you're the girl who belongs to this," Monty said, holding out a small beaded bag. "I was sort of hoping you'd forget to come after it."

"Well, I needed my powder puff, you see."

"No, I don't see that," he said. "But I saw you standing up in your seat waving. Waving a man's hat."

Their eyes locked. He looked away suddenly, looked down at the bag. "Well, I suppose I'll have to return your property."

She frowned and bit her lip, thinking. "Well, I'll tell you. If you'll let me have my compact, you can keep the bag." Then she became aware of the silence, of the eyes watching them, and she said shrilly, "As a kind of keepsake because you won—because you won the fight, you know."

He was red to the ears. His smile was a little strained as he took back the frivolous little bag. "Well, thanks. Thanks a lot. Well—"

Bee and Bennie discussed the fight all the way home. They sat together in the front seat, the girls in the back, wrapped to their chins in the car robes, for they had forgotten to bring coats and the September night was chilly. Once Holly leaned forward and touched Bennie's shoulder.

"Oh, Bennie! Is he married?"

"What? Who? Is who married?"

"Mon—the champion."

"Monty married? No-o," Bennie said.

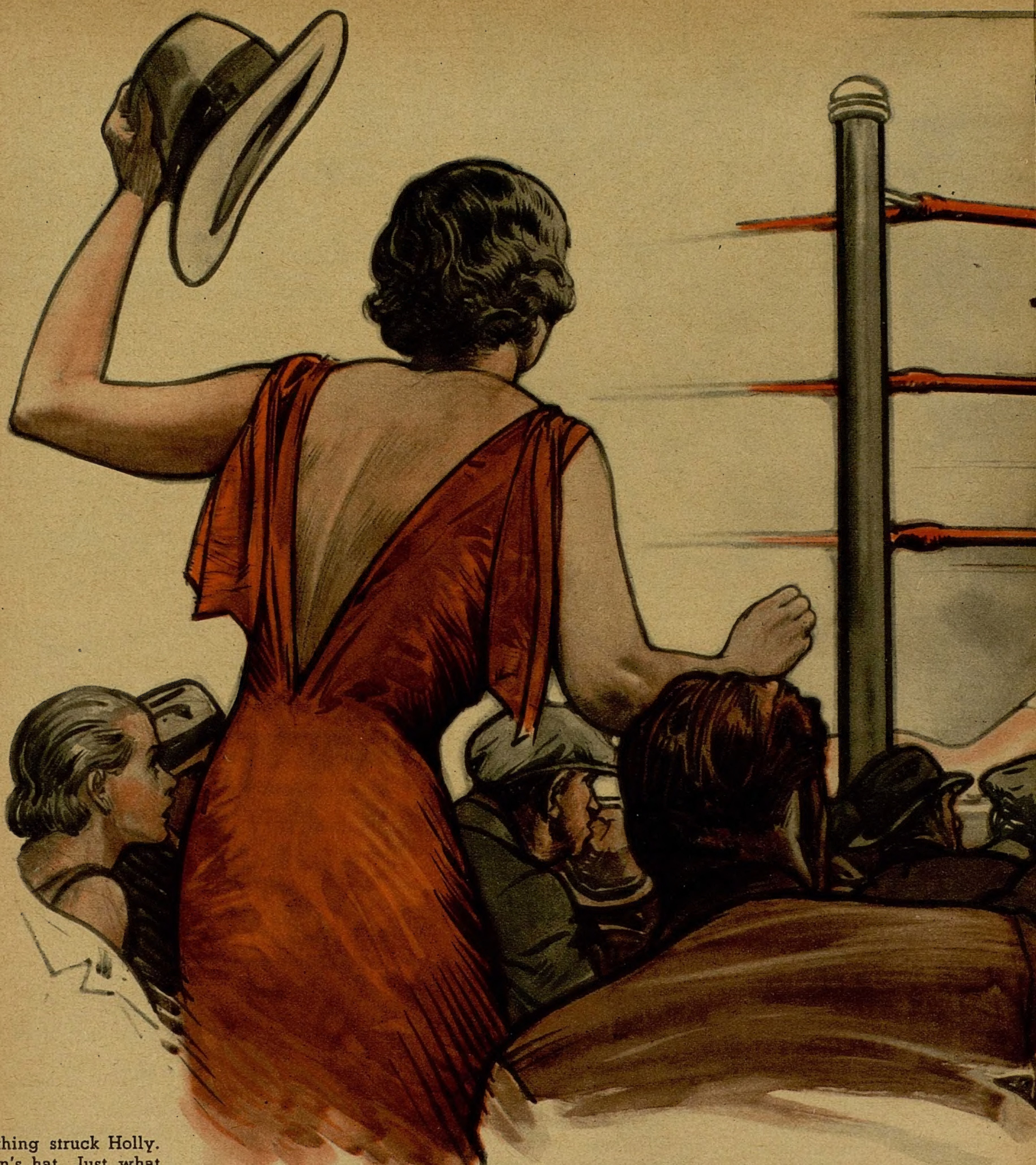
"I just wondered," Holly said and settled back in her seat.

When Holly woke, the next morning, she remembered everything even before she opened her eyes. She hopped out of bed and turned on her bath. She stood at her window in her little peach-colored nightie and saw that it was a lovely day, sunny and warm as midsummer. The Sextons' governess was already out on their beach with Bird's kid brother and sister, and the Sound was flat as a putting green, the gulls wheeling lazily above it.

She hurried through her bath and into her clothes—sandals without stockings, a sleeveless green-linen dress and a green silk band around her black head. She must have her hair set today, she thought as she went flying down the stairs.

Mr. Sayles was reading the paper in a deck chair on the terrace, and Mrs. Sayles, with a flower basket on her arm and garden gloves on her hands, was talking to the gardener.

Mr. Sayles took off his spectacles and said gravely, "Good afternoon, daughter."



Something struck Holly. A man's hat. Just what she needed. She waved it around her head.

Holly went over and kissed him. " Oh, it's not as late as all that. Hello, ma! "

" Have you had breakfast, dear? " Mrs. Sayles came up the steps. " Have you—"

" I don't want any. Just some coffee and orange juice. Dad, may I look at that just for a minute? I want to see what it says about the fight."

" I've just been reading about it." He held the paper up so that she could see the headlines: CHAMPION RETAINS TITLE. KNOCKS OUT TEXAS COCK IN SIXTH ROUND.

Mrs. Sayles said, " Ray dropped in on his way home from Bird's party to see if you'd come back. He said he realized he shouldn't have let you go—"

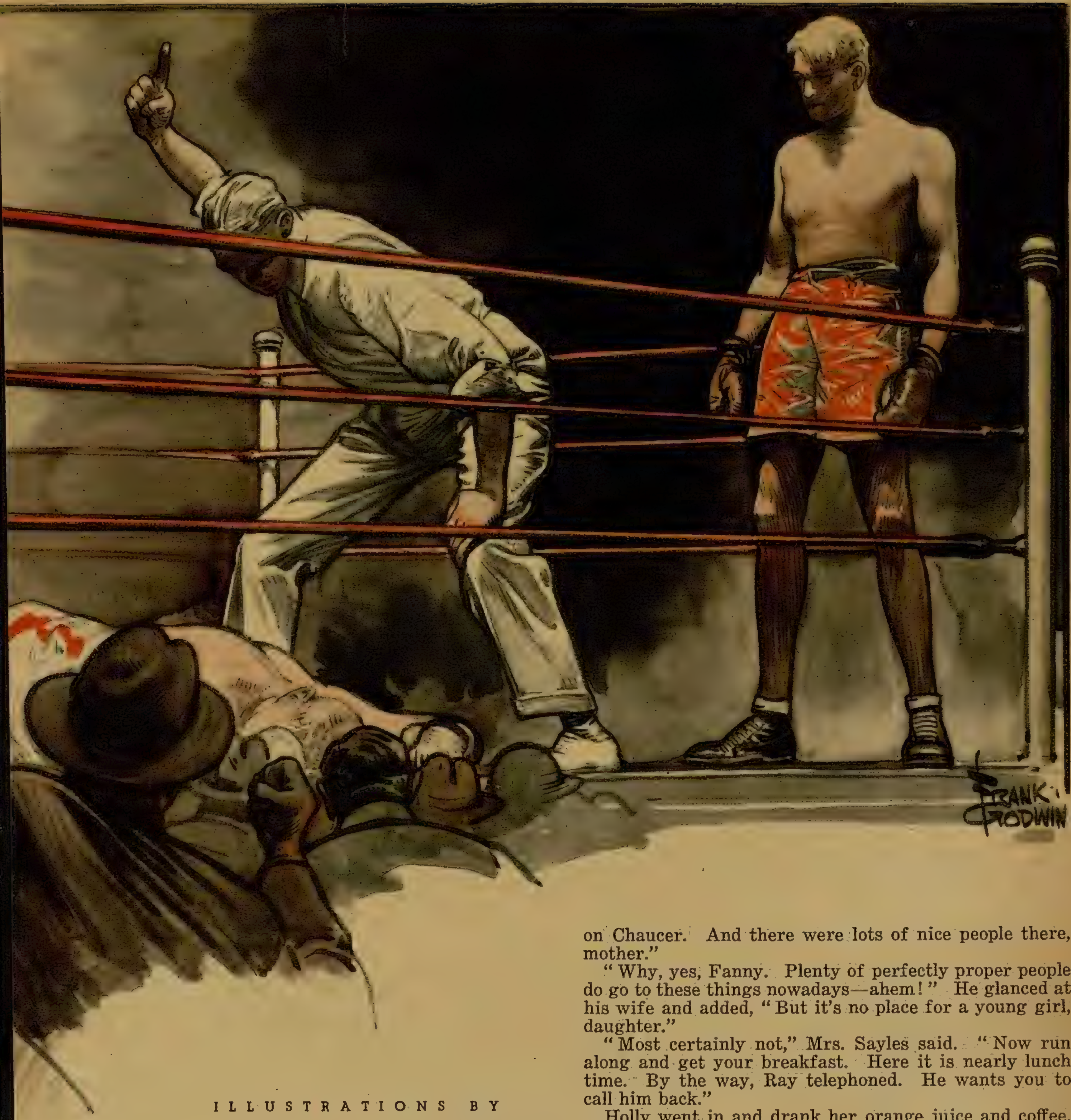
" As if he could help it! "

" A prize fight is no place for a lady, kitten," her father said. " But—er—how was it? Pretty exciting, eh? "

" Oh, dad, it *was!* " Her brown eyes were full of quick light. " You should have *heard* the roar when Monty came in. And, dad, you should have seen the knockout! It was so graceful it didn't look as if it could knock anybody out. He just lifted his hand like this. You see, here was the Cock— Stand up and I'll show you. Monty just drew back his arm, like this, and let him have it like *this*—"

" Sweet! " Mr. Sayles said and sat down, rubbing his chin. " I always said that Montana boy had the sweetest uppercut—I saw him win his title from Gib Prade."

" Then Bennie took us back to meet him—"



ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK GODWIN

"To *meet* him!" Mrs. Sayles wailed. "To meet a prize fighter!"

"And, dad, he's simply—well, he's not at all like you'd think he'd be. I mean, he speaks perfectly good English and he's—why, he's as gentle as a lamb. And so gorgeous to look at!"

Her father nodded, pleased. "Yes, they say he's a clean-living chap. Ambitious, too."

"I'm disgusted with you—both of you," Mrs. Sayles said. "If any one had told me that a daughter of mine would enjoy watching a couple of common brutes pound each other black and blue and break each other's noses—"

"They didn't," Holly said. "There wasn't a mark on him—on Monty, I mean. He might have been to a lecture on Chaucer. And there were lots of nice people there, mother."

"Why, yes, Fanny. Plenty of perfectly proper people do go to these things nowadays—ahem!" He glanced at his wife and added, "But it's no place for a young girl, daughter."

"Most certainly not," Mrs. Sayles said. "Now run along and get your breakfast. Here it is nearly lunch time. By the way, Ray telephoned. He wants you to call him back."

Holly went in and drank her orange juice and coffee. Then she went up to her room. She had a number of things to do, what with a luncheon in Greenwich, her mother's tea for the Audubon president, the club dinner dance.

She perched on the edge of her bed with the telephone on her lap and called Bennie's father's New York office where Bennie was learning to be a lawyer.

"Bennie darling, I just wanted to tell you what a grand time I had last night. I think you were a lamb to take me—"

"This is certainly funny. Vairy, vairy funny," he said. "First Monty, and now—"

"Monty! Did—did he call you up?"

"I can't imagine why," he drawled. "Maybe he hadn't anything else to do. Only about forty thousand people to see, a vaudeville engagement to consider, a movie contract to sign, two or three newspaper articles to write—of course, being a national figure, he has to attend to odds and ends like that. He said he was sorry he wasn't dressed to receive my swell friends last night. Incidentally—oh, *quite* incidentally—he mentioned you. At least I think he meant you. He said 'the little black one.'"

Frankie was blonde. Holly said, "What did he say about me, Bennie?"

"He said he thought he shouldn't keep that bag of yours, after all. Thought maybe he'd better send it back, only he didn't have your address."

"Did you give it to him?"

"I did not, my child. I told him you had another bag."

"But, Bennie, why didn't you?"

"Now, listen, Holly." Bennie's voice changed, the bantering note went out of it. "A prize fighter's all right in the ring, but as a parlor pet he's not so good."

"You're talking like a snob, Bennie."

"I'm talking sense, lady."

"I know you are," Holly said after a moment, her voice a little strained and jerky. "But I—I'm not sensible this morning. And I want you to do something for me. I'm coming to town this afternoon to—to get my hair waved. I want you to bring Monty and meet me somewhere and we'll have tea together. Now, wait! *Wait*, Bennie. I *do* know *his* address, you see, and if you won't do this for me—"

"Good Lord, is it as bad as that?"

"It isn't bad at all," Holly said. "Only he's kind of on my mind and I'd—well, I'd like to see him in his store clothes just once—"

She left it hanging and waited. There was a long silence. Finally Bennie said, "Prize fighters don't drink tea, and if you appear in a public place with him, it'll be like having a quiet tête-à-tête with Lindbergh in Times Square—"

"But there must be—"

"Wait a minute. There's a little place over near the river—used to be a speakie. Bunny's is the name." He gave her the address. "You be there around four—I have a date myself at five—and I'll see what I can do."

"Bennie, I adore you!"

"Don't waste it, darling. This is a cure, not a rendezvous."

Her mother came up while Holly was dressing.

Holly felt more than a little wicked when she said, explaining her town clothes, "I'm going on to town after lunch to have my hair done."

Her mother frowned. "But won't you find that a little difficult—to get back in time for our party?"

"Oh, no. I think I can make it." She adjusted a small lopsided hat on her black head. A navy-blue hat to match her swagger suit. Her blouse and gloves were white. She looked exquisitely small and trim and very, very ladylike. "I may be a little late, but I'll get here."

"You know I'm counting on you," her mother said and kissed her and looked down into her eyes. "You look sweet, precious."

IT was five minutes of four when Holly parked her car at the curb and went into Bunny's. The room was deserted except for a couple of young men drinking beer and reading newspapers. They looked a little hopefully at Holly, but she hid herself in a booth, ordered a pot of tea, and settled down to wait.

Then Bennie appeared and, towering behind him, Monty West in a blue double-breasted suit.

"Oh, there you are!" Bennie said. "Monty, this is Miss Holly Sayles—might as well have all the proper trimmings this time."

Monty made the precise bow of a little boy at dancing school and Holly suspected that he was going to say, "Pleased to meet you," but she broke in hastily, "Hello!" she said. "You needn't be so formal, Bennie. We were introduced last night, weren't we, Mo—Mr. West?"

"Yes, yes, we surely were," he said and slid on to the bench opposite her. His enormous hands clung to his hat until Bennie took it away and hung it up. Then he said, "Thanks. Thanks a lot, Bennie."

"Well, what'll you have?" Bennie asked.

"I'll have a glass of milk, I guess."

"O. K. I'll take beer. What about you, Holly?"

"I have some tea left but I could use a little more hot water, please."

Bennie turned to give the order to the waiter and Holly could think of nothing more to say. Not a word. Something inside her was trembling hysterically. Monty's face was fiery red, his hands were red—enormous hands but beautifully shaped. He must have felt her looking at them, for he drew them swiftly under the table.

A little shrilly, Holly burst out, "I never did congratulate you about last night. About winning the fight. It was splendid."

"Thanks. Thanks a lot." Suddenly he smiled his broad warm grin. "You did something, though. You gave me a keepsake."

"I threw it at you," she said. "It's a good thing it didn't hit you. That compact might have hurt."

"That's a thought, champ," Bennie said, turning back to them. "See how narrowly you escaped a kayo yourself? That would have made history. Knocked out by a compact."

"That's good," Monty said and laughed, not loudly but with every bit of him. It seemed to give him courage, for his blue eyes looked full into Holly's brown ones. "Well, maybe I was, at that," he said.

"Very nice. Very pretty," Bennie said. "Well, here's how!"

THEY lifted their glasses. Monty drained his and set it down empty. He refused a cigarette and Bennie lit his own and Holly's. They smoked in a complete, a deadly silence. Holly guessed that on Bennie's part it was deliberate. He had brought Monty here to show her. And he *was* showing her that as a conversationalist, Monty West was a grand boxer.

"How about another beaker of milk, Monty?"

"Why—thanks. Thanks a lot."

Holly leaned forward, her shoulder cocked defiantly at Bennie, her eyes grave and soft.

"There are so many things I'd like to know, Monty—I'm going to call you Monty like all the rest of the world. You don't mind, do you?"

He gave her a look of delirious gratitude. "I should say not—"

But before he could get out that "thanks a lot," she said, "I know so little about boxing. It's really an art, isn't it? And you love it, don't you?"

"I—why, yes. I suppose I must."

"If he hadn't, he wouldn't be where he is today," Bennie said.

Monty nodded, his eyes still holding to Holly's. "I guess we all like the thing we can do best. And it's the only thing I know."

"And how you know it!" Bennie said.

"There are plenty of other things I'd like to know," Monty said, still looking at Holly.

"We all feel that way," she said. "Look at me! I don't really know anything."

"Oh, yes, you do. You know how to be beautiful—and kind. I'm glad you came last night," Monty said. "I saw you the minute I came out, almost."

"Did you? But how could you in all that mob?"

"We had pretty good seats, thanks to Charlie," Bennie said, "and you weren't exactly inconspicuous in that red dress, Holly."

Monty nodded. "That's right. First I saw your dress—"

He stopped abruptly. Bennie had his watch in his hand, looking at it. When Holly saw this she said quickly, "Bennie dear, if your date is for five, you'd better run, hadn't you? I'm going to stay and have a muffin and some hot tea."

Bennie looked at her. "I thought you had to get back to Riverdale for your mother's tea fight."

"But I don't—not for hours," she said. "You don't have to worry about me. Monty will take me off your hands, won't you, Monty?"

Monty, understanding everything, hesitated about a fraction of a second; then he said, looking at Bennie, "Yes, I'll take care of her, Bennie."

"That being the case," Bennie said and stood up. "Well, 'by, champ. See you at the club tonight, Holly."

For a long moment after he had gone they sat in silence. It was as though they were resting, catching their breath. At last they looked at each other and smiled.

"I don't think Bennie liked leaving you with me," Monty said.

"Bennie's a terribly responsible person. And he thinks I'm a little nitwit."

"No. He thinks—I guess you know what he thinks."

Her lashes rose and fell. "I don't care what he thinks. Do you?"

"I ought to, but I'm afraid I don't—not right now. But I can understand how he feels. You're such a little thing—like something in a jeweler's window."

"Only not so valuable. Look! Those people are staring at you like mad. Let's go," she said impulsively. "I don't really want a muffin, and we can drive out into the country and you can tell me all about boxing—uppercuts and things."

What they actually said throughout that drive and afterward, when they sat in her car with the Connecticut hills behind them and a glimpse of blue water beyond, was unimportant. The important thing was to establish communication.

Holly took off her hat and the sun lay warm on her small dark head, proving that her hair was not really black but a deep live brown. There were a couple of freckles on her short nose and her eyes and mouth were wonderfully soft.

Monty wrenched his eyes from her face and squared his immense shoulders. "I would like to take you out to dinner," he said, staring straight ahead of him. "But in the first place I can't take a girl out to dinner without having a pretty big audience—without somebody or other making a crack about it in the papers the next day. And in the second place—"

Reita Lambert broke into print at fifteen and sold her first story at twenty-two. Since then she has written for most of the leading magazines and is also author of the play The Scarlet Woman. She is married, has two children, loves old things, and abhors crooners and most of the movies produced.

"*Do* you take girls out to dinner, Monty?" Holly asked.

He turned to look at her, and she blushed crimson and her lashes fell. His eyes were suddenly full of laughter and confidence.

"Sometimes," said Monty.

"Bennie said you were girl-shy."

"I am—of girls like you," he said and moved imperceptibly closer.

"I can hardly believe that!"

"You don't have to if you'd rather not, Holly. Will you let me call you Holly?"

"Of course."

He said it to himself, his eyes on her flushed cheek. "Holly! It's a beautiful name. It's like you."

"Prickly? Holly's awfully prickly, you know."

"That's right," he said. "It's a good thing you warned me."

THE distant Sound shimmered in the lowering sun. Thirty-odd miles away in Monty's gorgeous green-and-gold suite at the Windonia, men with cigar ashes on their vests and faces red with heat and anxiety wondered what had become of their champion. Good God, what did he *mean* by going off like this, with half a million dollars' worth of business hanging fire! And in the Sayleses' drawing room, bright with summer frocks and murmurous with gracious voices, Mrs. Sayles was demanding of her husband, "What *do* you suppose has become of that child?"

"—and brown eyes," Monty was saying earnestly. "I knew even before you came into the dressing room that you would have brown eyes. They're like pansies."

"I thought yours were blue," Holly said, "but they're really more gray than blue, aren't they?"

"I don't know. Are they?" He leaned a little closer so that she could be quite sure about that. He was the first man she had ever known who did not use tobacco and she had always thought of nonsmokers as effeminate. Yet Monty's big body emanated a powerful masculinity. There was a kind of soap-and-water freshness about him and the elemental vitality of a high wind.

She moved away from him and reached for her hat. "Goodness, I'll have to go! It must be getting terribly late."

He looked at his wrist watch. "Nearly six," he said.

"Heavens!" She pulled on her hat, tucking her hair back. "And I'm supposed to be pouring tea for bird lovers!"

"If you'll just drop me in Greenwich, I can catch a taxi back to town," he said. "I—I'm sorry I kept you so long."

She started the engine. "*You* didn't keep me."

"I was just wondering when I—I was just wondering if you go to that place—where we were this afternoon—very often," he said.

"I might," she said, backing out into the road, not looking at him.

"You wouldn't happen to be there tomorrow—at the same time, I don't suppose?"

"I might. If I happen to be in town," she said.

AT the club that night Bennie cut in on her very first dance. He looked down at her quizzically and said:

"Well?"

"Oh, very," she said gaily. "Very well indeed, thanks."

"Oh, thank *you*. Thanks a lot."

Her cheeks flamed. "Bennie, you're a horrid little snob!"

"So it didn't work—my cure," he said. "By the way, there's a nice little biography of him in the Evening Scream tonight. Did you read it?"

"I'm not interested," she said.

But that night or, rather, early the next morning, when she reached home, she went into her father's library and hunted up the evening papers. Sure enough, on the front page of the Scream there was a full-page cut of Monty and, inside there was a brief biography of his life.

One of those fulsome, chummy, hastily put together little chronicles designed to catch the eye and stir the emotions of a not too exacting reading public.

It was divided into paragraphs, headed by such arresting captions as—FROM NEWSBOY TO CHAMPION—ONCE SHOELESS, NOW MILLIONAIRE. His lowly parentage—his father had been a house painter; his mother had taken in washing after his father's death—his hard youth, the splendid qualities that had distinguished him even in his cradle.

Holly read it through, read an account of an interview with Monty— "—in a gorgeous suite at the Windonia, where the Champion, looking very natty in a custom-made double-breasted suit, a twenty-five-dollar silk shirt, and matching socks, tie, and handkerchief—"

She crumpled the paper and tossed it in the wastebasket.

Yes, his shirt had been silk—a striped blue and white, and his socks and tie and handkerchief a matching lurid blue.

She hurried upstairs and into bed. For a long time she lay staring miserably into the dark. Gradually his face emerged, the hard lean plane of his cheek, his broad brow. His fine clean body, the unconscious chivalry of his every gesture.

Those other things didn't matter. They *couldn't* matter!

The girl from Park Avenue and the heavyweight champion. What a gulf between the two! And, in addition, there's Annette—an Annette who does her best to— Well, read next week's installment of this thrilling serial to see the heartbreak suffered by Monty—and Holly.

IF AMERICA SHOULD GO COMMUNIST YOU'LL HAVE A YANKEE PARADISE, SAID LEON TROTSKY IN LIBERTY LAST WEEK

But America won't Go Communist!

AND HERE ARE THE REASONS WHY

Says UNITED STATES SENATOR JAMES J. DAVIS

of PENNSYLVANIA, FORMER SECRETARY OF LABOR

Wide World photo

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

FROM Plato's Republic to Leon Trotsky's conception of American Communism as outlined in Liberty of March 23, we have seen the record of scores of utopias—many of them attempted in the clinical laboratories of practical experience. But the same fate has resulted in each case—failure.

Numerous practical difficulties in the specific structure described by Trotsky indicate insuperable conflicts and obstacles. Human weaknesses and the lack of a revolutionary technique and the consequences of a revolution itself are others. Moreover, the record of Leon Trotsky in being literally pushed out of the Communistic picture by Josef Stalin and his associates, and the record of the U. S. S. R. under Communism, are cogent arguments against a Yankee Soviet. Finally, Trotsky has not shown who the leaders might be or who will be those in charge of his perfect state—and on them would rest the success or failure of the enterprise.

Practical impossibilities, the perversities of mankind, and the general imperfection of man's attempt to map and realize for himself the perfect state have spelled disaster for the utopias of history. Is the Trotsky utopia for America so different?

Every one wants utopia, but no one knows how it can be materialized. We all want to see the conquest of disease, the banishment of insecurity, the establishment of economic equilibrium, and an era of plenty. Slowly mankind has emerged from the crude cave to a state where man has mechanized transportation, conquered the air, and explored new realms of science. But mankind still remains centuries from the ideal goal of the perfect state—from the goal envisioned by a Plato of Greece, a Spencer of England, or an exiled Trotsky.

Trotsky assumes that American Communism will come because traditional capitalism will fail to solve our problems. Even sympathetic listeners would find this point arguable and most Americans will find it untrue. I believe America will solve her problems without resorting to so drastic a method as Communism, Fascism, or any other questionable ism of the Old World.

Despite the fact that the United States was founded on revolution, we have in reality no revolutionary tradition of the sort which has been the spawning grounds for the demolition of governments in Europe. We have not the volatile hates, the class animosities, or the sectional blocs of bitter enmities of the Old World. The building of this nation has been the result, for the most part, of the exercise of unhampered freedom.

Trotsky would establish a perfect balance with conveyer-belt efficiency between production, distribution, and consumption. True enough, our economic balance is not in perfect adjustment, but we have hopes that in the not too distant future we will again establish a norm which will spell economic peace and plenty, plenty for all. Despite the vicissitudes of the past, our nation has progressed to a higher level than those of the Eastern Hemisphere.

America has for decades been the land of opportunity. Millions have found refuge and asylum from the hardships and oppressions of the Old World. I came here with my parents from Wales at the age of seven. My father's wage was increased practically 100 per cent over what he received in Wales. He was a skilled workman and his wage in Wales was far greater than that which was received by similar workers in other countries. I make the broad statement that even now, with these times in the United States, if the workers of the world received the same rate of pay as the workers in the United States, the consuming power would be so great that every worker in the world would be employed.

The United States has been conservative because the great mass of our people have had something to conserve.

Moreover, the tradition of profits for risk, reward for honest labor, and compensation for the deserving and the daring has made

(Continued on page seventeen)

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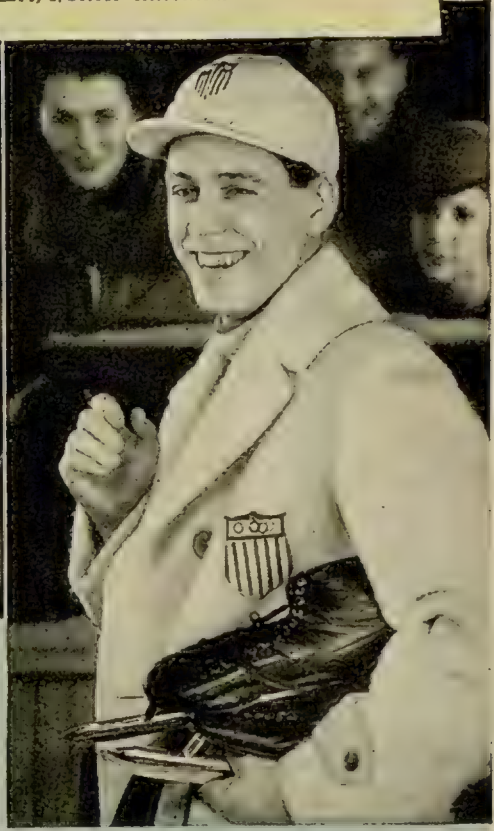

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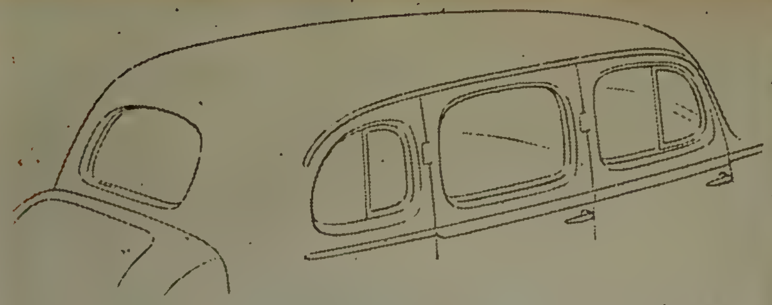
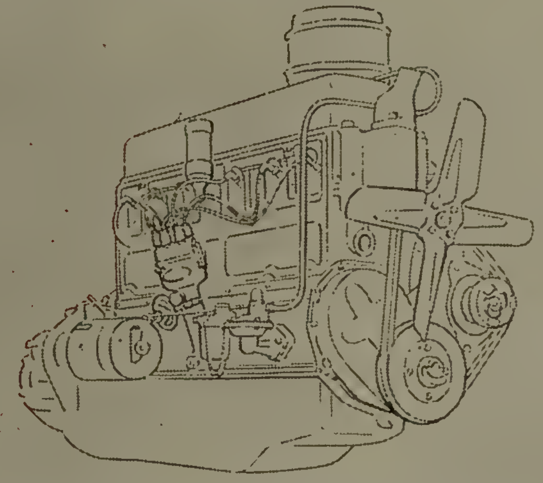


TURRET-TOP BODY BY FISHER

(with No Draft Ventilation) for your safety and comfort



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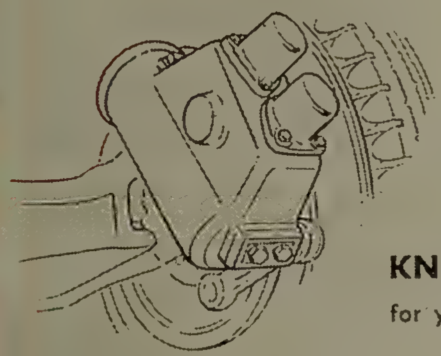

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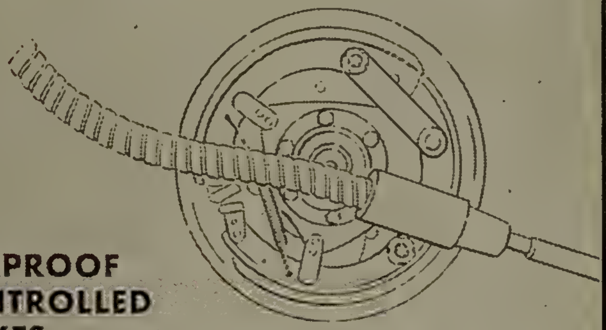

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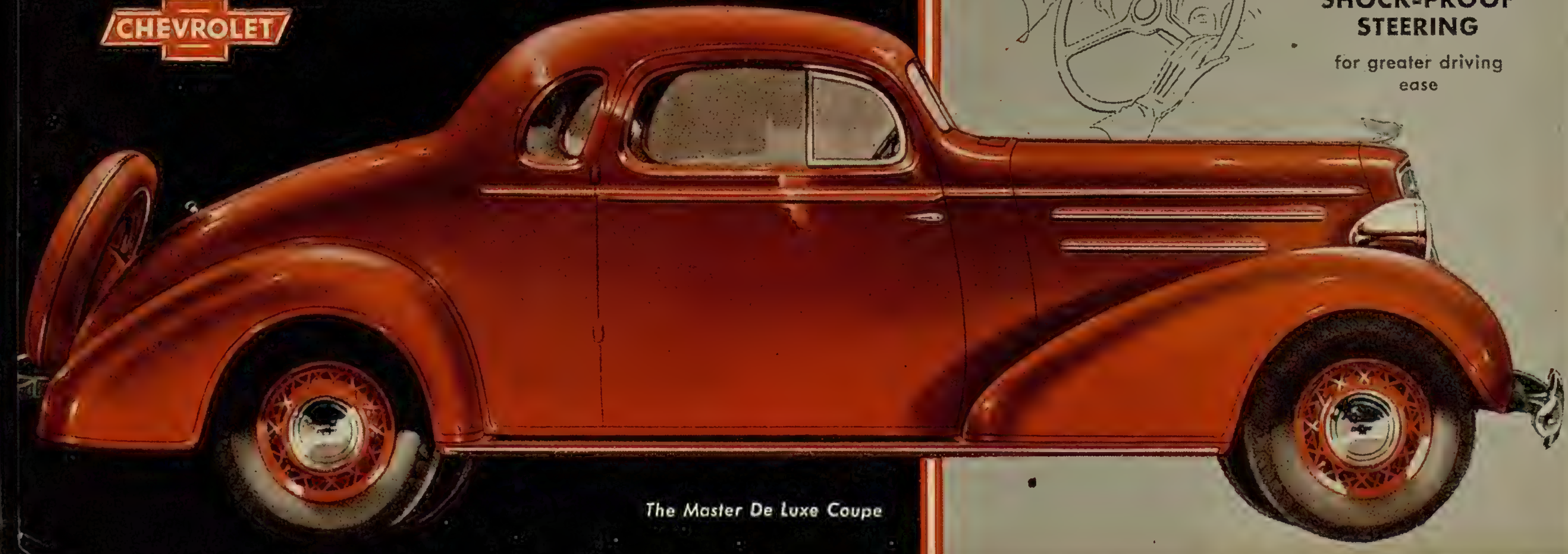


The Master De Luxe Coupe

(Continued from page fourteen) this land conscious of the philosophy of the profit system. True, we are not perfect in our economic system. We do not have social justice. But we are making progress. The promises of a Soviet utopia will not induce our people to scrap the system of traditional freedom for conveyer-belt efficiency with its questionable feasibility. We think of the puddler or refiner of iron who must follow the lessons of practical experience; if he does not, he is lost. Our people will follow experience rather than uncertain promises.

A factor of prime importance which apparently has been totally disregarded by Trotsky is the power of the troupe whom he calls "counterrevolutionists"—the top tenth who own the greater part of our wealth and resources. This potent section of our people control the major part of the press and publications, the radio, cinema, rails, and transportation. This group has within its power to alter the mores and the folkways of our people in accord with its desires.

Such distribution of the wealth and resources may not be socially desirable, but it exists. We all hope to see the day when such great power and control will not be vested in so few of our people, but for purposes of practical operation or transition to a Yankee Communism we must consider the actual state of affairs.

Under skillful manipulation and astute publicity, this group has shown its power to plunge us into a war. Is not a force so tremendous a great factor to be reckoned with as a counterrevolutionary and a resistant?

And from this group Trotsky would take the "unconvinced millionaires" and exile them to an oceanic isle where they could live rent-free for life. Would he banish all the millionaires or just part? Would he exile the administrative, scientific, and engineering geniuses who have built great fortunes as a result of their brilliance? Would he sacrifice the talents of this group? If he does not send these men away, if he retains them, they would by their natural qualities of executive leadership be powerful personalities in the new state. And then would the new state be Communism?

The Trotsky vision of a federation of all the Americans is idyllic even if impossible. Can the loyalty of the Canadian to His Majesty the King of England be obliterated by loyalty for groups of people with whom he has practically nothing in common? Can the warm blood of the South Americans with their quick minds be fused in common brotherhood with the North Americans? Economic forces may some day compel some American federation, but that time is yet far distant.

Trotsky has not established a practical program for realizing an American Soviet utopia. He promises us a planned state wherein we all will have plenty and we will not be oppressed by the onus of bureaucracy or the shackles of regimentation. The new state must operate under a planned economy, and planning is the very antithesis of freedom and democracy. Yet this theorist promises complete freedom for the individual. If the individual has a complete freedom, how can the state economy be planned? Just how will freedom be compatible with nation-wide social planning?

COMPLETE freedom of the press is promised, yet policies of publications are to be controlled by the numerical strength of adherents. These ideas seem in conflict. We either will have complete freedom of expression or will not.

The perversities and weaknesses of the human race have not been carefully enough considered. Out of any hundred men selected for an organization, at least two will be "ag'inst" everything and never have any constructive remedies to suggest. Such obstructionism can wreck a social utopia. Mankind just wasn't made for perfection and perfection is not for man.

A practical revolutionary technique is not outlined by Trotsky. The transition would not come overnight. Counterrevolutionists could tie up transportation and literally starve great cities and strangle entire sections and blame their fate on Communistic activities. Escapists from the sieged cities would forage in the countryside and the entire rural areas would be fair game for preying expeditions. Such chaos and bloodshed is easier to foresee than the peace and bliss of any utopia.

Trotsky's own personal record is a cogent argument against the idea of practical control. As an intellectual leader of the Russian revolution he had not only the power but the great moral force of the last will and testament of Lenin to become the great man of Communism. But the theorizing Trotsky allowed himself to be brushed outside by the Stalin clique, who "muscled in" and "took over the show." In an attempt to build an American Soviet the Trotskys of the future would doubtless be pushed outside by powerful Stalins who would take over the perfect state with results wholly out of harmony with the gentler theorists.

We cannot think of Communism except in reference to its consequences in Russia. Has it brought a utopia to the Russian peasant? We are told that Russia is rent by internal dissension; is now a caldron of hatreds with the Stalin regime as the chief target of rebellion. Has Russia utilized the tremendous resources within her own border? A Russian aristocrat of the nineteenth century, Mikhail Bakunin, who became a Communistic anarchist, thought long and earnestly how brotherhood could be achieved. He evolved a new slogan—"Brotherhood by violence." Bakunin appears to have been quite honest in his belief that brotherhood could only be realized by liberal use of high explosives, but his doctrines and many subsequent ones which have come out of his country give point to the opinion of Rousseau, published in 1762, that "Russia will never be really civilized, because it was civilized too soon."

HAVE peace, land, and bread been given to the people in accordance with the promises of 1917? Is not this promise of conveyer-belt perfection for America similar to that promise to Russia of a generation ago?

The Communists of the U. S. S. R. have erected a strong bureaucracy with a literal handful of political opportunists victimizing scores of millions of people. These same Communists promised that in Russia they would put into practice the real Marxian doctrines. Is not that the promise of every Marxian utopian? Each succeeding advocate says, "My predecessors have been wrong—I will now show you what Marxian doctrines really mean and how they should be put into execution."

I have listened to these extremists in the parks and on street corners since I was a boy. At the age of twelve I was selected as representative of 140 youths who worked in the rolling mill, and have throughout my life sought to find practical ways of bettering the lot of the worker. This search has taken me to every part of the United States. I have heard extremists and utopians from coast to coast. I have heard all shades of opinion. They all promise, but even where tried in a small way they all fail.

Who would be the new personnel in charge of the American Soviet? Would the leaders be chosen from the present extremists, the natural heirs of a successful revolution? Or would they come from the engineers and experts who now operate our mechanical and industrial system? If the extremists are to be the leaders, would they not be, with their lack of administrative training and practical knowledge, like so many monkey wrenches in the economic and technological machinery? If the leaders are to be those whom we now recognize as the experts, would we have Communism or just another era of social reform?

Social reforms are constantly being advocated, and I have received many good ideas from those thinking about social welfare. But the one which would bring others in its wake would be the payment to labor of a wage sufficient to enable it to live on the American standard.

In the new state Trotsky says we will have individual freedom, economic democracy, inevitable competition, leadership of the best minds, and freedom of the press. But are these the components of Communism? Are these in concord or conflict with a planned state necessary to bring about the vision of a Yankee Soviet?

Only the pages of time inscribing the progress of man in his quest toward perfection can write the answer. I doubt that the answer will be written in terms of Trotsky.

THE END

A Change of

The Lively Tale of a Diamond Finesse in Which Hearts and a Club Both Won

RIDGETON
PANTHERS

Just an hour ago my third base man made a pass at my catcher.

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

HOTEL REEVER
Preslon, California
March 1, 1934.

Miss Velma George,
Ridgeton Baseball Co., Inc.,
Hansen Bldg.,
Ridgeton, Ohio.

Dear Miss George:

I see by the newspapers that your uncle, Isaac George, has died intestate, and that, as his closest of kin, you are inheriting his baseball club, the Ridgeton Panthers, along with certain stocks, bonds, silver mines, office buildings, etc., which the citizens always forgot when they were being sorry for Isaac George because his ball club always lost money.

As I do not know of any slick-looking young females in the baseball business, I suppose you will be selling the Ridgeton Panthers, whom I have grown old and gray managing.

I only want to know one thing: Are you going to sell the club to a civic group taking over the team for the glory of good old Ridgeton? If you are, please inform me of this fact and I can immediately offer my resignation, effective at the end of my present contract this year, before I *am* resigned. I have noticed that civic groups taking over baseball clubs always proceed on the theory that there must be something wrong with the manager of the club, or there would be no need for the civic group to be taking action.

Yours very truly,
WALTER BRENNAN.

RIDGETON BASEBALL CO., INC.
Hansen Building,
Ridgeton, Ohio
March 5, 1934.

Mr. Walter Brennan,
Hotel Reever,
Preslon, Calif.

Dear Mr. Brennan:

First of all, I want to thank you for all the kind things which the sports writers allege you said about my uncle, Isaac George. I was particularly touched by the " heart of gold under a rough exterior " passage.

I have no intention of selling the Panthers to any one. I intend to keep active control of the club myself. If it were not that duties attendant upon the settling of my uncle's estate keep me here in Ridgeton temporarily, I would even now be down at the spring training camp with you and the team.

What *I* want to know is this: *Why* have the Panthers been a money-losing proposition? *Why* are the Panthers always in the second division? It seems to me that we should aim immediately to get the team out of the second division and, incidentally, into the money-making class.

Sincerely,
VELMA GEORGE.

HOTEL REEVER
Preslon, California
March 8, 1934.

Miss Velma George,
Ridgeton Baseball Co., Inc.,
Hansen Bldg.,
Ridgeton, Ohio.

Dear Miss George:

You will pardon me if I am astounded at the mention of getting the Panthers out of the second division. It is so long since any one has said anything on this subject that it is like mentioning getting Cairo out of Egypt.

Well, you asked for it and you're going to get it. When the Ridgeton Tribune called me up for comments on Isaac George's death, it was my first inclination to tell them that Isaac George was a quarrelsome tight-fisted old goat who would have died on purpose if he could have devised some method of collecting the insurance himself.

But I realized that this sort of sentiment would not be pleasing to the eye when wreathed in black margins on the Tribune sport page, so I gave them the "heart of gold" succotash which caused you to pant with gratitude. The fact is, if Isaac George had a heart of gold, it was strictly for the purpose of concealing this gold from the federal constabulary.

The Panthers have held a perennial lease on a berth in the second division because there is room for only four teams in the first division. These four teams invariably are the clubs which have paid the most money for their ball players, which lets the Panthers out.

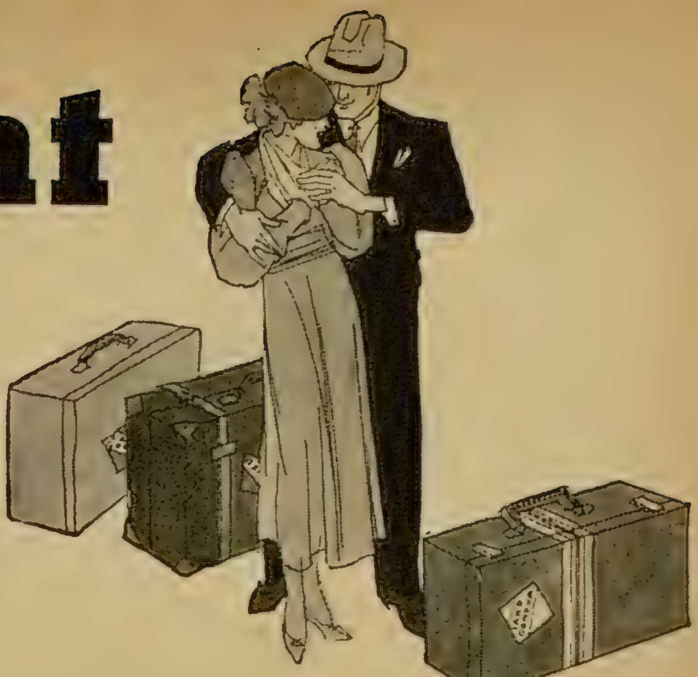
Fresh from his long career of short-changing widows and orphans, Isaac George took over the Panthers with the fixed idea that it was not necessary for him to pay much money for ballplayers. The

THE TOWERS
ISAAC GEORGE

This Velma George is a very swank-looking baby.

Management

by RICHARD MACAULAY



Velma George and I were married at Waukegan late last night.

large red figures in the club's ledgers each year failed to convince Isaac George that the baseball fans are not such suckers as the widows and orphans.

Consequently, it has been no unusual sight in the Panther ball yard to see my outfielders get hit in the head by fly balls thoughtlessly hit out in their direction. Certain of my infielders have become bowlegged from ground balls skipping between their legs and out into the outfield. My pitchers' marksmanship has been uncanny. They can hit a bat squarely more often than any other mound corps in the country.

I need a third baseman who will not cause the customers sitting behind first base to duck every time he gets his hands on the ball. I need a first baseman who will not allow thrown baseballs to hit him in the nose, and who will not fall on his face every time he starts to chase a high foul down the line. I need outfielders who can get in front of a ball occasionally, or under it, and who can clout the apple to a far corner of the lot once in a while, and not merely swing at pitched baseballs in self-defense. Also, I want a catcher who will not knock the center fielder's hat off every time he pegs to second.

Worst of all, I want a pitcher—a fast ball pitcher. If he can also address the baseball and make it spin, dip, bow, and curtsy in its progress to the plate, all the better. But primarily he's got to have a real honest-to-Moses fireball. Such a gent should add about twenty games to our win column.

Well, now I have had my little dream and will return to the facts of life. If the boys show a lot of fight this year, with a touch of genius now and then, we may get seventh place.

Yours very truly,
WALTER BRENNAN.

RIDGETON BASEBALL CO., INC.
Hansen Building
Ridgeton, Ohio

March 12, 1934.

Mr. Walter Brennan,
Hotel Reever,
Preslon, Calif.

Dear Mr. Brennan:

Your most interesting letter called to mind the occasion last season when three of your runners scampered back to or arrived at third base simultaneously. Of course this was understandable. It was probably the first time during the season that the Panthers had had as many as three runners on the base paths at the same time, and such an embarrassment of riches undoubtedly confused the boys.

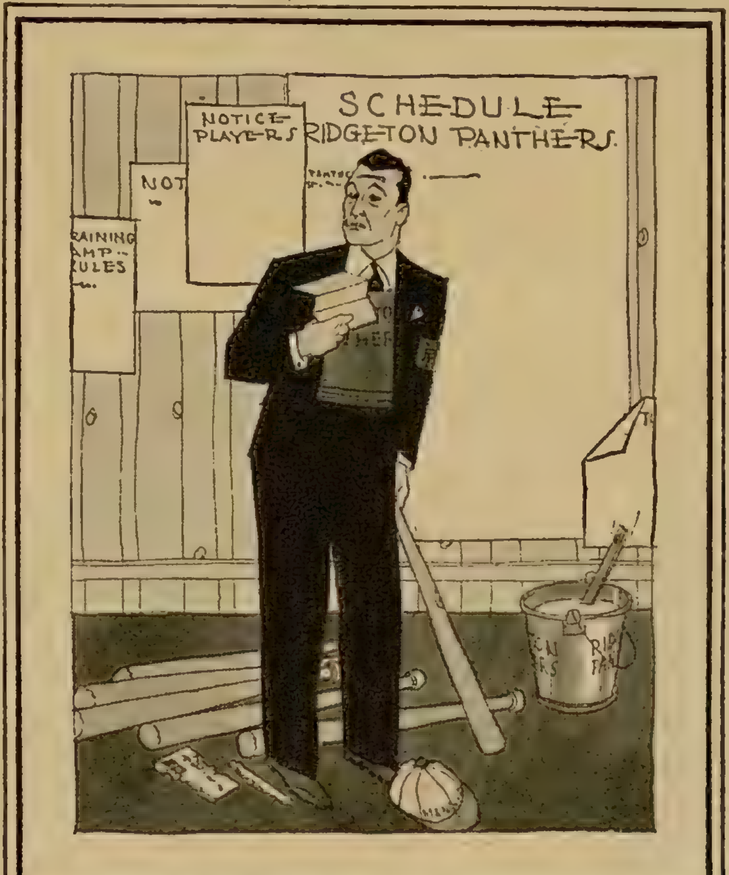
Well, it is too late to do anything about the situation this year. However, I understand that the baseball magnates have a big meeting every December, at which time ballplayers are bought, sold, and traded. I now give you my assurance that at that time you and I will go into the marts and get as nearly what you want as possible. I am ready to spend plenty of money to that effect.

In the meanwhile I think I have found the fast ball pitcher you are looking for. I was driving in the country the other day, about fifty miles outside of Ridgeton, when I saw a large blond boy out in the field hurling large stones at a fence post. This fence post was no thicker than three or four inches and was a good sixty feet away, yet this boy was hitting the post about two times out of three—and hitting it with great force. I believe that if this boy were throwing a baseball instead of stones the ball would have a decided hop on it. He throws with an overhand motion and, by the way, with his left hand.

I talked to this boy, who is about twenty-four years old. He is a university man, originally from a small city in Arkansas. He was employed in an architect's office in Ridgeton, but his job fell through. He drifted to the country and found work on a farm, which is how I happened to find him throwing stones in this field. His name is Amos Lawton.

I am sending him out to Preslon to report for spring training with the team. I want you to look him over very carefully, because I think he is a real prospect. He should arrive in Preslon shortly.

Sincerely,
VELMA GEORGE.



HOTEL REEVER
Preslon, California

March 15, 1934.

Miss Velma George,
Ridgeton Baseball Co., Inc.,
Hansen Bldg.,
Ridgeton, Ohio.

Dear Miss George:

At the time I first read about your taking over the Panthers I thought that nothing good could come of a female in the baseball business, and now I know that I am right. On his screwiest day Isaac George would never have sent me what you're sending me. If you will look at your pay roll you will find that you employ several scouts

Why have the Panthers been a money-losing proposition?

whose business it is to look up new baseball material. However, these scouts do not frequent the hinterland in their search for new ivory.

I am relatively open-minded on the subject of left-handed citizens, despite the fact that in the past I have had some very peculiar experiences with the southpaw gentry. But in this case, no!

When an apple knocker is discovered in a farm field pursuing such unagricultural employment as hurling stones at a fence post, that, in my opinion, should be sufficient to excite the interest of silly house proprietors. But when, on top of everything else, this apple knocker is hurling the stones with his left arm, there is no doubt but what it is a psychopathic case.

This boy has just arrived and I have looked him over. I will admit that he does not look particularly cracked, but appearances in such matters are deceptive, and by your own admission this Amos Lawton was observed in a field bowling rocks from his port side at fence posts.

I will put this boy in a uniform and give him a chance to absorb some California sun and to hurl a baseball around for a few days—or rocks if he prefers. Then I will put him in a padded baggage car and ship him back to Ridgeton. I promise to be very gentle and understanding with him.

Yours very truly,
WALTER BRENNAN.

RICHARD MACAULAY

was born in Chicago, where he received his early education later attending Marquette University. For seven years he was in radio and newspaper work in Milwaukee, Louisville, Chicago, and St. Louis. He came to New York a year ago and has sold several stories and a play since he arrived.

B414-RIDGETON O 19 615P
WALTER BRENNAN
HOTEL REEVER
PRESLON CAL
YOU WILL PLEASE KEEP BOY AND GIVE HIM EVERY HELP AND ENCOURAGEMENT UNTIL I ARRIVE NEXT WEEK STOP AM CONVINCED THAT AMOS LAWTON IS A GREAT PROSPECT
VELMA GEORGE

XL231-PRESLON CAL 19 7P
VELMA GEORGE
RIDGETON BASEBALL CO
HANSEN BLDG
RIDGETON O
YOU PAY THE BILLS SO IF YOU WANT TO FEED LEFTHANDERS WHO THROW ROCKS AT FENCE POSTS OK WITH ME STOP I GOT HIM A PILE OF ROCKS TO PLAY WITH AND WILL ARRANGE TO HAVE A FENCE POST PUT UP TOMORROW
WALTER BRENNAN

HOTEL REEVER
Preslon, California
March 25, 1934.

Mr. Paul Burton,
Sports Editor,
Ridgeton Tribune,
Ridgeton, Ohio.

Dear Paul:

If you do not stop your correspondent here in Preslon from calling my team the Pansy Panthers, I will tell Burton Young of the Express how it was not a foul ball which struck him in the press box that day last August. I witnessed this incident very clearly and saw how you caught this foul ball and lined same against Young's head, knowing that he would innocently think that the ball had struck him fresh from the bat. Personally, I thought this was all a very fine idea, but I do not believe that Burton Young would share my sentiments and he is forty pounds heavier than you.

Your correspondent has bandied about the impression that the new baby-blue trimming on the Panther uniforms was placed there at my instigation. I want you to know that this new trimming is strictly the work of Miss Velma George, of whom you may have heard.

However, it is in my heart to wish that this was the worst thing that Velma George has done. My team, never especially inclined toward brilliancy, is performing strictly in reverse, as your correspondent's dispatches have informed the Tribune's readers, all ten of them.

As the newspaper pictures may have told you, this Velma George is a very swank-looking baby, and all the boys on the team are falling for her or have fallen. It is a very pitiful spectacle. If there is any truth in the report that in unity there is strength, my team will finish somewhere down in the Southern Association this year.

What this Velma George has done is to give all the boys the come-on. She has had at least one date, if only for an hour after the workout, with every man of my regulars, so far. I do not know just what her idea is, but it is causing damage.

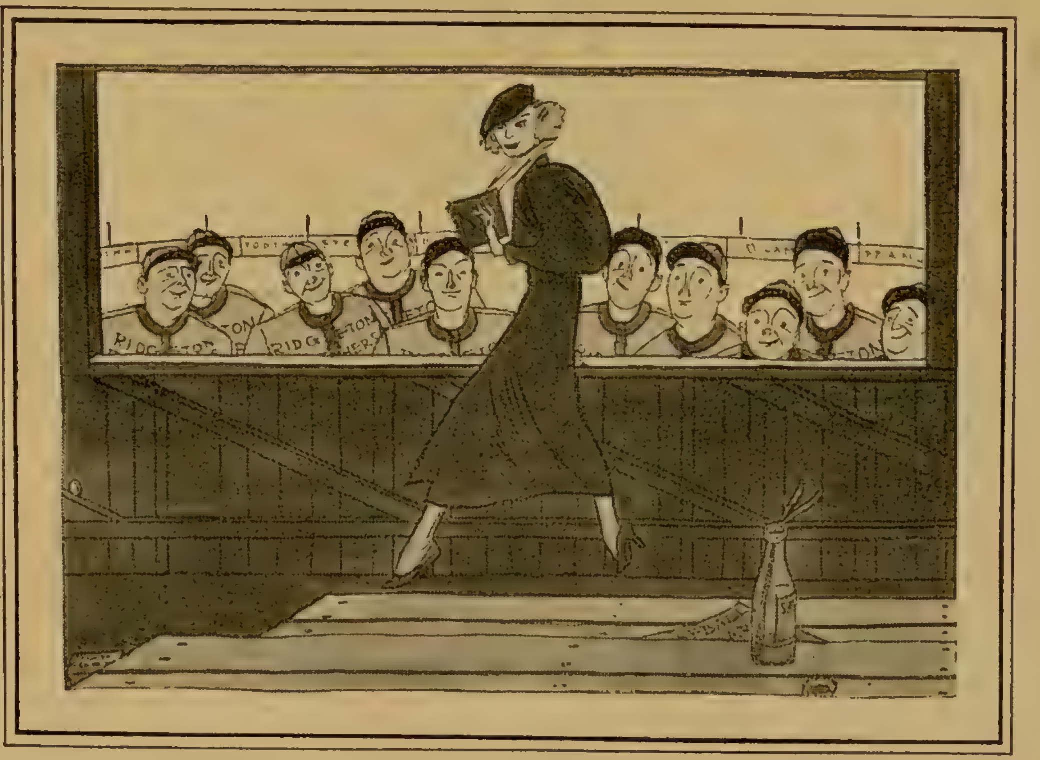
At least I could be proud of my second-base combination before this, but not now. Whenever a possible double play has loomed in the exhibitions we've been playing with the Pirates, my second baseman spends his time making a bum out of the shortstop, or vice versa. My outfielders I have detected harrying each other with loud shouts and uncouth jests in an effort to make some man who has accidentally parked under a fly ball drop it.

The pitchers have noticed the special attention that this apple knocker left-hander, Amos Lawton, has been getting from Velma George, so they are all trying to be as rotten as he is. I found one of them pitching stones at a fence post, hoping to catch Velma George's eye.

So far, I have won one point. Velma George had the idea that it would increase morale if all the married men on the team were forced to take their wives on all road trips this season. I told Miss George some very harrowing anecdotes of what had happened when, in the past, wives en masse had accompanied baseball teams on the road. She seemed impressed and dropped the subject.

But things are bad enough. I understand that just an hour ago my third baseman made a pass at my catcher because the latter made a remark interpreted by the former as being faintly derogatory to Velma George. If things keep going at the present rate, by the time the season opens the boys will be taking time out to slice each other's throats on the field.

I wish this Velma George would go home and attend to her stocks and bonds and office buildings, but I'm afraid this won't be the case. She has indicated that she is going to accompany the team at least part of the way home, so that she can continue to give personal supervision to the various players, particularly to Amos Lawton, the left-handed apple knocker.



What this Velma George has done is to give all the boys the come-on.

Well, like I always said, let a woman get into a man's game and it always ends with murder, arson, and mayhem.

You will understand that this is all strictly off the record and not intended for publication. Working for Velma George has its bad points, but I understand that working for no one is worse.

I am going to go on not paying any attention to this Amos Lawton. Then, very suddenly, I am going to start him at Kansas City. On our swings home from California in the spring, Kansas City has always been a grave jinx, and I am going to let this jinx operate against Amos Lawton. Velma George must be instructed on the point that the ability to hit a fence post with a stone does not necessarily imply that this Amos Lawton can sneak baseballs past batters selfishly intent on hitting same.

Well, with luck on the swing east, we should win about one of every three games from minor-league opponents.

Yours,
WALTER BRENNAN.

RIDGETON TRIBUNE
Ridgeton, Ohio
Editorial
March 28, 1934.

Mr. Walter Brennan,
Hotel Georgian,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Dear Walter:

I have as much respect for Burton Young's bulk as I have dislike for his face, so I will suppress further references to the Pansy Panthers. I thought my deed had gone unobserved except by a few loyal confreres who looked with favor on the spirit that impelled my action.

Now I would like to ask you a few questions off the record: Is it true that the Panthers are going to have floral designs embroidered on their bloomers? Is it true that each day the Panthers spend an hour in secret workout, learning to balance teacups on their knees and learning to talk in this posture without spraying the parlor with cooky crumbs? Is it a fact that bats used by the Panthers are going to be painted in fetching colors of lavender, chartreuse, and carmine? Is there any truth to the report that several Panthers have been detected in the act of drinking milk, seemingly with relish?

If any of these things are true, I would like the Tribune to be the first to bring them to the attention of the baseball public, who I understand will be required to wear silk hats and frock coats and other formal accessories as an entrance requirement to the Panther ball yard this season.

Yours with pink ribbons,
PAUL BURTON.

(From the Ridgeton Tribune)

ROOKIE SOUTHPAW FAILS AS PANTHERS BOW TO BLUES, 11–1

By Milton Grieg

KANSAS CITY, Thursday, April 5.—The Kansas City Blues looked like the

In treating
COLDS
HERE IS THE FIRST STEP TO QUICKER RELIEF

CLEAN OUT SYSTEM
COUNTERACT ACIDITY
Sal Hepatica
(ORIGINAL)
Effervescent
Saline Combination
CAREFULLY BLENDED
WELL BALANCED
LAXATIVE & CATHARTIC
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK

SAL HEPATICA DOES BOTH!

. . . quickly, surely, cleanses system—combats acidity, tends to restore alkaline reserve.

DISAGREEABLE colds will happen. No one can entirely prevent them. No one knows their exact cause.

But medical authorities agree on the most effective treatment. "Cleanse system thoroughly," they advise, "*and* combat the systemic acidity that *always* accompanies a cold. That is the basic first step to quicker, surer relief."

Sal Hepatica, the mineral salt laxative, is specifically designed to do BOTH—to counteract acidity and to clear the intestinal tract.

DO THIS AT ONCE

At the first sniffle put two teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Almost at once the alkaline reaction of this remarkably different laxative begins to combat your acid condition . . . to overcome your cold.

In addition, Sal Hepatica, by gently and thoroughly cleansing your intestinal tract of poisonous wastes, promotes the elimination so necessary in the treatment of colds.

UNLIKE OTHER LAXATIVES

These same results can not, of course, be expected from ordinary laxatives. For while the usual laxative *does* produce laxation, it is not designed to correct your acid condition.

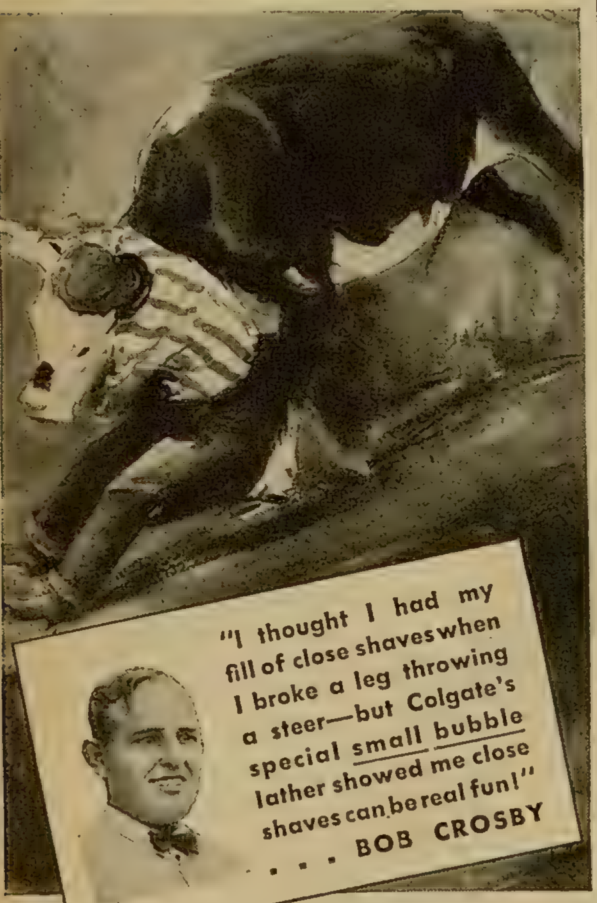
So, at the first sign of a cold, take Sal Hepatica to cleanse your system and to correct acidity—get plenty of rest (go to bed if your cold is severe)—watch your diet and drink plenty of liquids. That is the scientific way to treat colds successfully. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today!

★ ★ ★

NOTE: Until your cold is completely under control, it is important to take Sal Hepatica (as an alkalinizer) several times a day. For this purpose many physicians recommend an alkalinizing dose of ½ a teaspoon in a glass of water.

● TUNE IN! FRED ALLEN'S "TOWN HALL TONIGHT." WEDNESDAY NIGHTS, NBC NATION-WIDE NETWORK

FAMOUS CLOSE SHAVES
BOB CROSBY, CHAMPION STEER DOGGER


"I thought I had my fill of close shaves when I broke a leg throwing a steer—but Colgate's special small bubble lather showed me close shaves can be real fun!" . . . BOB CROSBY

NOW NO RAZOR PULL FROM CLOSE SHAVES

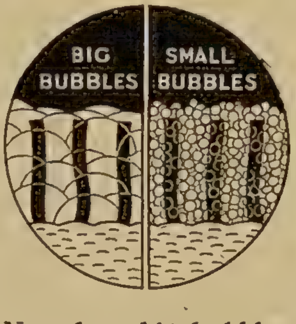
Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream gives easier shaves that last longer.

AFRAID to shave close because of a tender skin? Then you simply haven't learned about the big *difference* there is in shaving lathers!

Other lathers are made of big bubbles, full of air. Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream makes a special lather of tiny bubbles, fairly dripping with moisture.

These small bubbles get clear down to the *base* of your beard—strip off the oily coat that makes your whiskers tough—soak every bristle through and through—*right at the skin-line!*

No half wilted whiskers. No smart—no burn—no irritation! Shaves last hours longer, but the tenderest skin feels no discomfort.



Note how big bubbles hold *air* against the beard. Small bubbles soak each whisker soft, clear down to the base.

The proof? It's in these bubble-pictures! They show how Colgate's small bubble lather softens whiskers—gives a smoother, better shave. Try a tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream.

Look for the big blue package

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES
40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

major-league team here today in their exhibition game against our alleged big-league Panthers.

The Blues slapped four Panther pitchers silly to gain the decision by the top-heavy count of 11-1, and the Panthers looked even more comical than that.

As in the past, this observer noted that the Panthers seemed more concerned with jawing at each other and making one another look bad than they did in playing baseball against the Blues.

With Miss Velma George, his owner-patroness, looking on, Amos Lawton started on the slab for the Cats. The Blues immediately began crowding the plate in an effort to rattle the Panther rookie. They were successful and Lawton's tenure of office was briefer than a French Cabinet's. He rifled the first three Blue batters in the ribs. Then, with the sacks loaded, Franklin looked with favor on a fast one hopping right down the old groove. He addressed the ball gently and, aided by a stiff breeze, the ball arched high over the right-field fence. Manager Brennan hastily beckoned the southpaw to the bench, and so much for Amos Lawton. . . .

What Do You Say?

by Charles H. Forbell

He: Darling, I adore you.
She: D- y-- r-----, O----?
He: Sweetheart, I adore the very ground you're sitting on.
She: A-- r----, t---. I'-- m--- o--- a-- l-- y-- h--- i-!

The answer will be found on page 42

CHICAGO BEACH HOTEL
April 15, 1934.

Miss Velma George,
Ridgeton Baseball Co., Inc.,
Hansen Bldg.,
Ridgeton, Ohio.

Dear Miss George:

Since Lawton's sparkling rib-crushing performance in Kansas City didn't convince you that he had better return to throwing rocks, I am preparing a more elaborate demonstration. When we face the White Sox in the opener on Tuesday, none other than Amos Lawton will be on the mound for the Panthers. One more game in the loss column won't matter much, and against Earnshaw, who will pitch for the Sox, we'd undoubtedly lose anyway, what with the team's present yearning for your smile.

This demonstration will convince you, I hope, that big-league pitchers are not generally recruited from among rock-hurling citizens from agricultural communities.

Of course there will be a grave element of personal danger in this demonstration for Amos Lawton, because some of the White Sox are mean citizens when it comes to hammering a baseball about the premises. I have known Al Simmons to pole a baseball back at a pitcher with such dispatch that the baseball practically parted the pitcher from his ribs.

Amos Lawton will also be in dire danger of pneumonia contracted from the breeze which will be generated by batted baseballs whipping past his ears and out into the outfield. Haas, Appling, and Swanson of the White Sox are all sterling ear whippers.

It is my intention to leave Amos Lawton on the mound for the full nine innings, no matter what happens, because this demonstration must be a convincing one. Actually, Amos Lawton will probably pitch nothing like nine innings. It is much more likely that the game will be called on account of darkness in the fifth or sixth inning with the White Sox still batting.

Then, after the game, I will offer my resignation, effective immediately. If you want to fall so hard for a left-handed apple knocker that you can't see his pitching shortcomings, I guess it's none of my business. The only thing is, I've never yet seen the baseball team that had room for two managers, even if one of them was the owner.

Yours very truly,
WALTER BRENNAN.

B631-RIDGETON O 16 712P
WALTER BRENNAN
CHICAGO BEACH HOTEL
CHICAGO ILL
YOUR CONTRACT HAS THIS SEASON TO RUN AND I REFUSE YOUR RESIGNATION STOP IF AMOS LAWTON FAILS AGAIN I WILL ADMIT YOU ARE RIGHT AND KEEP HANDS OFF STOP IF I HAVE BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR QUARRELING AND LACK OF TEAMWORK ON PANTHERS READ THIS MESSAGE FROM ME TO THE PLAYERS QUOTE THE FIRST MAN DETECTED IN LYING DOWN ON THE JOB COMMA NOT GIVING HIS BEST EFFORTS OR INTERFERING WITH A TEAMMATE'S EFFICIENCY WILL BE BENCHED IMMEDIATELY AND IF POSSIBLE COMMA SUMMARILY SENT TO THE MINORS UNQUOTE STOP HAVE CHANGED MY MIND AND WILL BE IN CHICAGO FOR OPENER
VELMA GEORGE

(From the Ridgeton Tribune)

PANTHER ROOKIE BLANKS SOX WITH 2 HITS!

By Milton Grieg

CHICAGO, Tuesday, April 17.—Amos Lawton, Velma George's left-handed protégé, indicated today that he was only jesting last week in Kansas City when he spent a short slab session pounding Kansas City ribs and bats with the baseball.

The big left-hander shut out the White Sox today with exactly two hits—a line single by Appling and an infield hit by Simmons which should have been charged to comical fielding at first base.

In the meanwhile the Panthers were doing little better, but they did manage to garner six hits off the delivery of George Earnshaw. Three of these were bunched in the fourth inning for two runs, which were plenty.

Flashing a terrific fast ball reminiscent of Grove or Walter Johnson at their best, Lawton cut down the Sox ruthlessly. Eleven of them went down swinging and, counting Appling's hit to left, only five balls were lifted out of the infield by Sox bats. . . .

LAKE GENEVA HOTEL
Lake Geneva, Wisconsin
April 18, 1934.

Mr. Paul Burton,
Sports Editor,
Ridgeton Tribune,
Ridgeton, Ohio.

Dear Paul:

I am sorry that my sudden disappearance from Chicago has so disturbed your correspondent.

I have worked things out so that in the future I am not going to have a woman superior in the business office or on the baseball field. I found out that this was a very bad situation, resulting in team disorganization, baby-blue trimming on uniforms, uncouth references to the Pansy Panthers, etc.

The last feather was plucked when Velma George's balmy left-hander actually came through and pitched a two-hit ball game. This made my whole situation thoroughly untenable. With Velma George accidentally right about this pitcher, what would have come into her mind next?

There seemed to be only one thing to do about this unfavorable situation, so I did it.

Velma George and I were married at Waukegan late last night, as a necessary step toward the preservation of the Panthers. Then we came on here to Lake Geneva.

In the future I will run all the affairs of the ball club. Velma George (or Mrs. Walter Brennan, as she will now be known to her friends) will concern herself with the various duties involved in being a wife.

As I have pointed out before, Velma is one of the lovelier members of the species, and aside from her ideas on the management of a baseball team, she is a great kid.

I will blushingly receive your congratulations when we land back in Ridgeton with the team.

Yours in the bond,
WALTER.

P. S. By the time we get back to Ridgeton the baby-blue uniform trimming will be obsolete and the home folks will see the team in the old familiar gray and black. W.

THE END

MAY I PRESENT MY DAUGHTER?

I'd have given $1,000,000 for a clean shave

"How do you do, Miss Blake . . . please forgive my appearance . . . I'm not always careless about shaving" . . . It's unfortunate, but apologies can't erase bad first impressions. And embarrassment is one of the smallest penalties men pay for failing to keep clean-shaven. Stubble, in fact, can cost the respect and affection of friends and family alike. That's why everyone agrees you can't get by without shaving.

Why risk embarrassment and worse when close, clean shaving is so easy with today's Gillette "Blue Blade." Just feel how this blade glides across your face when you clamp one in your razor. See how it skims over the tender spots—whisks off tough beard without a trace of irritation. This blade is especially made for sensitive faces. It is the product of methods and skill not approached by other manufacturers.

Hardened in automatically controlled electric ovens where temperature instantly changes in accordance with the requirements of the steel itself—this blade takes and holds perfect edges. It is ground, honed and stropped automatically—inspected with superhuman skill by scientific instruments exclusive with Gillette. Each blade—anchored in its envelope to prevent damage to the edges—reaches you as perfect as it left the factory.

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A TWIST... IT'S OPEN!

The ARISTOCRAT
—New Gillette
One Piece Razor

The Aristocrat is all one piece, no loose parts. Heavily plated with 24-Karat gold and guaranteed a lifetime. Price $4 complete in smart leather case with 10 Gillette "Blue Blades."

A TWIST... IT'S CLOSED!

The Empire of the KINGFISH

What's It All About? What Makes the Wheels Go Round in Huey Long's Domain?—Liberty Sent **WILL IRWIN** to Get the Facts. This Series Is the Result

PART ONE—THE DICTATOR

IN the East and North they are still inclined to laugh at Huey P. Long, the Kingfish. They no longer laugh at him in Louisiana. This rough, roaring, original backcountryman, with his active brain, his demoniac energy, his ruthlessness, his unbounded personal ambition, and his dramatic instinct, holds the state in the hollow of his hand. He is the first American ever to establish a dictatorship in time of peace—a dictatorship that is a strange mixture of Hitlerism, hokum, and Tammany Hall, plus a certain amount of real political wisdom.

For he has got things done in Louisiana; and many of those things have worked for the improvement and modernization of the state—even though they may have worked toward the greater glory of Long and for the personal advantage of some among his supporters.

He is the strangest and most unpatterned figure that has risen in the United States since the Civil War. In conduct, he breaks all rules of the political game—and gets away with it. In character, he presents the anomalies of a most audacious man with a streak of physical timidity, and a kingly demagogue. A good part of Louisiana hates him. Another part would walk over hot coals at his command.

Northern newspaper readers have wondered how such a personality could possibly acquire such power in any American state. The answer is, he has first-class genius for practical politics, and he has the power to bind to himself men of certain temperaments with the traditional hoops of steel. Further, he has a radical program which appeals to many who have not come under

Acme photos

Governor Allen, who "serves merely as a lieutenant," and (at right) his boss, the dictatorial Kingfish.

At left: Louisiana's "beautiful if somewhat grandiose" new state capitol, which the Kingfish erected.

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

his personal spell.

All our states have three branches of government—the executive, the legislative, and the judicial. Huey Long, the absentee boss, has to all practical intents and purposes taken these three branches unto himself.

The executive first. He was elected United States senator in 1930, at which time his term as governor of Louisiana had still two years to run. Breaking every American precedent, he did not resign as governor but sat on and left his seat in the Senate vacant. He used those two years to consolidate the grip of the governor on state functions until virtually all the commissions and bureaus became his private prerogative and rubber stamp. Having done which, and having built an almost foolproof political machine of his own, he tied up temporarily with the venerable city machine of New Orleans—his ancient enemy—elected his fellow townsman O. K. Allen governor, and consented at last to decorate the United States Senate. Allen is probably a good administrator; but on matters of larger policy he serves merely as a cheerful lieutenant. He delays his important decisions until he has wired or telephoned to Huey Long in Washington. The wags of Louisiana say that once, during a storm, the wind blew a strip of flimsy paper on to Allen's desk—and he seized it and signed it automatically.

When revolt threatens the Long regime, Long hurries to Louisiana, cracks the whip, if necessary calls out the militia, straightens things out, rushes back to Washington and resumes his larger task of laying his track to the Presidency in 1936 or 1940.

As for the legislative branch, he has during seven years of earnest endeavor reduced it from a rebel power to a vassal. When the state elected him governor in 1928, the citizens considered him a political accident. It was a three-cornered fight, and Long appeared to have slipped in. The first and regular session of the legislature proved almost a deadlock. The legislature refused to pass most of his radical anti-corporation bills; he retorted by vetoing the members' bills. Long called an extra session. In the meantime he had torn down the fine historic old Executive Mansion as a back number. He had caused "Huey P. Long" to be inscribed on the governor's silver and was preparing, the legislators believed, to ship it to his own house at Shreveport. He had constantly invaded the floor of both House and Senate in order to lobby for his measures. He had used " profane and abusive language." He had called opposition legislators to him and offered them fat state jobs. He had bought at public expense books for his private law library.

These performances, together with the loud, aggressive, irritating personality of Long himself, set legislative nerves on edge. House and Senate began to whisper the word " impeachment." It was becoming convenient for Long to dissolve the session. Then a mere slip in reading the record on a voting machine precipitated a riot—fists, feet, flying inkwells, threats of gunplay. When the legislature grew relatively calm, it opened impeachment proceedings.

IN the subsequent inquiry, witnesses testified to all the irregular actions of Long which I have mentioned—and more. The House voted impeachment by the required two-thirds majority. To block this measure in the Senate, he needed more than thirteen votes; and his supporters were fewer than that.

Senators found themselves called by night to the governor's offices. Then one fine morning fifteen members signed what amounted to a round robin announcing that they would not vote against Long under any circumstances. Some of these were Long men. One or two others doubtless changed their opinions on honest conviction. The rest were to find themselves or their relatives living pleasantly through hard times as employees of the state. That was that—the legislature gave up the fight and adjourned.

This happened in 1929, the peak year of prosperity. During the six years that followed, Huey Long gradually reduced the state legislature to the position of the Reichstag under Hitler. The legislature of 1934 held three extra sessions, called overnight; the final one lasted just five days. It passed forty-four bills, many of them unprecedented in an American state for the powers given the governor and his boards—who are Huey Long in another entity. This was the process in the House of Representatives: The bill would go to committee for a hearing, and Senator Huey P. Long, appearing as the sole witness, would make a brief speech.

"Gentlemen," he would say in effect, "I have here a bill creating a Chewing-gum Commission. I have always stood for the regulation of chewing gum. This act should become law!"

"All right, Huey," the chairman of the committee would reply. "You know best. All in favor of House Bill 0777 say 'Aye!'" And the committee, few or none of whom had ever read the bill, would vote it out.

A newspaperman, timing the performance, calculated that the bills, when they came to the floor, went through the Senate at an average rate of four and a half minutes apiece. The House moved even more expeditiously—three minutes to the bill. Long served as his own legislative whip—walking up and down the corridors while voting was afoot, occasionally dropping a word into the ear of some member who showed signs of dissent.

Often opposition members did not know what these measures contained. The small opposition in the Senate had a better chance to inform itself—not from official sources, however, but from the newspapers. Gag rule prevented these rebels from getting the floor. In defense, Long has stated on the floor of the United States Senate that these were only "enabling acts" to make good constitutional amendments approved by the people. Here he is confining himself to a fraction of the truth.

©Henderson

WILL IRWIN

has made his mark as an author in different fields, but is perhaps best known as a great reporter and a leading World War correspondent. He left newspaper work long ago to write for national magazines. His series on Our New Civil War (with organized crime) appeared in Liberty in January.

The Louisiana legislature is in Long's pocket. So, to most of his intents and purposes, is the third function of popular government—the judicial. He has concentrated on judges selected for their obligation and loyalty to the Long machine; others, whom he did not elect, seem to have passed under his domination. During 1934 he elected to the Supreme Bench his faithful follower John B. Fournet, who had served the machine as Speaker of the House and as lieutenant governor.

Indeed, the citizen bent on appeal from any of the dictatorial laws might have some difficulty in finding a lawyer. In one of the multifarious elections which marked Long's rise to power there was a deal of strange work at the polls of New Orleans. An official who belonged to the opposition arrested five hundred men, mostly Long adherents, on a charge of ballot-box stuffing. Three were tried, convicted, and sentenced. Their cases went to the "old" Supreme Court, which sustained the verdict. A state official attempted to supersede by force the district attorney who was prosecuting the cases. Thereupon the State Bar Association dropped the state official from membership.

LONG, as usual, hit back through his legislature. First, by an ingenious law, it in effect quashed the prosecution not only of the three convicted men but of the whole five hundred. It dissolved the State Bar Association and created another to which every attorney in Louisiana must perforce belong. This became at once a Long organization, with faithful henchmen holding all the offices. This law further provided that the Supreme Court should have the exclusive power of disbarring attorneys. But expulsion from the New Bar Association is probably enough. And said a lawyer of New Orleans to a client who proposed an action involving one of the dictatorial laws: "Any one can bring charges against a lawyer. It is only necessary to present his adversary's side of any case which he ever lost. If I took your brief, my dear sir, I might be walking the streets in a week."

The state government at Baton Rouge had a Department of Accounts—its primary job merely harmonizing and keeping straight the finances of the different departments. Those who founded it did not feel the necessity of inserting any provision for inspection of its books. As the legislature passed Long's tax measures, they handed over the function of collecting them to this department; and Long appointed Alice Lee Grosjean, who had served as his private secretary and later as his Secretary of State, to direct the bureau. She is one of his most faithful supporters; and as Supervisor of Accounts she collects at present perhaps one half of the state revenues.

Long established a Bureau of Criminal Identification. Its operations have become a deep secret. The opposition charges, and with some evidence, that he uses it partly as Stalin in Russia uses his Ogpu—an intelligence department which gets the goods on political enemies. It works in close liaison with that efficient and hair-trigger militia which the dictator calls out at the drop of a hat, and with his own state police.

Once a citizen of Louisiana who felt that the state was overtaxing his property had the right to an appeal and a hearing. Long has wiped out that right. His Tax Commission has the power to raise, lower, or wipe out an assessment at any time before the tax is paid; and the owner has no recourse whatever.

Louisiana still holds elections; but the Long machine will henceforth own the election machinery. Since Louisiana is a one-party state, the primaries are most important. From now on Long's hand-picked board will appoint two of the five judges who watch and count the votes in every polling place. In case of a two-man fight this gives a majority, since each candidate has the right to name a judge and one of them will always be a Long man.

THE general elections would be unimportant except for one fact. On these occasions the people accept or reject constitutional amendments. And here the Long machine has from now on its perfect cinch. The state government will appoint all the election officials. Still further: Long has abolished the poll tax. This measure may add 100,000 voters to the electorate. People who fail to pay poll tax are usually poor; and Long's strongest support has always proceeded from this class. He has abolished all elections for the year 1935. And these policies are in preparation for a big general primary in January, 1936. One of the strongest men in the opposition, who has twice been easily elected to the legislature on an anti-Long platform, tells me that he does not intend to run in 1936. "No wise man goes up against a fixed game," he says.

We cannot fully understand the situation without taking into account the benefits which Long has conferred on Louisiana.

When, in 1928, he took his seat as governor, Louisiana was drilling along in the good old-fashioned way. She taxed lightly, and by the same token slighted or omitted much of the service which in other states the citizens expect. Especially, her roads belonged to the period of the oxcart. Before the depression deepened, Long had put through a bond issue of $30,000,000 for roads. During the early stages of the national calamity he performed the miracle of raising the ante to about a hundred million and started such an orgy of road building as no American state had ever witnessed before. Not only roads but free and permanent bridges—a modern necessity in that river-harassed land. When he began, Louisiana had less than 150 miles of improved country roads. When he ended, last year, it had 1,500 miles of hard highways and more than 3,000 miles of semihard surface. And he is moving now to bridge the Mississippi at New Orleans—an improvement long needed.

He took road building and road maintenance away from the smaller political units and handed them over to the state, where they belong. He likewise cut a few Gordian knots and brought natural gas into New Orleans. The terms were expensive, perhaps—but he did it. In fact, many of these improvements may have been too expensive. We shall not know about that, perhaps, until the federal courts try seven of his henchmen now under indictment on a charge of income-tax evasion.

He found Louisiana almost at the bottom of the national scale of literacy. He bludgeoned through the legislature one law providing free textbooks in the schools, and another establishing night schools for adult education. His supporters say that he has raised literacy "at least to the Southern average." The census of 1940 will prove or disprove that claim.

He found the State University, his special pet, with an enrollment of 1,500; now it has nearly 5,000 students. He created new departments, new buildings, new facilities. Many of the structures are blazoned all over with the name of Huey P. Long. But never mind—he built them, and added for good measure an affiliated medical school at New Orleans. "The university rates with Harvard and Yale!" he says. While that is at least an exaggeration, the academic standard of L. S. U. has risen.

The dictatorship showed at its best, perhaps, during the financial crisis which preceded the moratorium of March, 1933. When a bank tottered or a run began, Long simply levied a forced loan on solvent banks and had the money moved in under escort of his own highway police. In cases where key banks stood imperiled, he sometimes took personal charge. More than 4,000 American banks failed during this period. Louisiana lost only a few unimportant establishments. True, some banks, including big ones, failed to open up after the moratorium. "But that wasn't Huey's fault!" say his supporters. He accomplished all this by virtue of a bank examiner, who had at the time almost absolute power. Federal control has somewhat loosened his grip on the banks.

WHEN he took hold, Louisiana, in common with most states, drew far too heavily on landed property for revenues. He shifted part of the burden from the land —notably in that first of his "share-our-wealth" measures providing that no property assessed for less than $2,000 should be taxed at all. He adopted the principle that such natural resources as chemical deposits were the heritage of the people, and that corporations using them should be heavily taxed. It would take an expert to say whether or not his many and complex corporation taxes run along scientific lines. But at the very least he has opened the way for a modern tax scheme in Louisiana.

He has built a beautiful if somewhat grandiose modern statehouse in Baton Rouge to replace that venerable and picturesque building which the troops of General Banks gutted during the Civil War. And he is planning to make Baton Rouge a pocket District of Columbia, with gardens, esplanades, stately approaches, broad avenues.

But all these improvements, his opponents say, have been juggled and whipsawed to the end of building the perfect foolproof political machine, whose sole object is his advancement. First and most important comes the road program. He had scarcely put the work on foot when the hard times settled down upon us. During the Hoover administration the federal government followed the policy of forcing the states to pay for unemployment relief. Louisiana, under Long, made scant appropriation for this purpose. The road program gave the only substantial relief that the state had to offer. And by tacit agreement not only the contractors but most of the white workmen must be Long men, contributing to his triumphs not only their own votes but those of their families. If they were not—it was just too bad. No political boss in our history ever punished disloyalty with such rapid dismissal.

Most importantly, these jobs furnished not only votes but a steady flow of money. Long appointees have the fixed habit of coming through regularly for the good of the cause. No one can force a public accounting of this war chest; and so only Long and a few other insiders have any idea of its amount. But all through the hard times, when the Republican and Democratic parties, state and national, were struggling under heavy deficits, alone the Long machine in Louisiana never lacked for funds.

This, however, was only a beginning. Huey Long, who has an insolent way of calling his signals in language which the other team can understand, has announced for years that he intended to make every official in Louisiana, from governor to village policeman, his man. He has succeeded, if not fully, at least to most practical purposes; and this control is the driving wheel of his machine. His methods have been too complex and subtle for full description here. First in importance,

White's right this season
from the ground up

IF you notice windows at all, you'll see one thing this season you're sure to approve. From the ground up, white's right. In Fortunes, for example, this smart wingtip style made of White Velvet Buck is one of our most popular numbers . . . looks cooler and lighter . . . and gives you authentic style at a new low price. See it. If you don't know your Fortune dealer, write for his address today.

No. 360, White Velvet Buck

$4 Most Styles

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"They Hold Their Shape.

"I know Fortunes. They do have Style-Stamina — they hold their shape. That's why I wear them and save."

No. 326, White Velvet Buck

probably, are his misnamed Civil Service Commission and kindred bodies with dictatorial powers. By one of his three-minute laws, no town or city in Louisiana may appoint a police or fire chief unless he be approved by the Bureau of Criminal Identification. When that measure passed, chiefs who had hitherto opposed Long either resigned or slipped gracefully over into his camp. The chiefs, of course, would be of relative unimportance did they not deliver their forces; which, by the hard rule of the Long organization, they are expected to do.

From the very first, Long began installing his own presidents in the state institutions of higher learning, notably most of the teachers' colleges and the State University. James M. Smith, head of the latter institution, is indeed one of his most faithful and useful followers. It is Smith who, when the college newspaper criticized one of Long's clownish performances, expelled students in the School of Journalism wholesale.

Furthermore, since December, 1934, every schoolteacher must have her appointment approved by the Civil Service Commission—composed of the governor and other faithful state officials. Louisiana understands what this means. When in the late summer of 1935 the local school boards begin to appoint teachers for the winter session, all who stand conspicuously opposed to Long will pass out into the army of the unemployed. Even the neutrals must show enthusiasm. And there's a whopping big election coming next January.

The same system applies to such large employers of labor among the state bureaus as the Levee Board and the Dock Board. Finally, Long has found ingenious ways for eating into the corporate forces of counties and towns under rule of his political opponents. Once he turned out the militia to seize the registration rolls of New Orleans, asserting that the city machine was on the point of falsifying them. He proposed also to move on City Hall and take possession. Thereupon the City Council swore in some 500 deputies with a reputation as shots, and bade him come on. Long, who knows when to advance and when to retreat, dismissed his army and caused the legislature to pass a law putting the appointment of all deputy sheriffs, above the number of five, into the hands of his Department of Criminal Identification. That, the public assumed, was to prevent the opposition from arming itself. It had more subtle uses. In the rural parishes (this last is the name for counties in Louisiana) the sheriff usually has five deputies; but in those parishes which hold large cities, many more.

Long's strength, generally speaking, lies in the country. New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Shreveport, and Alexandria, the most considerable cities, have tended to oppose him. This measure gives him a nucleus of Long supporters, responsible to a virtually secret organization in the very headquarters of his enemies. How quietly and yet how potently his system works may be judged by the recent history of New Orleans. After going along with him for two elections, the old city machine—" the Choctaws "—broke loose again and in 1934 elected its own city government. This was a setback. But in a Congressional election later in the year the Long machine, to the wonderment of all, returned its candidates from that district. Then Long set forth to subdue the rebel.

NEW ORLEANS has had its troubles with the depression. From the tangle of new and old laws the Long machine picked measures which, favorably interpreted, gave the state the right to take financial control of any city in monetary difficulties. Long launched one of his swift attacks. The process for the financial capture of New Orleans was before the courts when the city matched his ingenuity by a trick of its own. One of the New Deal laws provides that the federal government may, upon application of the elected authorities and 51 per cent of the creditors, administer the finances of any city. On Sunday, January 13, the city fathers and the bankers gathered all day in secret groups. At eight o'clock Monday morning the City Council met and made the application. At nine o'clock federal Judge Borah signed the required order. Financially, New Orleans had seceded from Louisiana. But Long has probably many another trick up his sleeve, and this elusive prize is a rich one; for charming New Orleans stands not only metropolis to the state but to the whole lower Mississippi Valley.

As I write he is in process of taking over rebellious Baton Rouge, the capital, by law, by force, and by arm. East Baton Rouge Parish, which comprises the city, has always disliked Long and Longism. Once before the smoldering animosity almost flamed into war. The occasion was that strange election which finally sent J. Y. Sanders, Jr., Long's adversary and the son of his adversary, to Congress. When Long tried to railroad through his own candidate, the citizens seized most of the blank ballots and burned them. When by order of Congress the district held a fair election, his opponents, in knots of six or seven, strolled to the polls with repeating rifles draped casually over their arms. And Sanders won by a large majority. " Yes, maybe he had the election machinery," remarked a citizen of this parish to me, " but we had the riflemen! "

In response, Long had his legislature pass a law doubling the number of police jurors (county commissioners) in East Baton Rouge Parish and providing that the governor should appoint the new members. Following which, this opportunist bided his time.

IT came when one of his periodical rows with the Standard Oil Company caused the young and indignant to form the Square Deal Association, which proposed to get rid of Long—presumably by force if necessary. This situation could be interpreted as rebellion and, with Standard Oil in the picture, afforded a splendid moral justification. Secretly and suddenly, Long swooped in from Washington, called out the bored, overworked militia, put the parish under a martial law so strict that it professed to dictate the opinions of the newspapers—and when the tumult died his police jurors sat in the courthouse.

Somewhere along his march to power, the legislature passed one of its casual laws providing that the state government might remove a city government at will. Alexandria remained rebellious, and Long exercised this power. If he has not let this blow fall on the other cities, that is perhaps because the dramatic moment has not yet arrived. Meantime Alexandria hangs as an invisible sword over the municipalities, restraining city officials of whatever faction from going too far in their opposition.

The case of Alexandria illustrates that method which, next to his job machine, gives Long his strongest hold over Louisiana. It is—subtle terrorism. Again and again he has by dramatic example demonstrated his ruthlessness. Between them, those commissions and bureaus of his hold a whip over almost all business except —lately—banking. And especially they have the arbitrary power of raising or lowering tax assessments without privilege of appeal. The business man who thinks of backing an opposition candidate remembers that the assessment on his factory or his building can be doubled in a day. If he be a big business man he knows that when he grows too troublesome the legislature can slap a burdensome levy upon him. And so, all over Louisiana many business men are voting for Long's candidates in public and praying against him in private. Besides, a great many of this element support him with apparent sincerity. But be the citizen a common laborer or a capitalist, life under Long has taught him one lesson: The way to immediate individual prosperity is ardent support of the Long machine; while opposition may point the way to adversity. These are hard times—better be careful!

However, all these causes and influences are not enough fully to account for this dictatorship in an American state. Behind them stands the man. Huey Long is what he is and where he is because no one in Louisiana has been able to match his combination of wits, belligerence, genius for politics, showmanship, and energy.

Such being the facts about Huey Long the Kingfish, in Liberty next week Mr. Irwin will reveal Huey Long the man—that amazing mixture of political audacity, ruthless ambition, and sentimentality, by whom the whole country has been mystified.

Rhythm, Romance, Realism

Fred Astaire at His Best in a Four-Star Musical; a Number of Notables in Something Sweetly Victorian, and a Slice of American Life Today as Screened from a Liberty Serial

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ★ ROBERTA

THE PLAYERS: Irene Dunne, Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Randolph Scott, Helen Westley, Claire Dodd, Victor Varconi, Luis Alberni. Directed by William A. Seiter. From the play by Otto Harbach and Jerome Kern.

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

THERE'S music in the air this week. And it's such fetching music—as presented by those three personable and talented people, Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, and Irene Dunne—that Roberta stands in a good way of being the best musical comedy to come out of Hollywood.

Using a plot no sounder than those of most song-and-dance pictures, Roberta is so thoroughly lively, so exciting to the eye and ear, and so imbued with an unstrained-for gaiety that it glides smoothly and pleasantly through the vaguely motivated tale. The sartorially elegant Fred Astaire not only sings and dances in the irresistible manner which has made him the brightest of the new stars, but adds to his already wide display of rhythmic talent by playing the piano. Yet if he could manage none of these feats, if he could neither sing, dance, nor play, Astaire would remain among the finest of the cinema's performers; for he has a casual and impish comedy touch rivaled only by that brother musician Bing Crosby.

In Roberta Astaire is at his superb best; and given the enthusiastic support of Ginger Rogers as his dance and love partner, and aided by lovely Irene Dunne and Randy Scott, late of the horse operas, as the more conventionally romantic pair, the film becomes an item for the "must" list of every amusement seeker.

The story—which serves only as a rather unobtrusive means of temporarily separating the lovers—concerns a football star who inherits a famous Parisian gown shop and tells of his difficulties in love and fashion until two musical friends and a Russian princess come to his aid. You'll forget the plot when Astaire and Rogers dance.

VITAL STATISTICS: Stage version of Roberta did poorly till song smash Smoke Gets in Your Eyes put it over. . . . Screened, Roberta cost about $750,000—million-and-a-half estimates you have heard to the contrary. Of this sum one third went to principals as salaries; remaining two thirds to production. Production costs include cost of sets, clothes, screen play, original play, and supervisor's cigars. Gowns in Roberta estimated at $250,000. Six of them, sent to Radio City for display, were insured for $44,450. One silver-fox fur super-tippet worn by Dunne cost $6,000. . . . Clothes were designed by only Jewish designer in Hollywood: Bernie Newman. Bernie rates the Ten Best Dressed American Women as follows: Mrs. Harrison Williams, socialite; Mrs. Morton Schwartz, dittolite; Hattie Carnegie, business gal; Mrs. Adam Gimbel, ditto gal; Mrs. William Wetmore, of the idle classes; Miss Gwili Andre, of the theater; Mrs. Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, a higher-upper; Miss Mary Taylor, same ilk; Miss Leslie Morris, business woman; and Miss Ina Claire. Bernie claims everything's going to be capes this year, gals—capes, capes, capes. . . . Of the original Kern stage songs only three remain in film, Kern kerning two new ones—I Won't Dance, and Lovely to Look At—which I pick to click with your eardrums. . . . Top-hatted Fred Astaire is actually the most unassuming chap in Hollywood. Keeps in six-day-bike-rider shape constantly, thus avoiding grind training for his terrific dance strains. Practiced 100 hours with Ginger Rogers to perfect the Continental, which actually took up three to four minutes of Gay Divorcee. Has huge mirror out of camera range on set so's to watch how he's doing. Got over laryngitis attack during Roberta. Once owned racing stable; hopes to again. Plays a hot piano. Wants to write a hit song, and eventually be known as an actor, not a dancer. . . . Dr. Francis Griffin flew West during Roberta, to vacation quickly with a Miss Irene Dunne, his wife. The Dunne is dubbed the Princess around the lot, being some haughty punkins. She was followed around by a personal fire department during some scenes, as she wore a highly flammable gown and the studio wished to avoid her catching on fire as did Miriam Hopkins recently. . . . Mrs. Lew Virginia Ginger Rogers McMath Ayres got a letter right after her wedding advising her to keep husband Lew Ayres out of Honolulu. It was signed Seventy-five Broken Hearts, and the idea was that all were loving her dearly when Lew snatched her off. She gave away her wedding gown and cake in bits to the first requesters; 1,000 letters for chunks came in the first day alone. . . . Randolph Scott might have been football tops for the U. of Va. and for Georgia Tech, where he once attended, but injuries cut short his career. He thinks a woman shouldn't be inquisitive, pout, or lose her sense of humor.

★ ★ ½ VANESSA: HER LOVE STORY

THE PLAYERS: Robert Montgomery, Helen Hayes, May Robson, Otto Kruger, Violet Kemble Cooper, Henry Stephenson, Lewis Stone, Donald Crisp, Agnes Anderson. Directed by William K. Howard. Story by Hugh Walpole.

TAKEN from Hugh Walpole's novel, Vanessa is a slowly moving but beautifully photographed and staged piece of sentimentality in which Helen Hayes, Robert Mont-

The dancing star, Fred Astaire, and his vivacious partner, Ginger Rogers, in their latest film, Roberta.

Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery are the principals in Vanessa: Her Love Story—based on a Walpole novel.

Can a cowboy crash the cigarette ads?

To read the ads these days, a fellow'd think the pretty girls do all the smoking. How about giving us plain men a break? Come down to the cow country where the hot alkali dust takes the fun out of most cigarettes, and you'll find old Spud ridin' high, wide and handsome. It's the only cigarette the cowboys can really enjoy *while they work.*

CORK TIP or PLAIN

Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES
CHOICE TOBACCO

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES
15c FOR 20
(20c IN CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

gomery, and Otto Kruger give some capable acting and talk in poetic language about love, love, love. Built around one of those plots which would blow right up if any one of the characters ever came right out and spoke his mind, the story tells of two enamored cousins.

Vanessa, youngest of a great English family, breaks off with her cousin-lover when, during a fire, he saves her but leaves her father in the house to die. Montgomery, her remorseful cousin, then goes off on a Victorian bat, and comes out of it to find himself married to a comely barmaid, while Miss Hayes, for some obscure reason, marries Otto Kruger, the family idiot.

From there on Vanessa moves somberly along its path while Montgomery and Miss Hayes nobly wait for death to free them from the marriages they so hastily entered.

May Robson, playing a lively centenarian, and Lewis Stone as the ill-fated father, round out a cast which has surprisingly little to do. Vanessa has its moments of charm and is given a splendid mounting. Those who want their romances heavy and sweet will like it.

VITAL STATISTICS: Hugh Walpole was born in Auckland, New Zealand, son of an English divine bringing religion to those down under. Hugh was English college eddicated, however. Wrote two novels while an undergrad, burning one and waiting five years for the other to be published. It was called The Wooden Horse. It appeared in 1909 and sold 700 copies, hardly enough to pay the cost of its typing. Undiscouraged, Hugh kept living on in his four-shilling-a-week Chelsea digs, churning 'em out. It was Fortitude that took with the public, especially with the American book lovers, and from then on it's been clear sailing for Hugh to fortune, which he has much of. Once tried preaching and schoolmastering but didn't like them. Loves it in Hollywood and is coming back to do another picture for Selznick. Is absolutely unmarried, a chronic lecturer to our women's clubs, terribly self-reliant and wholesome, and is the author of the quip, "It's not life that counts but the courage you bring to it." . . . Vanessa in film skin came to about half a million, two weeks of retakes being necessary to unsadden her, besides eight weeks to make her. . . . The first words Helen Hayes said to her husband, Charles MacArthur, were: "Could I have some of your peanuts?" The first words MacArthur said to his wife, Helen Hayes, were: "Yes; as many as you like. I wish they were emeralds!"

★★ TRANSIENT LADY

THE PLAYERS: Gene Raymond, Henry Hull, Frances Drake, June Clayworth, Clark Williams, Edward Ellis, Frederick Burton, Helen Lowell. Directed by Edward Buzzell. Story by Octavus Roy Cohen.

WHEN a big-city girl comes to a small town, trouble follows. Octavus Roy Cohen's Liberty serial uses this theme in a well knit and occasionally powerful melodrama which is weakened a bit in its screen appearance by faulty dialogue and comedy touches clipped from old joke books.

With Gene Raymond, Henry Hull, and Frances Drake in the leading roles, Transient Lady tells of a barnstorming roller-skating crew which goes from town to town setting up rinks and giving exhibitions. Settling in a village of the deep South, they get into immediate trouble when hoodlums bump respectable customers until thrown out. But the toughies, stimulated by moonshine, return late at night for their revenge. They are about to gang up on one of the skaters when he kills the ringleader in self-defense, then flees into hiding.

Gene Raymond
and
June Clayworth
in
Transient Lady.

The killed boy, it turns out, is brother of Henry Hull, a powerful politician, who determines on punishment for the big-city invaders.

Because of his infatuation for Frances Drake, shapely exhibition skater, Gene Raymond, the village lawyer, takes over the almost hopeless case against Hull.

Using every means to incite the aroused lynch-thirsty mob, Hull brings the picture to a powerful and ugly climax which would seem fantastic were it not so true to what is happening in the American backwoods today.

VITAL STATISTICS: Transient Lady cost $200,000 or thereabouts in her screen clothes, a whole small-town street, the essence of typicality and a quarter mile long, being built for her activities. . . . Arthur Caesar, who adapted her for the silver sheet, was once considered wittiest man on Broadway, his cracks ringing nation-wide. Once when asked by a friend if he had an encyclopedia, Caesar answered: "No; what do you want to know?" . . . Gene Raymond got $5,000 per week (three weeks) for his borrowed services in kicking the Transient Lady around. He is Hollywood's most eligible bachelor, but promises not to marry till he makes good. H'm. $5,000 a week and is going to make good yet! . . . Henry Hull is forty-four, married, and opines an actor should confine his acting to the camera. Says a doctor doesn't go around stething with his stethoscope between office hours! . . . Frances Drake (salary *circa* $750, borrowed from Par. at $3,000) got the lead chunk when Gloria Stuart (Sheekman) balked at wearing the roller skates the part called for. Gloria claimed her tallness would be accentuated by the rollers. The real reason is that Gloria's going to have a little Sheekman which has already been named Anthony. Even money it's a girl. The Drake, it turned out, couldn't skate and they had to wire her to the floor for her skating close-ups. All her other falls were taken by the doubles. . . . June Clayworth objects to the slacks the gals are wearing around Hollywood (Dietrich, who inspired them, won't wear them). June wonders what the gals would say if the men suddenly appeared on the boulevards in filmy silk things full of ruffles, the while carrying parasols. They'd say "Yoo-hoo!"

★★ ALL THE KING'S HORSES

THE PLAYERS: Carl Brisson, Mary Ellis, Edward Everett Horton, Katherine De Mille, Eugene Pallette, Rosita, Arnold Korff, Marina Schubert. Directed by Frank Tuttle.

ALL THE KING'S HORSES is made up entirely of familiar ingredients, being a mythical-kingdom musical romance which tells of an industrious and dull ruler in need of a holiday from directors' meetings and official functions. To his country comes a Hollywood star making a sentimental pilgrimage to his birthplace.

When it is discovered that the king and the actor look exactly alike—Carl Brisson, strongly reminiscent of Francis X. Bushman, playing both roles—they switch identities. That should tell any one all he has to know about the plot.

The picture itself is a fairly routine affair, sadly missing the wit and urbane manner it so energetically attempts. Mary Ellis, as the harassed queen, shows herself as an able actress of unconventional beauty with much promise of a bright screen future. Katherine De Mille, loveliest of the De Mille spectacles, and Edward Everett Horton stand out in bit parts.

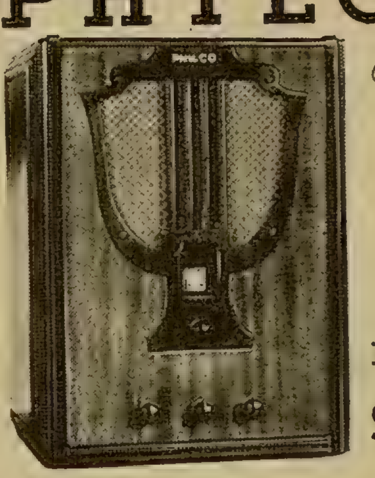
In both its playing and writing All the King's Horses is between sophistication and honeysuckle romance. Quietly, gently it falls on neutral ground.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture taken from two unproduced plays and runs in the $350,000 class, Director Frank Tuttle picking himself about $3,500 a week to give away income tax on. He should worry about my dubbing him near-brilliant! . . . Carl Brisson—fan-magged into a romance with G. Garbo as her dream man of the days when he was a Swedish matinee idol and she was a little shaver in a barber shop—recently issued the statement that their acquaintance was slight and long ago, that she had not looked him up since he'd come to Hollywood, that he is happily married. He's really Carl Peterson, Copenhagen born. He once was amateur champion boxer. . . . Mary Ellis changed it from Mary Alsace. Her father was a doctor; her mother a pianist of note (no punning, please). She's had three husbands; now resting with actor-manager Basil Sydney. She owns a farm near Sussex, England, and, though born in New York, was raised in England. . . . Edward Everett Horton once played the role of the violet-eyed Paul who made love on one of Elinor Glyn's tigerskin rugs in Three Weeks. What a wicked book that was, tsk, tsk! He always buys presents for his fellow actors on the set with him in every picture. . . . There is a 900-square-foot mirror used in the film as a dance floor. It cost $5,500. Think of your hard luck if you broke *it!*

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—David Copperfield, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Imitation of Life, Chu Chin Chow.

★★★—The Little Colonel, Ruggles of Red Gap, Murder on a Honeymoon, Society Doctor, The Secret Bride, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Here Is My Heart, The Mighty Barnum, Babes in Toyland, Fox Movietone News, The President Vanishes, Sequoia, College Rhythm, Broadway Bill, The White Parade, Anne of Green Gables, St. Louis Kid, The Gay Divorcee, We Live Again, One Exciting Adventure, Screen Snapshots, The Pursuit of Happiness, Happiness Ahead, The Merry Widow, The Count of Monte Cristo, The Richest Girl in the World, The Belle of the Nineties, You Belong to Me, Madame Du Barry, Judge Priest.



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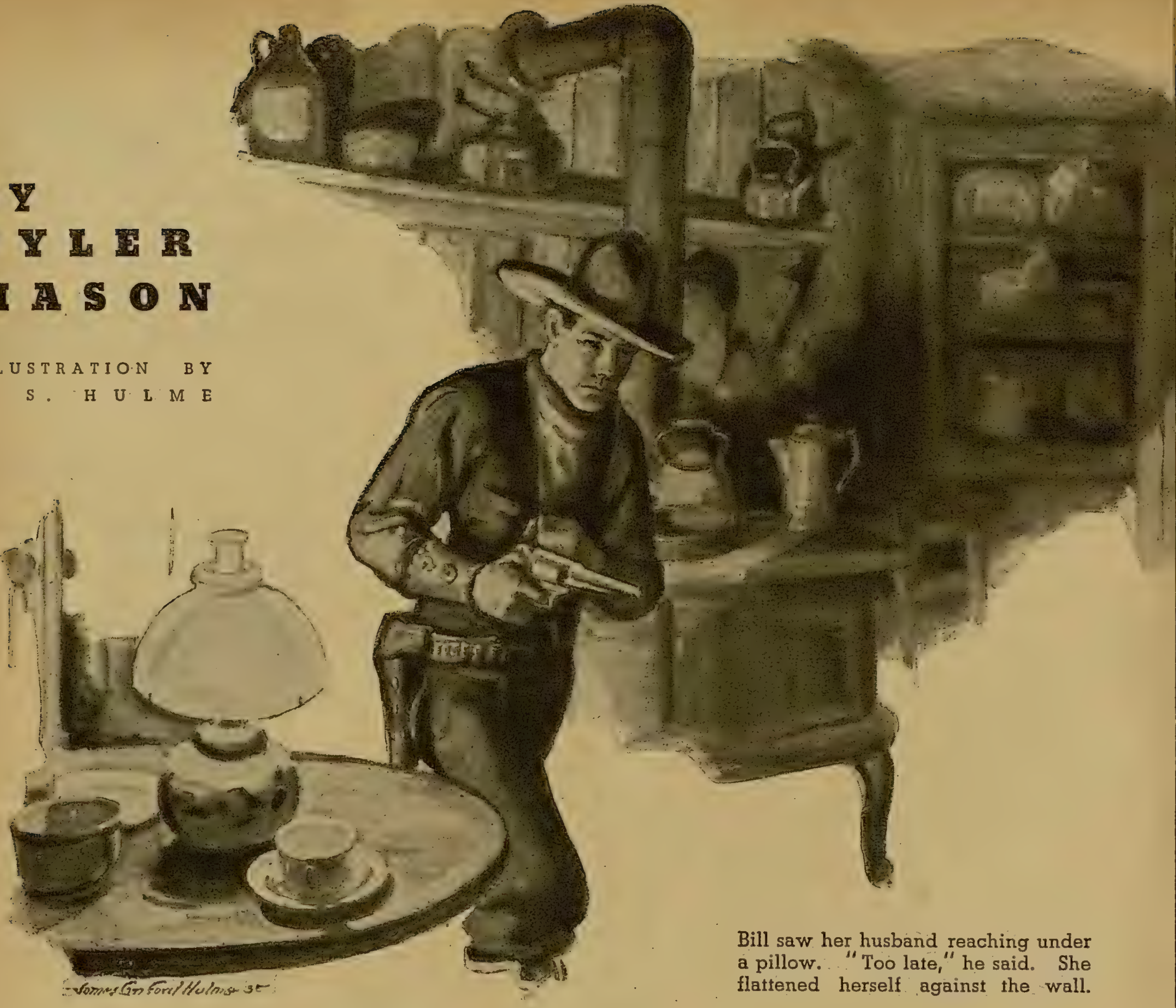


Bill saw her husband reaching under a pillow. "Too late," he said. She flattened herself against the wall.

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

BILL McDONALD of the Texas Rangers was the Southwest's greatest man hunter of his time, and was a friend of Presidents Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson and of Colonel Edward M. House. True stories of his adventures are told in this series, although certain names have been fictionized.

What a Governor of Texas thought of Bill appeared in the opening installment last week. Bill had heard rumors that the governor had sent for him to "disgrace" him. The governor did show him a bundle of letters, complaints of him. At that juncture a bad man took a shot at Bill through the window. He went out and marched the bad man to the lockup. On his return the admiring governor explained that such complaints as these, from shady sources, were really recommendations, and promoted him to captain.

Bill thereupon went alone into Indian Territory, in those days a deadly nest of outlaws, and arrested three rustlers. Coming back, he learned that down near Vulture's Pond was a "religious" band of assassins and robbers. He and his rangers got after them and camped near the pond.

PART TWO—PEACH TREES AND A GRIM HARVEST

WEEKS went by, and the ranger camp, pitched in the shadow of the pecan trees, was no nearer the killers than it had been. Rhoda McDonald came to join her husband. She was as indifferent to danger as he was. She did the cooking for the outfit—and for once the boys of Company B had no reason to complain of the grub.

One night Ranger Butterworth stumbled on the assassins' meeting place. He was riding on the other side of town when he heard voices—a loud voice raised in exhortation, subdued voices responding in antiphony.

He jumped off his mount, tied him to a tree, and crept near enough to see black figures circled in a clearing on the side of a hill, their shrouded forms mirrored in a pond below.

The full moon looked down from a cloudless sky, and the speaker looked toward it, raising his arms to it.

"In the light of the moon, let us strike the enemy, O Lord!" he intoned solemnly. He was a giant of a man, but the ranger could not make out his face.

"Verily, to him who hath much, more shall be given. And from him who hath little, that little shall be taken away. Wherefore we do here decree and solemnly swear that by Thy help we will this night execute justice upon Dan Smiter for withholding from our cause two thousand acres of pasture."

"Amen, Lord," the antiphony swelled.

"Is it not true, brethren, that Smiter has refused our offer to buy his land, that he declines to deal with us?"

"Yea. It is true."

"Then the judgment of the Lord be upon him!"

The big man called two of his followers to him, gave them whispered instructions, and sent them forth.

"And now—if there be any others whose absence would be more agreeable to the Almighty than their con-

Hell in Boots

A "Holy" Terror and a Roundup of Bad Men—New Thrills in the Saga of Bill McDonald, Master Man-Hunter of Texas

tinued presence in this vale of tears, let us hear their names."

He paused. There was no answer. "Deputy Cregin isn't as friendly as he might be, but he can do us no hurt. What shall we do with old man Bale's boy? He talks of avenging the father the Lord took away from him. Perhaps his father calls for him from the Great Beyond. He is lonesome for his son."

"Yea!" the men shouted. "Yea, verily."

The leader took up from an improvised lectern, made of cottonwood logs, a big book. One of his men held up a flaming torch to give him light. Butterworth could not see his face at all now. The book shielded it.

"Number fifty-one, Alan Bale. Accomplished. Number fifty-two, Dan Smiter. Nearing accomplishment. Number fifty-three, Joseph Bale. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord. May he send our bullets straight. Amen."

Butterworth crept away and went in search of Smiter and Joe Bale.

Captain Bill McDonald, sitting at the entrance of his tent with his wife, was just about to go to bed. He was looking at the round moon; and his wife was looking at him, noting the serenity of his face. He was always troubled and impatient when he looked serene. The storm clouds, she felt, could not be far away.

Bill rose and stretched and yawned and spoke of leads to follow in the morning, when there was a violent swaying of near bushes, and a man rushed into camp.

"They got him," he said. "It's Dan Smiter. He's dead—shot through the lungs. I see him layin' there off the main road by the forks. I wouldn't of known he was there, only I heerd him groanin'. Them damn' murderers! They wanted his pasture lands. Well, they'll get 'em now. Nothing can stop 'em. Nothing. Dan couldn't talk none, o' course. I run for a doctor, but when we got back he was stone dead."

Horror and despair distorted his face.

"No man's safe here no more. It's as much as my life is worth to be talking to you now. They'll be gettin' me next. An' I got a wife and three kids."

Without a word Bill went into his tent and gathered his artillery. The sound of his mustang's hoofbeats had scarce died away when Butterworth rode into camp from the opposite direction. He set off in hot haste and caught Bill on the edge of the town. Together they went to the meeting place—but the assassins were gone.

Anonymous letters began to warn the rangers to "flee from the wrath to come." Bill went with one of them in his hand to talk to his wife. He looked worried.

"Reckon we'll have to line out, Rhoda," he said.

Rhoda looked at him out of clear brown eyes.

"Orders?" she asked.

Bill shook his head and handed her the letter.

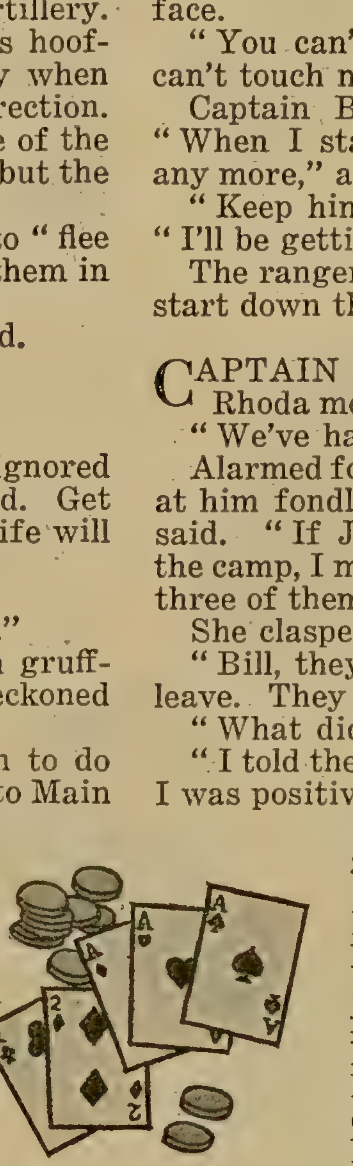
"'Final warning,' Rhoda read. "'You have ignored our advice to stop meddling. This is our last word. Get out within twenty-four hours, or you and your wife will be in your graves. This is final.'"

Rhoda looked up from the letter angrily.

"Bill Jess, if you leave this place, I'll leave you."

Bill tried to hide his pride and satisfaction in gruffness. "Dad slap it," he said, "I somehow reckoned you'd make me stay."

On the following morning he ordered his men to do some reconnoitering in the town. As they rode into Main Street they saw men with rifles or sawed-off shotguns who eyed the rangers with evident hostility.



"Nice friendly little town," Dabney White remarked.

A cavalcade of wild-eyed men on mustangs swept down the street toward them, screaming and shooting.

"Down with the rangers!" they cried. "Death to McDonald!"

Bullets spattered all around the men of Company B, but before they could return the fire, the riders had gone; and, as they had no instructions to follow them, they waited. In a moment Captain Bill was with them.

Presently the enemy returned, dismounted, tied their horses, and went into the Star Emporium. McDonald had counted an even dozen of them. He got off his horse.

"Wait here," he bade his men. "I'm goin' in there and meet these fellows socially."

"They'll kill you, sure," one of them called after him.

"Shush your noise," he said.

The meeting was in full swing as Bill walked in, and his lips tightened at the words that came to him:

"We'll have them rangers runnin' like rats."

THERE were oaths and guffaws, which ceased suddenly as McDonald's lengthening shadow reached them. He approached with studied carelessness, his hands held lightly above his holsters.

He looked at each man and picked out the most massive as the assassins' ruler. His eyes, having located his man, never shifted from him.

"I'm wantin' to talk to you, Kile."

The big man shook himself as if to break from McDonald's eyes. "Hell!" he said. "I'm here, ain't I? Talk."

The atmosphere tightened.

"I'll talk to you outside," Bill said.

"Mebbe it's my aim to stay right here."

Kile looked around at his men. They were waiting his order to kill.

"I said, come outside."

Bill had not raised his voice, but Kile's face reddened and his voice shook as he answered, "All right."

Bill glanced for an instant at Kile's henchmen, and the shadow of contempt crossed his lips. His hand took a firm grip on Kile's shoulder. He pushed him forward. No one else stirred.

"Look-a-here, Kile," he said as they reached the street, "I know you and your outfit killed Smiter. And I know you killed them others. I know you killed young Bale's daddy, and you're aiming to kill him too. I know all about you, what ornery yellow hounds you are. You've murdered your last man, Kile, and you're goin' behind the bars, where you can't do any more damage."

The perspiration was streaming down Kile's ruddy face.

"You can't prove nuthin," he said defiantly. "You can't touch me, I tell you. You can't touch me."

Captain Bill turned abruptly on his heel, saying, "When I start touching you, you won't feel anything any more," and walked away.

"Keep him in sight," he ordered two of his rangers. "I'll be getting a warrant for his arrest."

The rangers watched Kile shuffle over to his horse and start down the street. They followed.

CAPTAIN BILL and the others went back to camp. Rhoda met them at the door of the captain's tent.

"We've had visitors," she said.

Alarmed for her, Bill jumped off his horse. She laughed at him fondly. "They gave me a mite of a scare," she said. "If Jim and Sandy hadn't been here guarding the camp, I might have been real frightened. There were three of them and they did look dangerous."

She clasped her husband's arm and held it tightly.

"Bill, they were sent to scare me into getting you to leave. They said we'd both be shot unless you did."

"What did you tell 'em?"

"I told them I wouldn't dream of leaving you, and that I was positive you felt the same way about them."

Husband and wife looked at each other and grinned.

"Well," Bill said, "let's have dinner, and I'll go get that warrant. I'll leave four men here."

It was in the hottest part of the day, and few men were moving in the street when Bill left the judge's office with the warrant just as his men came up with Kile in tow. Bill drew out the warrant, waved it airily, and ordered him taken to the jail. Kile blustered. He shouted. Men came pouring out into the street. Their faces were blank with wonder as they saw the leader led to the calaboose as though he were a common bad man. Bill ordered an extra guard placed at the jail.

And now what?

"I'll lay a stack of blues," he said, "that Kile's outfit meets tonight to take action on his arrest. Why don't we jump 'em sudden and round up the whole bunch?"

The full moon had barely cleared the hills when Bill and half a dozen rangers turned at the forks leading to the meeting grounds on the other side of Vulture's Pond. On the rise they paused and listened, then went on. The pond lay faintly silvered before them, rimmed with dark trees. Not a soul was there.

"I'm not surprised," Bill said, "but we'll get 'em. Come on."

Down the hill he tore. Sparks shot out from beneath his mustang's hoofs, showing the way to the men. Over a hilltop, into the great moon. Down, galloping across a level stretch to the forks. He swung left.

"Helloooo!" he cried. "Helloooo! Helloooo!"

It was a maniacal scream, a bloodcurdling whoop.

A man came running out of a house, carrying a rifle.

"Where to?" he shouted.

Bill reined in his horse with effort.

"Take him," he bade his troopers. "He's one o' them."

All that night hoofs pounded through the dark, and Bill's "Helloooo! Helloooo! Helloooo!" sounded. Those who came out ready for action were disarmed and placed under arrest. Those who demanded to know what devilishness was this were told to go back to bed.

That wild "Helloooo," twice repeated, was the call of the assassins' band, the password by which they knew each other. Those who answered it betrayed themselves and paid the penalty in the trial that followed.

"We got 'em all, I guess," Bill said, after he had given his evidence. "And now I'm goin' back into Indian Territory after some more cattle thieves. I got to go it alone."

In due time a prairie schooner drifted slowly across the wide plains of Indian Territory, heading toward Fort Smith, Arkansas. The dust rose in gusts beneath its wheels and the scarce-lifted feet of the lean horse and the smoke-colored mule.

Captain Bill, lean as the horse, and as covered with dust and grit, was returning to civilization after a month spent in hunting cattle thieves in the badlands.

He drove into town and stopped the team in front of the office of the United States marshal, who looked at him in amazement.

"Now who can you be?" he said, "and what can you want?"

"I want some co-operation and a bath."

"And a shave," the marshal said, "and a haircut."

Bill's eyes lightened as he wiped his leathery skin with a clean handkerchief and tried to blow the dust off his whiskers.

"I'm Captain Bill McDonald of Company B, Texas Rangers," he said, "and I've located a passel o' thieves over in the Territory."

The marshal stared at the dusty man in store clothes and shoes. This the famous ranger captain? Impossible! He put out a hand tentatively. Bill crushed it amiably and sat down.

"THESE fellows," he said, "have been pesterin' some o' my Texas friends."

"And you're Bill McDonald!" The marshal smiled broadly. "Why, I took you for a scarecrow, captain! Co-operation? Man, you can have a regiment if you want it!"

Bill smiled and began to relate his odyssey.

He had driven from house to house in the Territory, taking orders for fruit trees, currant bushes, grapevines, vegetable seeds. He had traveled hundreds of miles, spotting stolen herds, talking to rustlers.

The marshal listened avidly. He knew, better than most men, what chances the ranger had taken. He knew, too, what agony of travel Bill had undergone on the blazing prairies in August.

"I took twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of orders for peach and plum trees, strawberries and such," Bill said, "and I think I got every last one o' these fellows dead to rights, dad slap it! So it was worth the whiskers and the misery. And now, as I said before, all I need's a bath and some one to help me round up those varmints."

The marshal laughed. "Just a little help, eh? That's good! We'll get a company of soldiers and—"

Bill shook his stubborn head.

"You take troops down there, and they'll vamoose. Might just as well send 'em a telegram we're on the way."

"But don't you realize, man, what it means to go into that region where the rustlers have the backing of the entire community? You can't arrest anybody down there unless you have a lot of men. All you'll get, going in with only one or two, is an early demise—and, if you're married, a weeping widow."

Bill got up. His eyes smarted now with scorn.

"Guess I was wrong, marshal. All I need's a bath."

"I couldn't sign your death warrant, captain."

"No," Bill agreed, "I guess you couldn't."

He walked out and talked to the sheriff, to some of the deputies, to the town marshal, to all the other peace officers he could find. They said he was crazy.

"If I can get a man to drive the wagon," he said, "I'll manage." They wouldn't even drive a wagon for him.

He stopped a likely looking fellow on the street.

"Son," he said, "can you drive?"

"Can I drive? How you think I make my livin'? I'm the best driver in the whole of Arkansas."

"Then suppose we go in here and talk it over." Bill steered him into a restaurant. "What's your name?"

"Buck. And who might you be?"

"Without these trimmin's an' in my right clothes, I'm Captain Bill

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McDonald of the Rangers. I aim to go into the Territory after a passel o' rustlers, an'—"

He grinned amiably and put out a long thin arm that sat the rising Buck firmly down again.

"We'll have a steak an' some fried potatoes an' some coffee. An' mebbe pie for dessert. I ain't et pie for weeks. An' all I'm askin' of you is to hold the reins. After dinner I aim to take a bath an' git me some warrants. Then we'll round up a buckboard an' a team, an' mebbe a pinto pony. You got a gun?"

"Y-y-y—sure! But you said—"

"That you was just to hold the reins? Sure. But suppose you saw a rattler? You got to have a gun."

They started early in the morning in the buckboard, Buck handling a pair of black geldings. A pinto saddle horse, tied to the buckboard, trotted behind. The next morning before dawn Bill gave the order to pull up. He jumped to the ground, untied the pinto, and mounted.

"You stay here, out of sight," he ordered. "I'll whistle when I want you."

Buck's mouth opened wide. This wasn't the queer dingy fellow he had met yesterday—nor yet the lean bronzed man who had come out of the bath. This was a frightening devil of a man. His eyes hurt you. His words left you no alternative. His jaw froze you.

Buck watched him gallop off, then tried to roll a cigarette. His fingers trembled and the tobacco spilled.

Just behind a hill a thin ribbon of smoke rose. Presently Bill could make out the roof of a house. He brought the pinto back on his haunches.

"Go soft now, boy," he said, "soft and easy."

He advanced slowly, dismounted, and crept toward the house, his .45 in his right hand. The house was silent. He flung open the door.

"Hands up!" he said.

In the rear of the dark room a woman started, dropping a pot she had just lifted from the stove.

Bill saw her turn and look behind her, and saw her husband reaching under a pillow.

"Too late," he said quietly. "If there's any shooting to be done, I'll do it."

The woman flattened herself against the wall, saying nothing. The man put up his hands and stared.

"Why, you," he said—"you're the hombre peddlin' peach trees!"

"Get up and put some clothes on you."

Bill blew his whistle. Wheels sounded while the man was dressing. Bill handcuffed him.

"Here, you, Buck," he called, "come get this rustler."

The prisoner looked toward his wife. Her lips moved—a bare flicker it was, but Bill interpreted it.

HIS eyes were fixed on the doorway. A shadow spread over it. "Drop your guns!" he said.

Four men—the woman had seen them coming—looked sheepish as their weapons clattered on the doorsill.

"Now turn and walk out, easy like."

All five men stumbled toward Buck and the wagon, four of them holding their hands high. Buck helped the captain truss them up and bundle them in.

"Where to?" he asked then. "Back home?"

"Home? Why, son, I just started makin' deliveries. We got a long day ahead of us yet—mebbe. Drive on."

The prisoners cursed as the wagon jolted. Then one of them began to laugh.

"Him and his purty picters!" he said. "Givin' me one o' them fancy catalogues and promisin' me the dandiest peaches ever grown in the West!"

Bill took out his notebook and studied its entries—cabalistic signs he had made during his month of investigation; names and locations of cattle thieves.

He saw a ranch house in a hollow between two hills.

"Stop here, Buck."

Again he mounted the pinto.

"Plums, these fellows ordered," he said tranquilly.

Buck watched until the captain had disappeared. He heard a shot. He strained his ears for the sound of the whistle, but he didn't hear it. He waited in an agony of suspense. If Bill had been shot, what was there to do? Turn and hurry home? With those five ironed outlaws in the wagon? And maybe a band of outlaws chasing him and taking pot shots at him?

He shouted for sheer relief when Bill reappeared at last, walking behind a handcuffed and dismayed ex-citizen of Texas. "You see, Buck," he said, "this here's easy work—though it does get monot'nous at times."

The five rustlers greeted their friend with jeers.

"Well, if it ain't old Joe Flink—and his plums got the blight afore they was planted!"

"What do you make out o' plums, Joe? Jam?"

Joe fumed and cursed—but he laughed at the next victims that came to keep him company.

The wagon went on, Captain Bill ever alert.

"Watch sharp," he said to Buck every little while.

THE sun was high when he saw a group of shacks to the west. He got leisurely off the wagon. There seemed to be no sign of life in those drab buildings. But his quick ears heard the whinny of a horse, far off.

He put spurs to the pinto, and caught sight of a fleeing rustler. At the same instant the rustler commenced firing. Bill went faster, but saw that he could not overtake the rustler's stallion. He sent a bullet through the rim of the fellow's hat; then another through his red bandanna that flapped in the wind.

That stopped the man. He handed over his guns and muttered something about the ranger's marksmanship.

"They sing sweeter when they don't hit," Bill said. "And a singin' bullet scares a man more than one that hits."

The next house was empty when Bill arrived.

"Dad slap it!" he said. "That fellow Saunders must have got wind of something and cleared out."

But an hour later he touched Buck's arm and pointed to a trickle of smoke and a number of moving black dots.

"Looks like some one's brandin'," Buck surmised.

"Saunders," Bill answered.

They advanced cautiously until they were close enough to see one cowboy in charge of the herd, another keeping the fire blazing, while two were branding a big yellow cow. Bill recognized Saunders, a massive figure.

"Reckon it'd be a lot easier if I was to give you a hand," Buck said.

McDonald blessed him with a smile.

"Reckon it would, son. Thanks."

They went crawling through the brush toward the fire. They were unheard and unseen until Bill stood up with a pair of guns in his hands and said quietly:

"Now then, you cow thieves, put up your hands."

Three startled men swung around and stared at him. Six grimy hands rose toward heaven.

But the fourth man reached for his gun. He thought Bill had enough to do to watch the other three. He hadn't seen Buck.

"You want to die?" Buck asked.

His voice was a fair imitation of that of his hero. The cowboy hesitated.

"Drop the gun," Buck said.

The cowboy dropped the gun.

The four men were shackled, and Buck turned the horses' heads toward home. Bill followed, riding the pinto. He had captured every man he set out to capture.

Some time later, while he was enjoying a brief holiday at his neglected ranch, old man Whicher, a neighbor, rode in with a warning.

"Sheriff Pike is gunnin' for you, Cap'n Bill. Yore life ain't wuth a white chip, he says."

Bill smiled gently and stroked his chin. "Shucks," he said. "That's no way for a sheriff to be carryin' on. It's my mem'ry for killin's that bothers him. I happen to recall the time down in Louisiana, when his name was

Murdoch, that he put a slug in a Mississippi River steamboat skipper. Dad slap it, that man's got a new name for every dead man he's left behind him."

He stepped to the door of the ranch house. "I'll be movin' down toward town, Rhoda. Got any lists for me?"

She came out and handed him a list of household requirements. "Don't you forget that sugar," she said.

As Bill rode into town the sheriff swayed out of the Regal saloon, followed by an unsteady retinue. Bill tied his horse and went into the general store, not looking at his gathering enemies.

He was making good progress with Rhoda's list when a cowboy rode his pony into the doorway. Outside, the sheriff and his deputies were cheering.

BILL seized the bridle and threw the animal back on its haunches, whipping out his .45 with his left hand.

"Get off that horse," he said. "Yo're a bit overheated. Mebbe the calaboose will cool you off."

He clicked handcuffs on the cowboy's wrists and pushed him out on the sidewalk.

Sheriff Pike stepped forward. "I'm officer of the peace here," he said. "You can't arrest nobody in this town and this feller here ain't done nuthin."

"That's what you been sayin' about all your friends—cattle rustlers, hoss thieves, and murderers."

"You can't jail this feller, I'm a-tellin' you!"

"No?"

Bill pushed his prisoner on.

The sheriff put one hand on the prisoner's shoulder. The other went to his gun. But Bill's gun was ready.

"Let go of him, sheriff," he said gently. "Yo're not in Louisiana now."

The sheriff's face purpled.

"Look out, now, McDonald!" he shouted. "Look out!"

Bill smiled and pushed his prisoner on, crossed the square, locked him up, and came back. The sheriff and his friends were still in front of the door. Bill heard some one say, "Let's plug him now." He walked on steadily, his eyes calm, his hands avoiding any move that might be misinterpreted. He walked through the crowd. In the doorway of the store he turned.

"I don't want to find you here when I come out," he said. "Now, Cy, where were we? Did you remember the sugar?"

"Sure I did. Hell, cap'n, I wouldn't be in yore boots for all the cows in Texas!"

The sheriff and his friends were gone when Bill came out. He rode home somewhat disappointed. But on a sharp November day when he and Rhoda came to town again, his wish for action was granted.

The sheriff and his gang staggered out of the Regal bar as Bill and Rhoda entered the hotel. They waited until Bill came out. Rhoda was with him, but he sent her back.

"They can't hurt me," he said. "I got my bulletproof vest on"—his favorite joke, based on the fact that he had come through so much gunplay without a wound.

Rhoda obeyed without protest. When Bill Jess had that look on his face, it was no use arguing with him.

Bill walked slowly across the square. The sheriff awaited him. "You 'pologize for lockin' up my friend," he called, "or, by hell, I'm a-lettin' loose on you!"

Captain Bill advanced deliberately. His arms were swinging loosely but his hands were near the butts of his guns. He watched the sheriff's right hand. The sheriff would be first to start to pull a gun. It was his fight.

And did hell pop then!—the gun fight of Bill's life, which it nearly ended! See for yourself in next week's installment. Also ride with Bill on two more of his heroic and historic man hunts, see him overawe a bloodthirsty lynching mob, and follow him as he runs the Fitzsimmons-Maher prize fight out of Texas.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What movie star was once a player with a major-league baseball club?

2—What is another word for perspire?

3—What do the symbols for the British monetary units £.s.d mean?

4—Who commanded the Canadian forces in France during the latter part of the World War?

5—Which ex-President of the United States became a member of the Confederate Congress in 1861?

6—A dugong is what?

7—What is a galvanometer?

8—What Canadian lake, larger than Lake Erie or Lake Ontario, drains into the Arctic Ocean?

9—What is the difference between hysterics and hysteresis?

10—What was known as the Tariff of Abomination?

11—Where is Iran?

12—Where are the Straits Settlements?

13—What is peculiar about the Humboldt River in Nevada?

14—Where was Sir Wilfrid Laurier, former Canadian Prime Minister, born?

15—A person engaged in the study of horses is called what?

16—How is Arkansas pronounced?

17—What is the origin of the word manuscript?

18—How did the Province of Alberta get its name?

19—An applicant for admission to West Point in perfect mental and physical condition may be rejected for what?

20—Robert E. Lee married whom?

(Answers will be found on page 58)

SHE:
"What did you do, Chet—come into a fortune? This whiskey must be terribly expensive."

HE:
"It just tastes expensive. That's Shipping Port—and the price is so low you'd hardly believe it."

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Lions in the Way

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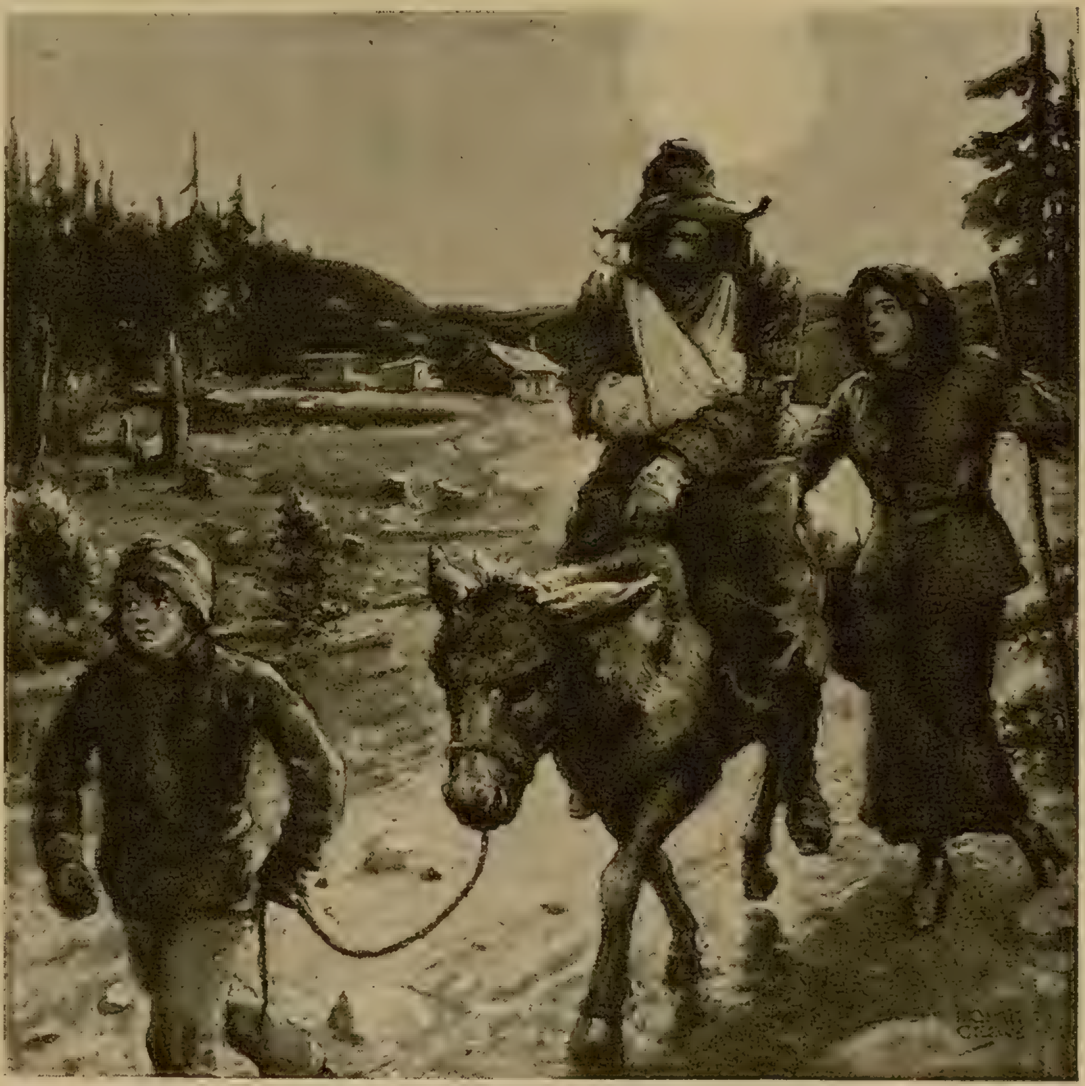


Four hours later the Gordon family were on their way to Kaniksu and the doctor. Gordon sat astride the pack burro.

EVEN after four hours of heavy plodding up the long grade from Kaniksu, the little town tucked away in the folds of the Great Divide, Matt Gordon couldn't refrain from stopping a few minutes at the dump of his beloved mine. He let his big frame down on a rock and sat staring into the black mouth of the tunnel, mumbling speculatively as he shaved himself a palmful of plug tobacco. For the ten thousandth time his eye ran up and down the slope of the cliff, studying the broken Z-shaped lines of the rock layers. The formation was a tricky one. In two years' labor he had been able to wrest nothing but lean and tantalizing traces from the grudging rock. Yet the gold was there—Matt knew it. Rich pay dirt lay somewhere under that slope for the man who could find it.

Two years now Gordon and his wife and boy had stuck it out in their shake-thatched cabin on Fire Top. Two years among the high peaks without a single visitor, their only companions the snow that sifted heap on heap all winter, the burning heat, the clear air of the heights that struck the senses like heady nectar, much bacon and venison—and a hope.

And here it was fall again. Another winter to face with the little demons of loneliness, silence, and discontent entrenched more strongly than ever about them. For Gordon knew—though she had not actually said it—that his wife was at the end of her resources, her faith gone, her stout front broken by the searching solitude of the peaks. She had been outside only once since they'd come here, and no woman was built for that sort of thing, Matt knew. Sometimes he could feel the loneliness and heart hunger growing in her like a fungus. And still the treasure that lay under this rocky ledge held Gordon off. Something in the way here, something more than a wall of rock, that held him off, more intangible than any stone or clay.

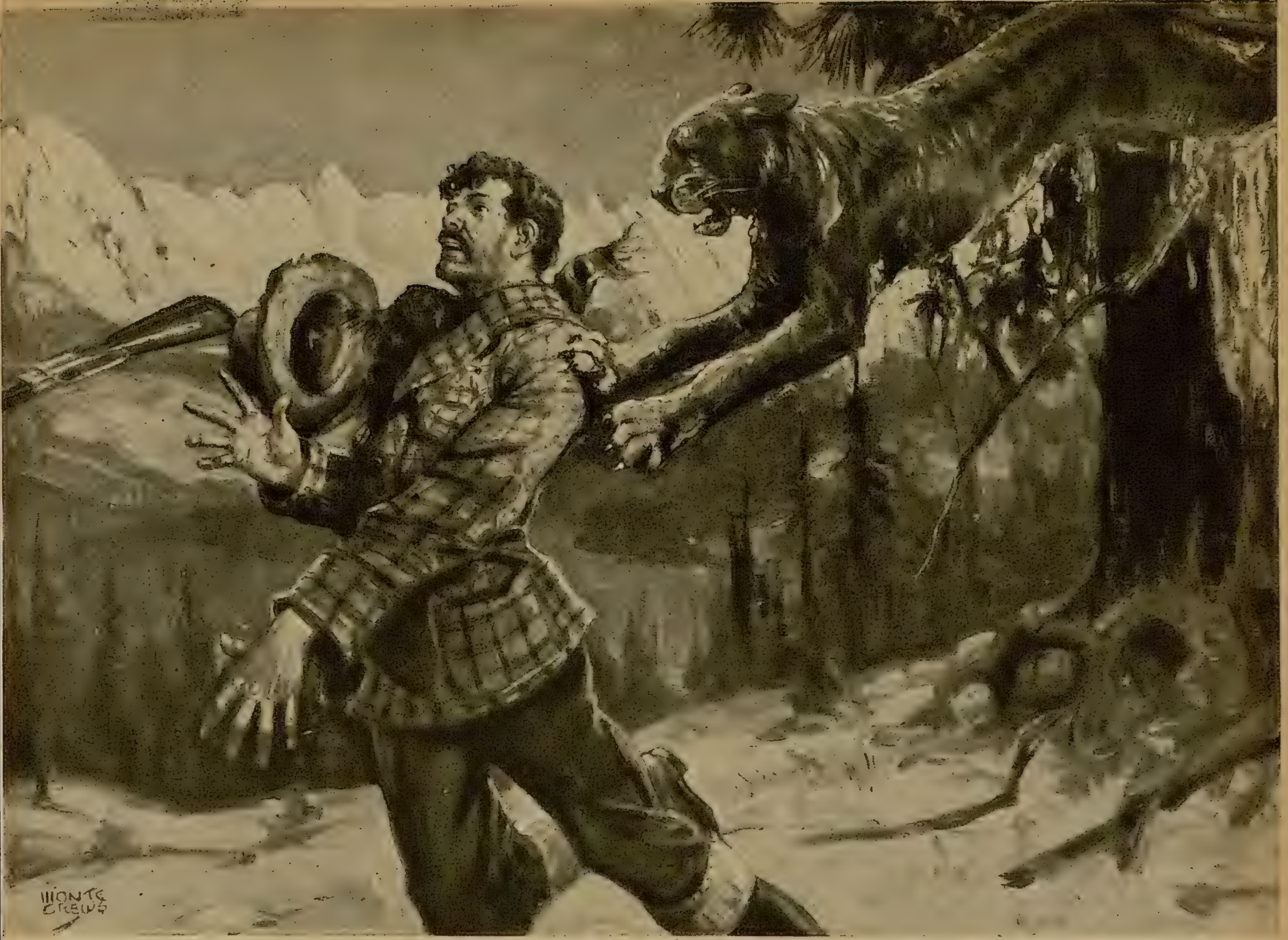
It had held off the Gilfrey brothers, too, till they had come out beaten. But Gordon came of the tribe of never-give-ups. If he hadn't he wouldn't have gone on searching for lost hopes all these years. Gold fever ran in his blood, and the longer it ran the higher it rose. He'd outworn and outstuck a dozen younger partners in his time—spurring them on for a few months with his roseate paintings of riches in store, seeing them leave in time, one after another, disgusted after fruitless searching.

Minnie Gordon came out of the cabin as her husband lowered his fifty-pound load to the ground with a puff of relief. For a moment a hard glint showed in her eyes as she looked over the contents of the pack. She had expected a new supply of pork, beans, coffee, and meal; but the bulk of the load was taken up by a fresh box of dynamite for blasting—as had been the case many times before.

"I know what you're thinking," Gordon said apologetically, catching the woman's eye. "But I thought I'd put in two more hard weeks' work in the tunnel, and then maybe—maybe we can go down to town and stay for the winter. I know how you're hankering to."

"I—I haven't said much, Matt." Minnie Gordon's throat quivered; she swallowed. "But sometimes it gets—almost more than I can stand. And there's Joel. He ought to have gone to school a year back— "

"I know. But when you've set as much store as we have on the mine, you've got to see it through to a finish.



Something hit him from above and behind with the force of a catapult. The blow hurled him headlong.

by PAUL ANNIXTER

The vein's there—I know it! Maybe these'll be the shots that'll open her up. Another week and we'll know." . . .

Gordon understood and pitied her. He knew how much she had put into the dogged two-year struggle to open up their prospects. But he feared further talk today. One of those times when the bottom was too near, hope too tenuous, to risk even silence together.

It was three in the afternoon. Too late to start work in the tunnel again. Anyway Gordon was tired. But he'd get away by himself for a while. Plenty time to take a jaunt up over the yellow-pine ridge before supper. He'd take the light 25-20 with him. He might bag a couple of mountain quail for tomorrow's dinner.

For the past year Gordon had practically paid expenses here by his marksmanship and the bit of trapping he did in winter. The hides he had stretched and dried on the cabin walls had gone to the storekeeper down at Kaniksu for the provisions that had kept the family going. Fetching a pail of water up from the spring, he moved up the slope behind the cabin.

He tramped for half an hour, following a wide circle that brought him back toward the cabin over another rocky ridge above his mine; but he saw no quail, not even a squirrel. The mountain woods were strangely void of life. The melancholy trancelike stillness of fall was in the air, through which the slightest sound carried for half a mile.

In it Gordon fancied he could almost hear the mechanism of his own inner thoughts, wants, and wishes; and with that also came a sense of his own minuteness in the face of the thing he had set himself to do, in the face of this grim world of wind and heat and toil. Maybe his quest was false and fickle again, instead of gold and glorious. You could forget such doubts while you were at work, but up here alone it was sometimes overwhelming. He saw what his wife had lived through, and the boy Joel.

For the first time, the mine and the mountain loomed as almost too big a proposition for Matt Gordon to handle.

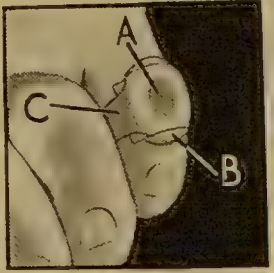
Abruptly Gordon halted beneath a big sugar pine. Out of the tail of his eye he caught a glimpse of a low slender shape moving toward the spine of the ridge he followed, about two hundred yards ahead. The form had been only half discernible, melting quickly into a dense thicket of buckthorn; but from the momentary view he had caught of its tawny gray hide and thin curving tail, Gordon knew it was a mountain lion. An instant later it showed again. Taking advantage of every vestige of cover as it went, almost incorporeal in its stealthy progress, the great fluent weight of the creature was like so much water amid the brush.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MONTE CREWS

Why a corn hurts

A corn is shaped like a cone, with the small end pointing into the toe. This inverted cone, under pressure from the shoe, presses against sensitive nerves, which carry pain sensations to the brain and central nervous system. That is why a corn ruins nerves and disposition—seems to "hurt all over."

How to stop the pain



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Gordon saw that its course was convergent with his own; it was aiming for the right side of the ridge he followed. Something was on the other side of that ridge and the beast seemed confident of killing it. In its every move and attitude was the focalized absorption of a cat thing close to and reasonably certain of its prey. That alone accounted for the rare chance of Gordon's having seen the brute without having first been seen himself.

As the big cat melted from sight Gordon cursed the long range. Instinctively he had lifted his rifle at sight of the animal; but it was useless to fire at such a distance, at least with anything less than a 30-30. He had missed a rare chance of bagging a killer whose hide would have brought him a government bounty of ninety dollars—money that would have been a godsend to him during the coming months.

However, the lion, most artful of all wild stalkers, might point out the way for him to something else. Quite likely the brute was creeping within killing range of feeding deer just over the ridge, bent upon reaching some spot where with a few mighty bounds it could hurl itself upon the back of its victim and bite through its neck or throat. The breeze, drawing directly up the mountain, played into Gordon's hands, so that the killer would not be likely to wind him. He grinned. Perhaps he could beat the lion to it and bag a good buck for himself. Both the skin and the meat would be welcome just now!

He turned his course diagonally upward to the point toward which the lion was aimed, and hastened at a half stoop along the slope, his feet almost soundless in the soft carpet of rotted leaves and needles that covered the ground. Like the lion, he utilized every bit of cover, gaining the crest of the ridge almost upon all fours; and there, crouched by the trunk of a gnarled cedar, he peered ahead.

NO sign of any game in the park-like grove of trees that peopled the other slope. No sign or sound of the cougar either, though the beast must have passed close to this spot.

Without warning, as he stood up Gordon's guardian reflexes underwent a violent convulsion, like an explosion. The muscles of his back and shoulders crawled and leaped as if of their own volition they would hurl his body aside. In the case of a wild animal they would have accomplished the feat; but the man's civilized senses were too dulled to answer. In the same instant something hit him from above and behind with the force of a catapult.

The terrific blow snapped his neck back and hurled him headlong down the slope. The rifle he had held loosely in his right hand flew from him and was lost as he fell. His felt hat went with it. Only the strength of his hundred-and-ninety-pound bulk, toughened by toil, kept his neck from breaking as his head snapped back. As he plunged down the slope he had to scramble like a spider to keep from plunging head down among the rocks. Somehow he kept up until his right leg, stabbing into a bed of mold, brought him up. He wheeled and a frost struck into his heart; for but a few yards behind him was the mountain lion gliding in pursuit. Instinctively Gordon crouched like a wrestler to meet the charge.

THE movement and the direct shaft of the man's gaze checked the beast's spring. It halted but a scant two yards away, upreared, and came at him on its hind legs, fore paws raised to strike. The ears were glued maliciously against the flat sinister head as it husked out short rattling snarls of hate and hunger. Even in that pigeonholed moment Gordon noted that the four corner fangs in its snarling mouth were jagged and yellowed against the blue-black gums; that the grayish mask was seamed, its sides famine-hollow. The beast was old; doubtless its muscles lacked the resiliency to hunt wild game successfully. That was how it had attempted the thing which few of its slinking kind are ever driven to try—attack a man.

Gordon knew cougars well. He knew that under ordinary circumstances man has nothing to fear from them. But there were certain times under certain conditions when all rules were broken, just as with the great cats of Africa and India. Let a mountain lion get too old to bring down deer or stalk rabbits, and hunger and ferocity in time overcome the nine-tenths coward which composes his nature and make of him the most dangerous foe in all the wilderness.

This brute, ravenous with hunger, had been in the gnarled cedar beneath which Gordon had paused, and the scent and nearness of the man and his turned back had been too much for him. Cowardly though he might be, having attacked once he would not retreat now, Gordon knew instinctively. The ferocity and blood lust of the animal were like a fierce flame which, once loosed, could not be quelled.

All this flashed over the man in the space of six or seven heartbeats during which the two faced. And in the same instant a flash as of genius co-ordinated every nerve and muscle in his body to meet the emergency.

As the animal came in at him, an instinct quicker than any brain drove his big right fist straight into the slavering mouth. The jaw snapped upon it like a steel trap as their bodies met in heavy collision. Gordon was flung to the ground, the cat roweling him with its blunt hind claws. But his fist and arm occupied the rending, killing jaws of the brute—gave it something to chew on. At all cost, he must keep it there. The lion's claws might tear and lacerate him, but for a time at least they could not kill him.

As he struggled there the very roots of Gordon's will were numbed by the sheer savagery of the thing. It seemed the finish to him. He had not even a knife on him, and the sheer audacity of battling a cougar empty-handed went beyond the limits of the known and dared. His brain cried out to will and muscles that it was useless—that it were better to give up and let the beast wreak its will of him. The mountain against which he had pitted himself so long was epitomized in this final adversary, and it was too much.

But even as he fell his will had asserted itself, jarring him to the depths—the deep subconscious will to live. His desperate move of defense was that of a doomed and cornered creature, but in the very shock of impact with the brute he found himself and his power. He felt his spirit—the upspringing fire that ages ago made man the king of beasts. The battle he then put up was grim and great. Silent though it was, Grettir the Strong and Hereward the Wake never fought more gloriously than he.

At the outset he had blocked the bite of the animal's killing jaws. As he went down Gordon grappled with his free arm, hugging the filthy bulk of the killer in an endeavor to keep inside the rending claws. They rolled on the slope as they fell, and Gordon came on top. With all his great strength and the cunning of brain and muscles he strove to maintain his position, ramming his hand deeper into the red maw of the beast, knowing that his very life depended on holding the advantage he had gained.

He groaned aloud as the long dog teeth of the animal met again and again through the bones and flesh of his wrist like the needle and hook of a sewing machine, until its snarls were stifled by blood.

The hind quarters of the big cat threshed and wriggled beneath him, and the slashing claws ripped stroke after stroke along his hips and thighs and sides. Only the heavy mackinaw he wore saved him from being torn to the bone and well-nigh eviscerated. When one hind claw of the animal cut deep into his thigh he found he was able to pin the leg down with his knee and shin. The other leg doubled up and tore his trouser leg to shreds; but in a few moments he was able to partially pin it to the ground with his other knee.

MEANTIME the rattling blood-chilling growling of the animal never ceased for an instant. Its fore claws gouged and lacerated his sides and shoulders, scratching the back of his head and the flesh of his arms; but again the heavy mackinaw prevented drastic injury. He caught the right paw of the lion in his left hand and with all his strength bent the limb back and down, but could not break it. The rigid elbow of his right arm half blocked the animal's other fore paw, but the contractile strength in the brute's muscles seemed endless. Momentarily it released explosions of fresh strength which almost flung the man off.

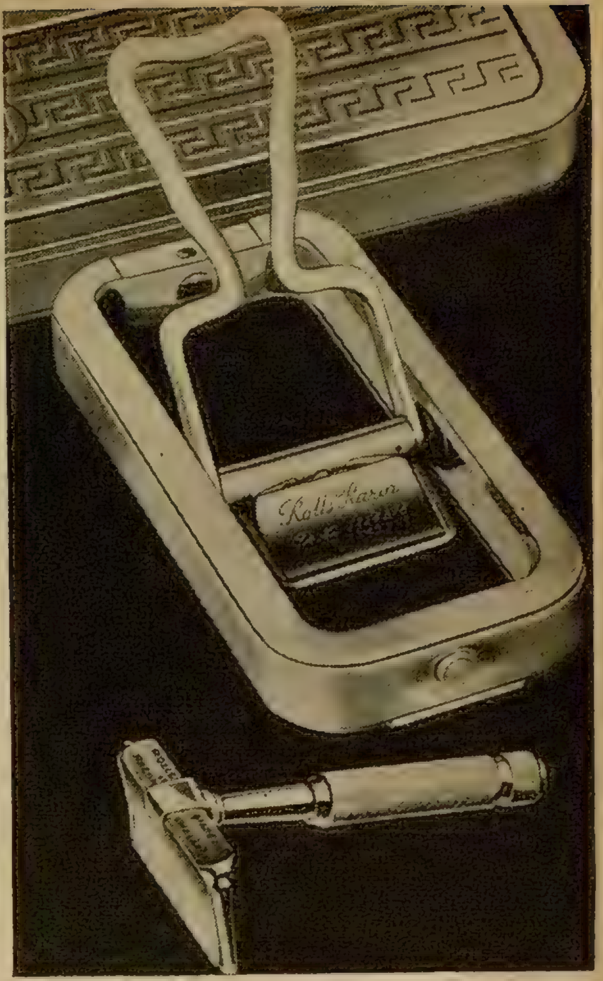
Yet Gordon's weight and strength miraculously prevailed against it to the degree that he kept it flat on its back, in the position in which it was most harmless. A smaller, lighter man could never have done it. But the price he paid was fearful. The lion continued to chew and mangle the hand and wrist that gagged it.

Everything in Gordon cried out for relief from the torture of that at any cost; yet his judgment checked him from jerking his hand out. Once those champing jaws were free to reach his throat and head—once the creature got up on its four feet—it meant the end. So, fighting against agony and faintness, he thrust his hand deeper into the lion's red gullet, in an effort to shut off its wind completely. The animal coughed and gasped, sending a spray of foam and reeking air into his face. The head jerked spasmodically and writhed to free itself of the choking fingers, and Gordon redoubled his efforts. The whole body of the brute whipped and lashed beneath him, the hind claws ripping his trousers and the sleeve of one arm to shreds. Small landslides of rock and rubble slithered down the slope below them.

HOW much longer he could keep up the terrific strain Gordon did not know, but he began to be aware of a growing advantage. His wily efforts were telling. He knew by the lion's growing distress as it strangled and contorted its body in paroxysms of torture. Its hindquarters lashed and lashed; the hard cage of its chest rolled beneath Gordon. The mailed left paw got free and delivered a volley of stunning clouts across the man's head and shoulder, peeling off two inches of scalp and hair. Again, with grunts and whistles from his straining lungs, he succeeded in pinning the limb down with cunning leverage of his elbow.

All these shifts in the conflict occupied but a few scant minutes, but to Gordon it was out of all time. There were moments that seemed aeons to him in his terrific concentration. In them his mind, like the mind of a dying man, considered countless things: his wife and boy in case of his death, finding him here next day—or what remained of him—then making their way down out of the wilderness, without hope or money; his claim, and the bravery and folly of the sacrifice they had made for it; the possible folly of all such quests; raw irony in the fact that the lion had jumped him on this same grim slope that had beaten him so long—the mouth of the tunnel in which he had spent his substance for two years only sixty or seventy feet below this spot.

The lion choked again. Its breath came in harsh filelike gasps of agony as it strove madly to disgorge the hand that stifled it. Its green-shadowed eyes, boiling with lurid flames of savagery, were distended now and beginning to dim as they popped; its snarlings muffled to a terrible snoring like the sound of water sucking down a sink drain; its tongue flapped



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What is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J.B.L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema. The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

In Perfect Health Now

About nine years ago I purchased one of your famous J.B.L. Cascade sets in an attempt to rid myself of suffering from intestinal troubles since it was recommended to me. Ever since the purchase I have used it constantly, until now I am in perfect health and the stomach trouble forgotten. From then on I have been recommending it to every one who suffers from constipation.

I wish to take this opportunity now in thanking you for the wonderful device in restoring health, and the complete understandable instructions included in each set.

June 9, 1934.
Seth Terao,
607 W. 17th St.,
Cheyenne, Wyo.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for this Booklet

It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a three-cent stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieve results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. L330, 152 W. 65th St., New York City—NOW!

TEAR OFF AND MAIL AT ONCE.

Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc.
152 West 65th St., Dept. L 330, New York, N.Y.

Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

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out sidewise between its jaws as if paralyzed. Gordon's laugh was like another snarl. Again he pressed the offensive fiercely.

He raised his body up and beat it down again and again on the killer's gaunt torso in a madness of battle fire, till the breath belched from the lion's lungs. He drew up a knee and hammered it down with all his force into the chest and vitals of the beast, till he heard the flesh and ribs give way. "I'll get you! I'll get you!" he snarled into the tawny face.

More than a minute of this. It seemed hours to the man. And then, with a final convulsive shudder, minus all violence, the lion's body straightened out, went limp. The legs hung loose and the jaws slowly relaxed.

Minutes more Gordon hung on, fighting against descending blackness, before he dared loose his hold on the four corners of the brute and slowly draw forth his mangled hand. It was a frightful sight—red and ragged and almost shapeless—and there was scarcely any feeling left in it, for the nerves had been mutilated. Even if he could save the hand it would be of little use to him henceforward, he knew. But it stood for the price of his life, and he had paid it willingly.

Holding it aloft, he rolled weakly off the body of the thing he had conquered, and with his other hand tried to lever himself to his knees. But he was too spent. The little strength that remained to him seemed pouring out of him at the release of tension. His hand had slipped into some sort of crevice in the rock. He sprawled there, propped on his good arm. The ground swam beneath him. Then his dimming gaze was caught and held by something that dully glittered, heavy yellow, in a shallow furrow in the slope gouged out by the lion's threshing hind claws.

For a brief space he rallied from his faintness as he stared at it. The lost vein of the Dutchman Mine—no doubt of it—cropping out up here, sixty feet or more outside the range of his widest reckonings, because of some long-ago juggling in the deep rock strata of the ridge. A hundred times, he knew, he'd tramped over this very spot, but never by any chance would he have thought of digging here.

A host of grim finalities surged through Gordon's head. Had the lion not attacked him here, had he not met this final test as he did, he would never have found the vein at all. What was it the Bible said about lions in the way? . . .

Four hours later, by the bright light of a full mountain moon, the Gordon family were on their way down to Kaniksu and the doctor; for the danger of blood poison in Matt Gordon's mangled arm was grave. The boy Joel went ahead. Dazed and weak, Gordon sat astride the single pack burro he had kept through the summer. Just behind followed Minnie Gordon, as she had followed her man throughout the rough path of life, waiting for the even road.

Again and again, as they descended, Gordon went over every detail of the lion's attack and the struggle that followed—all of it leading up to the finding of the vein.

"We're as good as rich now," he kept repeating. "We'll leave the cabin in a month or so and get down to the city, like you always wanted."

Always unemotional, Minnie Gordon listened soothingly. It was not until next day, when the danger of fever was over, that she filled in the rest of the story.

"Matt," she said, as he was speculating for the hundredth time on the richness of the vein, "I couldn't tell you last night—but you did a lot more than find the vein when you fought the lion. You saved Joel's life. He was sitting on the slope just over that ridge, watching for squirrels. It was him the lion was stalking."

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ½ **COME AND GET IT** by Edna Ferber. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

A vivid delineation of industrial America in the making, of a vast lumber empire, its czar and his heir apparent, and the battle between them for power and position—and for love.

★ ★ ★ **OUTWARD BOUND FROM LIVERPOOL** by Edouard Peisson. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Tragic fascinating story of the race for supremacy in ocean passenger service. Not for any one contemplating a sea voyage.

★ ★ **LOOSE AMONG DEVILS** by Gordon Sinclair. Farrar & Rinehart.

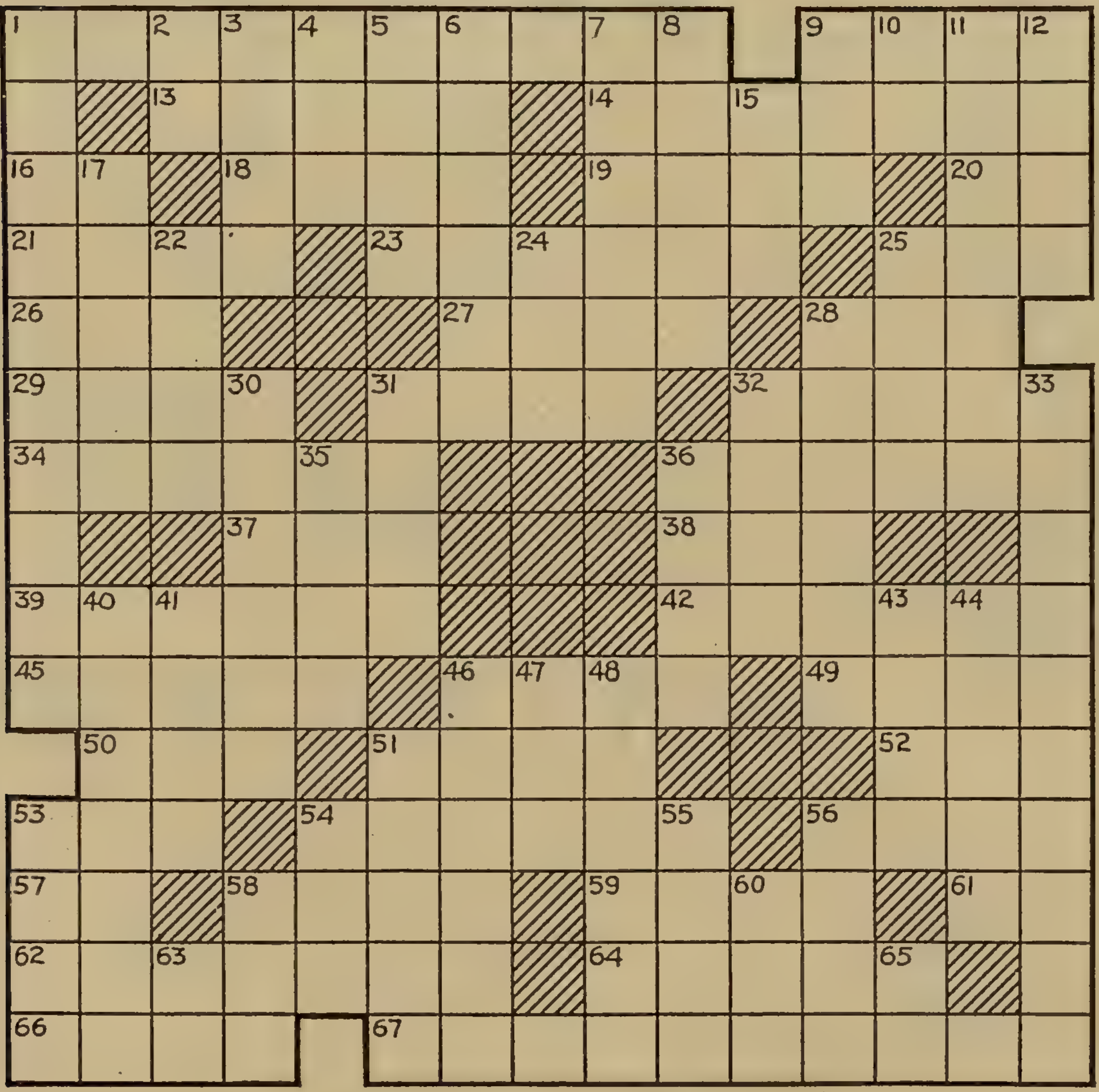
A wide-eyed star reporter from Toronto goes adventuring to the French penal colony called Devil's Island; thence to the wilds of West Africa.

ANSWER TO WHAT DO YOU SAY? PUZZLE ON PAGE 22

He: Darling, I adore you.
She: Do you really, Oscar?
He: Sweetheart, I adore the very ground you're sitting on.
She: All right, then. I'll move over and let you have it!

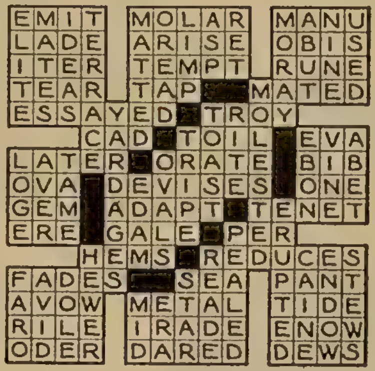
Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 This person can be found in the large stores taking things quietly
9 Just a little bit of a thing
13 He's been a member of the elks for years
14 A nasty huffer-puffer from the top of the world
16 A scaly thing
18 To do this properly you've got to slump badly
19 What a member of the fast set does about
20 T for two is the order here
21 You've got to use knee action to do this
23 Some Greek sculptures
25 Question this space
26 Mustache chassis
27 Bears things sheepishly
28 New England breakfast food
29 Is'n' this hard?
31 This has big banks in Canada
32 These are young pinks and somewhat red and are forever getting canned
34 This can give you a yellow streak
36 To cut up on the Kansas plains
37 This is good as it is, but double it and it'll be terribly sweet
38 Some hot stuff now being circulated about Congress
39 Their life is simply killing
42 Cow candy
45 Overgrown feet
46 Some dirt Winchell didn't collect
49 Quiz
50 The time the electric-light trust doesn't make much money
51 A type of space
52 Well, here's some one who enjoys a picnic



EMIT MOLAR MANU
LADE ARISE OBIS
ITER TEMPT RUNE
TEAR TAP MATED
ESSAYED TROY
CAD TOIL EVA
LATER ORATE BIB
OVA DEVISES ONE
GEM ADAPT TENET
ERE GALE PER
HEMS REDUCES
FADES SEA PANT
AVOW METAL TIDE
RILE IRADE ENOW
ODER DARED DEWS

Answer to last week's puzzle

53 Start making millions here, folks
54 This fellow gets the air
56 He finished pressing his suit with this
57 These two are pronounceably broad about Boston and exactly alike
58 Odorous things put on by the snobbish set
59 Here's a sticker about an elk
61 A popular note in New England
62 What to use for cutting remarks
64 What to do for a bad spell
66 Mind
67 An overgrown village

VERTICAL

1 The charm of the gingham girl
2 This is filled with a piece of omelet
3 Lots
4 This is almost loose
5 A hole in the ocean filled with earth
6 This feller always talks chop and often needs a friend
7 This has a tender behind
8 Horses, horses, horses
9 Old-fashioned appeal (plural)
10 An awesome word
11 Bonds for stock
12 Greenwich Villagey and long-haired
15 Short highways
17 What you get up when mad
22 He monkeys around with imitations
24 Thees eez considaired gay by ze m'sieurs de Paree
25 Juice container
28 The ape bird
30 Who swam the Atlantic for the $100,000 Harry Lauder prize?
31 With a V extracted this still comes out even (plural)
32 What Mrs. Wylie called her baby boy
33 What the well dressed man will not show this year (two words)
35 These made a big clean-up
36 If you see the point of this don't rest on it
40 Something janitors rarely do to heat
41 Jaw waggling
43 Ex-calf
44 Medieval farm-relief problems
46 This will throw you—it's spelled wrong!
47 I See You backward
48 To horse around
51 Hitler rarely observes this holiday
53 A big tie-up on a ship
54 The song of the overflowing stein
55 Just add this to an auto and you'll fly along
56 This is almighty in Spain
58 +
60 This is erased with the feet
63 Headless barnyard flapper
65 What New York and Chicago higher ups travel by

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

CICO

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Whether pasting is part of your job or if you are just an occasional "paster," you'll find this unique Liquid Paste a joy.

It really *sticks*, and with the improved rubber spreader you can apply it evenly and in the right amount without mess or trouble.

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You Can Work for Us In Your Spare Time

Local agents are now being appointed to solicit new and renewal subscriptions for a large group of popular magazines.

An exceptional opportunity for advancement will be given to those who enroll as spare time agents with the intention of making this work a means of full-time employment.

These positions are open only to men and women over 20 years of age and who are willing to call on selected prospects in the interests of our publications.

NO EXPERIENCE IS NECESSARY

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Desk LC 305
Macfadden Publications, Inc.
1926 Broadway New York

Keystone View photo

Princess Barbara arriving at New York last fall after her husband sailed away to India.

The PRIVATE LIFE of the 5 and 10 PRINCESS

The Story of America's Most Glamorous Playgirl—A Penetrating Revelation of Things Behind Her Crowded and Colorful Career

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

ON April 16, 1933, the Prince Mdivani and Barbara Hutton sailed together aboard the liner Chitral for Marseille.

They had named no day for their wedding, but it was to be as soon as they arrived somewhere in Europe.

The month that followed seemed to complete Barbara's passion for her Prince. A month when they sailed through the Indian Ocean, when all that was most beautiful lay spread before their dazzled young eyes, when their world was a veritable paradise and they thought of nothing but each other.

Perhaps that was the very top of their romance, that enchanted voyage that preceded their marriage and their return to the world which watched them every moment with interested and curious and not too sympathetic eyes.

This time Mr. Hutton recognized defeat. Barbara was going to marry Mdivani. And Frank Hutton was a man of the world who could at least accept defeat gracefully. He could put the best possible face on the whole affair, laugh jovially, and pretend to the world that all was well.

On May 19, having met Barbara and the Prince in Paris, he said suavely, "The Prince is a splendid fellow, and I am sure Barbara will be very happy."

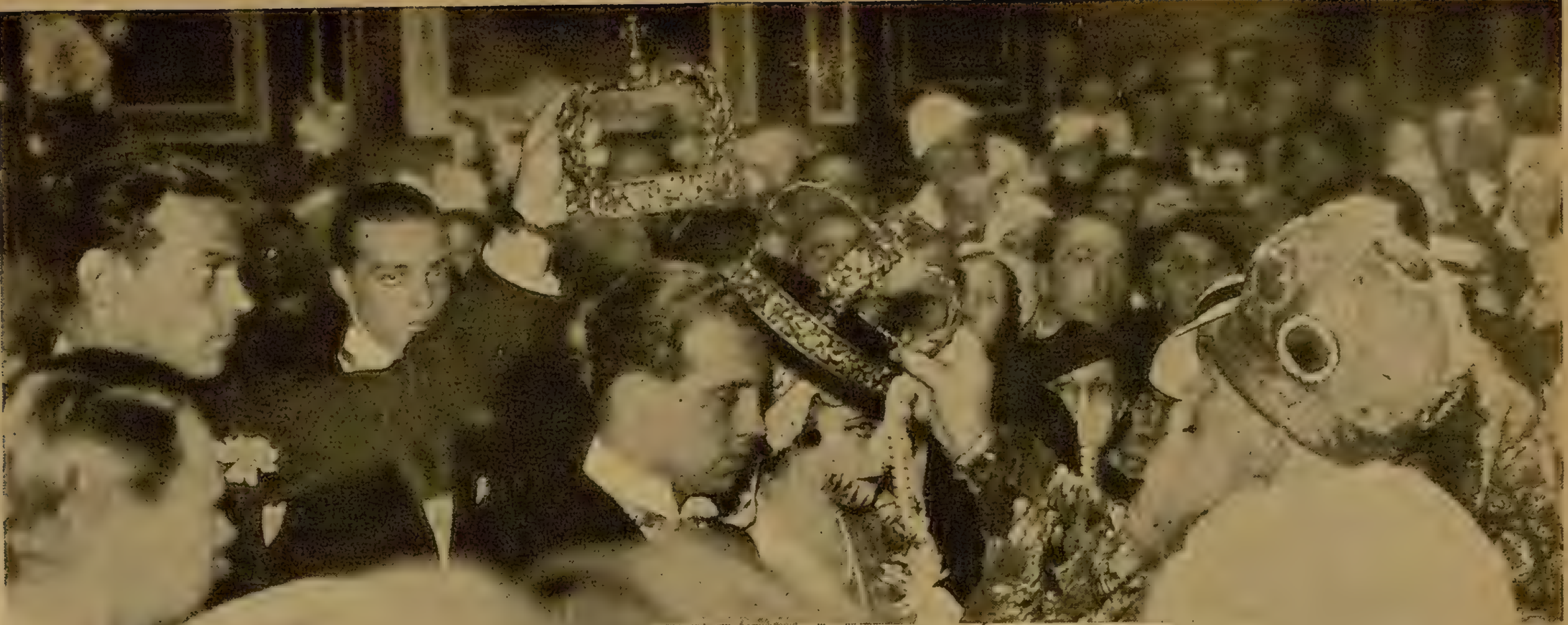
But in the privacy of his own exclusive circle he said, "With a lot of good Americans like Winston Guest around, Barbara has to marry that Prince, and it won't last—it can't last."

On May 19 they met in Paris—Mdivani triumphant and attentive, Barbara radiant, Papa Hutton still dubious.

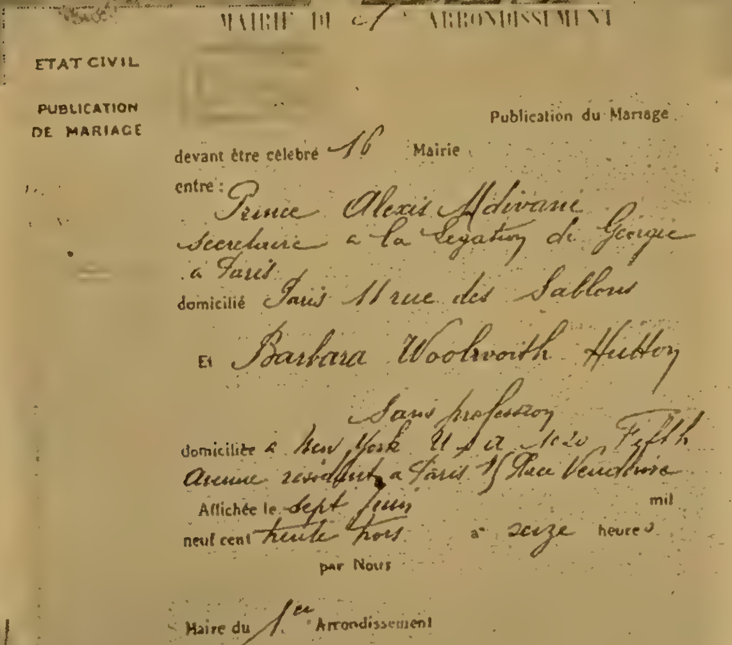
The wedding day was set.

Acme photos

The couple five months after marriage. Below: The Prince takes the field to play polo.



Acme photos



MAIRIE DU 1 ARRONDISSEMENT

ETAT CIVIL

PUBLICATION DE MARIAGE

Publication du Mariage

devant être célébré 16 Mairie

entre: Prince Alexis Mdivani
Secrétaire à la Légation de Géorgie
à Paris
domicilié Paris 11 rue des Sablons

Et Barbara Woolworth Hutton
Sans profession
domiciliée à New York U S A 1020 Fifth
Avenue résidant à Paris 15 Place Vendôme
Affichée le sept Juin mil
neuf cent trente trois à seize heures
par Nous
Maire du 1er Arrondissement

Above: Barbara and her prince at the moment of being united. This was the religious ceremony performed in the Russian Orthodox church in Paris, with crowns held over the heads of both bride and groom. "Babs's" cousin Jimmy Donahue is behind the groom, his face turned toward the camera. At left are the marriage banns, posted outside the office where the civil ceremony was performed. Below: Crowds watching the bride and groom leave the church.

Keystone View photo

by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

What happened before that hurried wedding in Paris? What was the property settlement made by the millionairess upon her titled young husband? Every one knew negotiations were in progress. Every one whispered and speculated. Was it a million dollars in cash and an income of $50,000 a year as long as they remained married to each other? Was it a trust fund that would give him $50,000 a year as long as they were married? Was it $250,000 and a trust fund of $100,000 a year?

There has never been any official communication upon the subject, and probably no one in the world except Barbara Hutton and her Prince, Papa Hutton and the family lawyers, actually knows.

But all of these agreements were printed and rumored at one time or another.

This much is known: On June 16, four days before her marriage, an affidavit was presented to Surrogate Pelletreu, which asked that her own income be raised from $300,000 to $400,000 a year because of the expenses attendant upon her marriage and her new estate as a bride.

That affidavit is one of the most illuminating documents ever recorded in an American court of law and reveals between its legal lines many of the most intimate things regarding this young girl who couldn't live on $300,000 a year, of whose income $300,000 a year was only a small fraction.

To quote from it here and there:

I [the affidavit is signed by Barbara Hutton] at that time did not anticipate that I would marry before coming of age. I am, however, engaged to Prince Alexis Mdivani, who resides in Paris, France, and our marriage will take place there on or about the 20th of June, 1933.

My marriage to Prince Mdivani and the plans which have been made in connection with the intervening months before I become of age will necessarily entail heavy additional expenditures, which were not anticipated by me or by my father when the previous order was applied for.

I have discussed the amount of these necessary expenditures with my father and both he and I estimate that they will amount to at least $100,000 per year.

I, therefore, ask that in addition to the sum authorized to be applied out of my income by my father for my support, my father and general guardian be authorized and allowed to expend or apply for the purpose out of my income a sum not to exceed $100,000 additional.

Even with this additional allowance I will still be spending in the year preceding my majority only a fraction of my income and my fortune is so large that I see no necessity why, upon my marriage, I should not immediately enjoy the luxuries which a fortune such as mine will enable me to have when I enter into possession of it.

The surrogate naturally granted her the additional $100,000 a year.

But that plain legal paper shows many things, and it is a startling human record when you realize that such wealth was at the command of a young, inexperienced girl madly in love with a man who had no profession, no business, and no fortune of his own.

At the time of her marriage Barbara Hutton is reported to have said naïvely, " I think Prince Mdivani will know how to help me spend my money, will know how to live and to help me enjoy life." Most people doubtless agreed with her upon the first premise at least.

THERE have, of course, been international marriages for years. American girls of vast wealth have bestowed their hands and fortunes upon titled gentlemen since Consuelo Vanderbilt became Duchess of Marlborough and Anna Gould wed Count Boni de Castellane.

But those titles were magnificent, ancient; they carried position and prestige, they offered a full life, lands and estates and castles and tradition.

None of these things was part of the bargain made by the millionaire playgirl, the five-and-ten-cent-store heiress. Alexis Mdivani had no estates and no ancestral castles, poverty-stricken or otherwise. He had no position and his title was no longer in use.

But whatever he had to offer Barbara, it was enough.

One thing and one thing only could her father do. With grace and good-fellowship he said, " Well, if Barbara wants to marry him and it will make her happy, that's fine." But he intended to protect her vast American fortune as far as possible, and he did it.

The WINNER!

CREAM of KENTUCKY

...the 100 proof straight whiskey... bred in Kentucky, is Kentucky's favorite...

"Cream of Kentucky" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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DS. 9

In the weeks while Barbara shopped through the Paris spring for a trousseau, in New York Millard F. Tompkins, the bride's lawyer, drew up certain contracts by which the Prince renounced all claims to the fortune of his bride and all rights therein upon her death. Whatever settlement was made upon him was not recorded. But whatever it was, it was final.

These matters were finally settled on June 16 to the satisfaction of all parties except, perhaps, Papa Hutton.

At all events the wedding—with two ceremonies—took place in Paris. Both ceremonies were dramatic and exciting.

They were united first, Barbara Hutton and Alexis Mdivani, in the small room of the Sixteenth Arrondissement city hall in Paris, in a civil service. Mr. and Mrs. Franklyn Hutton were there, of course, and Jessie Woolworth Donahue, who had come all the way to Paris to see her favorite niece married, and Prince David Mdivani and Prince Serge Mdivani, who had also made this long journey to witness the uniting of their little brother to one of the richest girls in the world.

Mayor Daniel Marin, who performed the ceremony, referred in a glowing speech to the bride as " representative of the youth of North America."

And in some strange way, perhaps Barbara Hutton was representative of the youth of North America in the year 1933. There was a Broadway aroma to the whole proceeding. The five-and-ten-cent-store heiress was beautiful, she was young, she had been everywhere and done everything, she was a sort of fantastic heroine out of some incredible American fairy tale.

Upon her wedding day this very rich and famous bride wore a gown of pearl-gray crepe with a small hat, and a sable wrap was thrown about her shoulders. She carried no flowers.

Two days later, at the Russian Orthodox church, they were once more married in a religious ceremony, following the custom and creed of the Mdivani family.

The bride presented her husband with a string of polo ponies and a set of priceless pearl studs, and he gave her a rope of pearls. They then departed for a honeymoon in Venice.

The granddaughter of Frank W. Woolworth, who started life as a clerk in a small town at a salary of a few dollars a week, was now the Princess Alexis Mdivani. She traveled on a passport listing her as a nonresident American. She had a husband who played polo and a trousseau of hundreds of frocks, thirty of them designed for her especially for this romantic journey by Patou, and she wore ropes of pearls.

WOULD this marriage between a penniless prince and a golden heiress, an American girl and a young man from the small republic of Georgia, a Russian born and raised in Europe, be a success? Could it be a success?

Barbara said over and over that she was desperately in love, and there seemed no other way than to accept it.

Then began the strange and hectic story of their married life which leaped from one headline to another, from one continent to another, at such a rate that it was difficult to follow.

There never seemed to be a peaceful moment for the Mdivanis. No settling down to a comfortable marriage for these two. None of the romance, even, that they had dreamed about. They were on the merry-go-round and apparently they almost never got off. Worse even than that, the merry-go-round was public at all times and upon it were trained the microscopes and headlights of the world.

Barbara Hutton, of course, had been around. She had, indeed, been almost everywhere. She had great poise, and she was used in all things to having her own way. Like most girls of her type, Barbara was and had always been the center of her own universe; she had always been the one considered, thought about, waited upon, and sought after. That was not her fault. And in spite of it, according to those who knew her best, Barbara is definitely generous, an extremely loyal friend, and a " good sport." No one has ever accused the Woolworth heiress of being high-hat even for a moment.

Nevertheless, she had been brought up by a young and attractive and indulgent father, without a mother from the time she was five, and she wasn't perhaps exactly prepared for marriage with a European who expected her to follow in his footsteps. Mdivani had been spoiled too, not by riches but by some peculiar trick of personality that led women to adore him and to allow him to have his own way in everything.

The first blow came when they started upon a tour around the world accompanied by Barbara's merry young cousin, Jimmy Donahue. The famous private car was brought forth and the Prince and Princess and Jimmy, who liked travel and was always a lot of fun and good for any number of laughs, began a journey which was to be a second and longer honeymoon. Here entered trouble, in the guise of the Mdivani family, which has, as you may have noticed, a positive genius for getting into hot water. This time it had something to do with oil wells in California, which Princes Serge and David had sold stock in or about or something. Anyway, the whole air was blue with lawsuits, including several instituted by their respective wives, Mary McCormic and Mae Murray. These two had united to make life slightly disagreeable for the very agreeable young noblemen, and moreover, the oil-well affair was in cold hard legal red tape and most disagreeable.

SOMEBODY issued a subpoena for Prince Alexis, in order, so it was said, to inquire into a mysterious $25,000 which had appeared on the scene shortly after Alexis married the heiress of the five-and-ten-cent stores.

So Prince Alexis decided it would be better if he didn't sail from San Francisco as originally planned; in fact, it would be better if he didn't go to California at all. So he and his beautiful and devoted bride parted hurriedly. He went to Vancouver, and the Princess and Jimmy continued their original plans. The honeymooners were united in Japan and went on from there. Naturally this brutal interrupting of the idyllic trip aboard the private car was the subject of much comment by the press, but it didn't mean much. Once together again, Barbara stopped weeping over the long, lonely days without Alexis, and Alexis stopped resenting the cruel treatment he had received.

But then one quarrel followed another in rapid succession.

Most of the quarrels seemed to be about polo and polo ponies.

The Princess had married this gay and idle young foreigner because she wanted him to play with her, because she loved him madly, because she wanted, as she herself said, to live her own life in her own way, and that own way was with Alexis at her side.

Perhaps Barbara never spoke a more illuminating line than when she said over the transatlantic telephone from London to a newspaperman in New York, "Oh, do let me alone and let me live my life in my own way."

The trouble was apparently that Alexis wanted to play polo. If Barbara had a rival, it was that excellent string of polo ponies she had bought and maintained for her husband. The ancient and honorable game of polo became a sincere and desperate passion with the Prince. Barbara did not understand it. Polo was all very well and she liked it and it was a dashing sort of sport, socially correct and attractive to watch, and she was glad her husband went in for it rather than for anything so stuffy as golf.

But she did not expect it to take up his every waking hour.

In November, 1933, she came into her fortune, which was between forty and fifty millions of dollars. In her young hands was placed an amount of money so great that it had to be a power in the land, that it had to be reckoned with by the very nature of it. There was talk for a time that Barbara herself intended to manage it, that Alexis wished her to do so, that they were going to take some lessons and do some studying and then settle down to take care of that economic situation.

But nothing much came of that.

And in June, 1934, just about a year after their marriage and when several previous quarrels had drifted into the newspapers one way or another, Papa Hutton was summoned hurriedly to London, and it looked as though the sensational marriage was on the rocks.

In a London hotel Barbara had occupied one suite and the Prince had occupied another, when he wasn't out playing polo. Barbara had locked her door against him and he had gone off in a huff to the polo fields. Then Barbara was in a nursing home, desperately ill. She was still refusing to see the Prince, and Papa Hutton was terribly busy trying to find out what it was all about, whether it was serious, and denying to the world in general that there was even a cloud upon the horizon.

AS a matter of strict fact, Barbara *was* at that time desperately ill. She had suffered a nervous breakdown, and for the first time in her life her normal healthy young body, a heritage from the upstate farmers who were her ancestors, had failed her.

The incessant travel and excitement, the drama of her romance and marriage, the abnormal hours and the constant round of pleasure had worn the girl out—and besides, she had undertaken what many another woman has done to her physical distress.

If Barbara, who is really a very pretty girl, had a fault, it was a tendency to plumpness. If she wasn't very careful, she got fat. And fat wasn't becoming to her blondeness. It was particularly unbecoming, as it happened. So she had begun a series of

Flexo-Gram

[NO. 1]

A man there was in our town
And he was most astute—
When taking ice cubes from his trays,
He wore a diver's suit!
And when he tired of all this mess,
He bought a rubber tray—
And now he gets his ice cubes
In an ultra modern way!

You don't have to be a deep-sea diver to get ice cubes without drenching yourself! You can pop them right out of the ice trays —at the refrigerator—instead of melting them out under the kitchen faucet. That is —you can if your refrigerator is equipped with flexible rubber trays or grids! *Insist* on having this modern convenience in the mechanical refrigerator you buy. Leading makes come so equipped. See your refrigerator dealer today.

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Department G-3, Dayton, Ohio

Flexible Rubber Trays & Grids
ice cubes instantly • tray to glass

THAT POPULAR, POPULAR MAN—
the man who serves the famous Bacardi Cocktail

BACARDI

Avoid substitutes. See the bottle

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Distressing cold in chest or throat, that so often leads to something serious, generally eases up quickly when soothing, warming Musterole is applied.

Better than a mustard plaster, Musterole gets action because it's NOT just a salve. It's a *"counter-irritant"*—stimulating, penetrating, and helpful in drawing out pain and congestion.

Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In three strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.

RADIO: *Tune in the "Voice of Experience," Columbia Network. See newspaper for time.*

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

NRA CODE

rigid and drastic diets, sometimes living for days on nothing but coffee, in an effort to get some of the weight off. Life, even with $50,000,000, wasn't much fun if you were too fat to look well, too fat to wear the beautiful clothes you could buy, too fat to be sure that your young husband still thought you were the most beautiful girl in the whole world.

So Barbara practiced a rigid self-denial. She fasted to the point of exhaustion; she fasted and dieted until her healthy nerves screamed in protest. She lost twenty or thirty pounds, but she paid a terrible price for it. When she came back to New York in the winter of 1935 she was slim, slimmer than she had ever been, and very lovely, and she wore the most divine clothes from Paris and looked quite too lovely in them, but she had almost wrecked her health doing it.

Were the Prince and Princess Mdivani on the verge of a complete break when Papa Hutton arrived in answer to his daughter's frantic call? Was it true that Barbara had sent the Prince away, that she never wanted to see him again, that she was very sick of her bargain?

That there had been all sorts of difficulties and differences, even in that first year?

Undoubtedly they had had trouble, and very serious trouble.

It is probable that they were upon the verge of a separation. But Papa Hutton acted as peacemaker, that is very sure. He brought his son-in-law back from the polo fields of England, where Alexis had continued to pursue his favorite sport in spite of his wife's anger and illness. He opened the door that had been shut between husband and wife, and he denied vigorously that anything was wrong. Perhaps his own good breeding and sense of dignity made him shy away from the thought of a separation or divorce following so soon upon the heels of the sensational and somewhat criticized marriage.

ANYHOW, all was well once more with the Mdivanis. Or was it? For only a short time had passed when again they were apart.

Barbara came back to spend the winter in New York.

Prince Alexis sailed for India to play polo.

They said everything was rosy, that there was no separation, that they were just as much in love as ever. Only Barbara was hungry for her friends in New York, hungry for a winter of social gayety among the people she knew and loved best, and Alexis still loved polo.

Just why it was necessary for him to go to India to play the game wasn't explained at the time, but perhaps a man who likes polo wants to play it everywhere it can be played before he is through.

New York welcomed its favorite playgirl with open arms. Her many friends rushed to meet her. Parties were given. She was seen here and there—sometimes escorted by one of her old flames, sometimes with some of the younger married set. She looked more beautiful than she had ever done in her life and seemed perfectly happy.

Very little was heard of Alexis and nothing at all was seen.

The rumor that Barbara was going to get a divorce while she was in America, that she was leaving for Reno almost any day, grew and grew. The newspapermen watched it with eagle eyes. Her friends whispered it among themselves.

Was it natural that two young people, married and with everything in the world, should stay apart for months for no good reason if they were still in love, if they were still happy together?

Then, with startling suddenness, just when the headlines were practically in type, and after a few days of another illness which confined her to her bed, the Princess announced that she was sailing for India to join her husband.

And sail she did.

BUT there seems to be a persistent feeling that all is not well with the heiress and her Prince. There seems to be a sort of conviction that this romantic affair has not turned out as glamorously, as satisfactorily as it might have done.

Married for almost two years, there has been no heir as yet to the Woolworth millions. Barbara has said openly that she doesn't want to have children yet, that she wants to enjoy life and her freedom for a while longer.

The millionaire playgirl still wants to play, and perhaps that is natural enough.

For the short span of her life she has jammed full and crowded and running over with drama and excitement, with romance and pleasure. She is one of the richest women in the world, she controls a vast fortune which might be a power in the land--but today it is controlled and handled exclusively by her agents and business managers and lawyers. She collects and spends her gigantic income.

Barbara Hutton—the five-and-ten-cent-store heiress. She is a part and product of our times. In no other place and no other century could she have existed. As a person, she has no real faults. She is a kind-hearted, amusing, decent young woman whose friends love her dearly. She has never done anything in her life that is outstanding or particularly different from other young girls of her set and kind.

But she is the money princess. She is a young girl with so many millions that the average mind can scarcely understand them, scarcely believe them. And so she is and must be important.

What her future will be, will be one of the most interesting and picturesque chapters of Americana yet written.

THE END

Something About Men

READING TIME
5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

A Short Short Story

by FRANCIS WHITING

THE door of Evan's studio stood half open, and in the glow from the fire Patricia saw the gardenias. A rich white cluster of them set in the smooth brown sheen of mink, on Evan's favorite chair.

Her heart did a sideslip. So! There was more than one key to Evan's studio in circulation.

She put down her week-end case, out of sight, and walked in, carefully nonchalant.

The other woman was seated at Evan's desk.

"Come in," she said cordially.

Her hair was palest amber, softly waved, and her eyes were clear blue, full of laughter. She was disconcertingly lovely.

"I didn't realize," Patricia remarked casually, "that Evan had hired a secretary." The tone made it very nearly an insult.

"Not that he doesn't need a secretary," the other woman said. "Look at this desk! It's a disgrace." Her blue eyes were studying Patricia's profile quite openly. "Maybe I'd better introduce myself," she continued in her friendly voice. "I'm Pamela St. John Hutton, if that means anything to you."

"Oh, yes," Patricia reassured her. "I've read quite a few pages of your books—over the shoulders of stenographers in the subway."

The woman at the desk laughed. "Bless their hearts! They just don't know, do they, how bad I am?"

"At least," Patricia told her kindly, "you have the satisfaction of making a great deal of money. A hundred thousand a year, they tell me. Poor Evan practically starves."

The other woman laughed again. "If you call this starving, child—a penthouse on the East River, wonderful notices in our best reviews, a beautiful girl like you feeling sorry for him."

Patricia walked to the window. "You couldn't possibly understand," she said and stared out.

"You're terribly in love with Evan, aren't you?"

Patricia turned, fury in every line of her body. "What is it to you?" she said.

The other woman looked straight into Patricia's eyes. "Does Evan love you?" she asked very softly.

Patricia felt the tears on her face and could have died for shame. How could she know that? Evan was so remote, so famous. And he had a way of taking her love for granted without mentioning his own.

Tossing the key across the table at one of their quiet little dinners, he had merely said, "Run up and see how the book is coming on. You're in it, you know." Now the book was finished. She would do anything to hold him—the last fearful week had taught her that—and now, when her mind was made up—

She felt herself drawn to the wide low divan.

"Listen, honey," the blue-eyed woman began. "You laugh at my books. I do myself sometimes. But while you're laughing remember one thing. I know women. I understand them because my own heart has been squeezed dry so many times. I know what it is to love a man and never to be sure of him. I know what it is to lose him, not only once but many times. I know a lot about love, and I know a lot about Evan Anderson. I grew up with him. I've watched him fall in love and out. He can't any more resist a beautiful woman than a woman can resist him. He enshrines them carefully in his books and forgets them."

"Why not," Patricia interrupted, "until he finds the one he really loves?"

"Meaning yourself, I suppose, for better or for worse," the other answered thoughtfully. "Listen, child. Evan Anderson is the sort of man who needs a mother and a lot of sweethearts—not a wife. Sweethearts to maintain his æsthetic and artistic faith in himself, and a mother to pick him up when he falls and bumps his nose. The thing you must decide is whether you want to join the gallery. If you can do it with something of Evan's own gift for poetic detachment, forgetting all about 'love, honor, and obey,' well and good; but I doubt that, somehow. Women in love are apt to think in terms of wedding rings and baby carriages. The good Lord made them that way."

Patricia laughed. "You sound exactly like your books." She added flippantly, "After all, a memory is something."

The kind voice had suddenly turned to ice. "That, my dear," it said crisply, "is something only time can answer." She stood up. "And now, if you will excuse me, I'll get back to work. Evan is expecting an honest opinion of his novel when he comes in. You know," she said slowly, holding Patricia's eyes, "at heart, Evan is a very honest person."

In the street a minute later Patricia realized that she had been politely ejected. She didn't mind. She wasn't quite ready for Evan. She needed time to recover some of the old romantic glamour. She strolled back to her hotel.

BY the time she reached her hotel Patricia felt that she had known the blonde-haired woman for all of her twenty-two years and hated her for twenty. Even the hotel seemed tawdry today, the big hotel with its rich lobby and soft lights, symbol for Patricia, until today, of hard work crowned by a measure of success. The clerk handed her a letter addressed in a large flowing hand and violet ink. It bore no stamp.

"Where did this come from?" she asked, turning it over.

"By messenger, just now," the clerk informed her.

Upstairs in her room she slit the envelope. A yellow sheet folded twice dropped in her lap. A telegram, with a scrawl of violet ink under the printed message.

It was addressed to Pamela St. John Hutton, Carmel, California. "Darling [it ran]—Come and get me. I'm slipping again. She's a nice kid but seems determined to sacrifice herself on the altar of my art. Incidentally she is messing up rather a good novel. Please come straighten it out and me. Evan."

Under the print was written, "My dear! Sorry to have to do this, but you are such a stubborn little thing. Don't tear up the telegram. Save it and read it often. When you can do so and smile, you may be sure that you are beginning to know something about life, something about love, and—maybe—something about men. Pamela St. John Hutton."

And in parentheses underneath: "(Mrs. Evan Anderson.)"

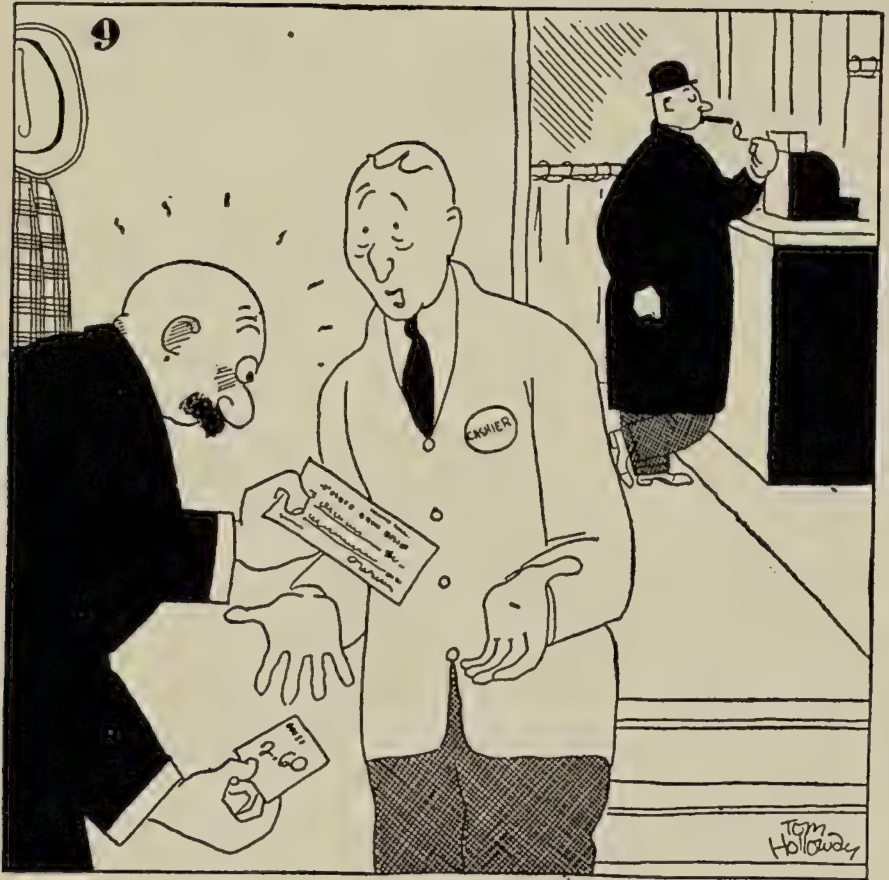
THE END

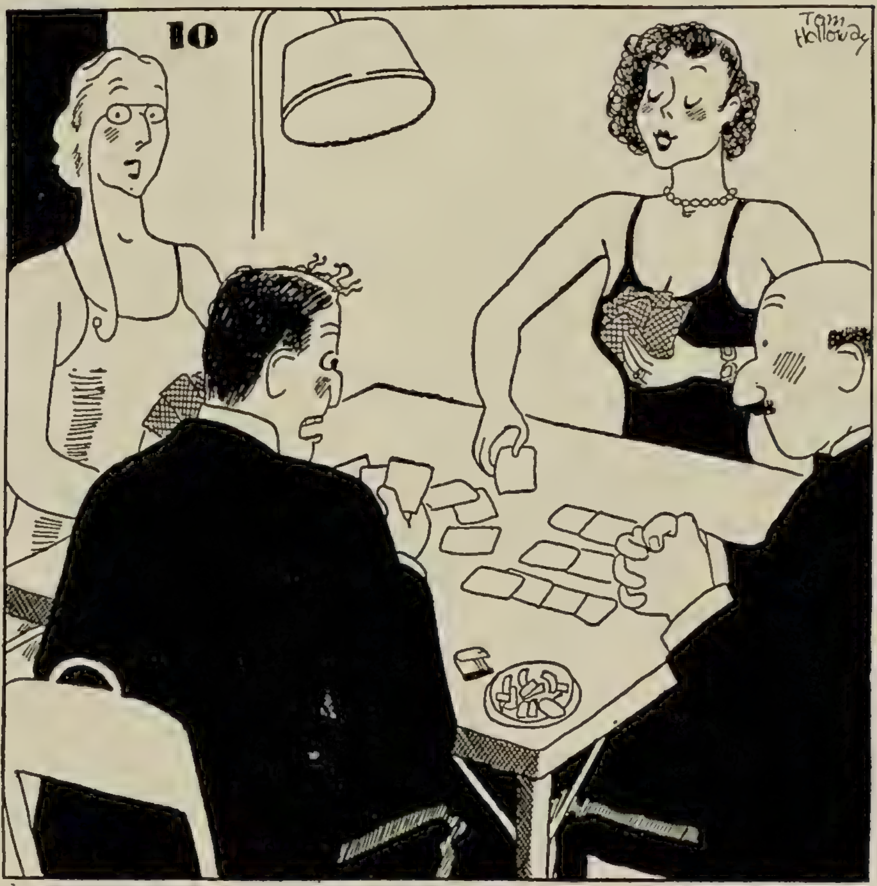
WHAT'S BEING SAID?

$2,000 IN BIG CASH PRIZES

YOU CAN WIN!

GET INTO THE GAME!





ARE THE SENTENCES YOU WANT HERE? OR CAN YOU THINK OF BETTER ONES?

1. It looks like rubber to me.
2. Can't you remember trumps, my dear?
3. That man is here again!
4. I know it's against the rules, but—
5. Imagine having that happen here.
6. No one has ever gotten away with that.
7. Well, nothing ventured, nothing gained.
8. But he's already eaten.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest drawings together with a list of suggested conversational sentences, any one of which might be used as a caption.

2. To compete, clip or copy each drawing and under it write what you think one of the characters is saying. Use one of the suggested sentences, or if you can invent one which to your mind is more apt, use that.

3. Prizes will be paid for the neatest complete sets of twenty drawings captioned with the most appropriate sentences as follows: First Prize, $500; Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Do not send in incomplete sets. When you have twenty drawings captioned, mail your entry to CONVERSATION CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, May 15, 1935.

6. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. By entering you agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each $10	200
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000

WHEN you have selected conversational sentences to caption each of this week's drawings your contest entry will be fifty per cent complete. There will be but five more sets to caption before the prize money is distributed. Will your name be included in the announcement of awards? Don't fail to complete an entry and file your claim to a share of the cash Liberty will pay for the 223 best. The situations illustrated above allow wide scope for your imagination. If you have neglected to begin an entry start now. Read the rules and then caption drawings 9 and 10 as instructed. Then file them in a convenient place pending the completion of your set of twenty.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If you are entering this week and have mislaid or given away the copies of Liberty containing drawings 1 to 8 you can obtain free reprints of this material by mailing a request to the contest address in Rule 4. Reprints will be supplied without delay. When you receive them, select suitable captions and your entry will be up to date.

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS STILL EXCELLENT!

On the banks of the Rio Grande*

SUMMER, 1934

by Philip Kerby

Day after day a fiery sun moved mercilessly across a cloudless sky. Heat and drought swept the Rio Grande with a shriveling, desert-born breeze.

For ninety days the border country sweltered. In June, heat records for 47 years were shattered.

Here in one of the hottest sections of the United States, in the summer of 1934, Frigidaire, with its great contribution to modern refrigeration, the Super Freezer, was put to the severest test.

"During a blistering hot summer with the temperature boiling every day," said Mrs. Van G. Chumley of El Paso, "we knew our food was protected perfectly . . . we have no fear of any summer that may come in the future for we know our Frigidaire will afford real refrigeration with quietness and at a minimum cost."

Today they tell how, in hundreds of other homes along the Mexican Border, the Super Freezer demonstrated its remarkable efficiency—how homes with Frigidaires became natural gathering places—how neighbors came to get ice cubes . . . and mothers with babies brought feeding bottles to be kept safely cold.

News of the Frigidaire Super Freezer spread as neighbor told neighbor how it froze great quantities of ice cubes on the hottest days—how all worry about food preservation was removed—and how new usefulness had been added to the service of electric refrigeration.

** One of the hottest sections of the United States in the summer of 1934, according to U. S. Weather Bureau statistics.*

Listen to Jack Pearl in a new show, with Freddy Rich's Orchestra, every Wednesday, 10 P. M. E. S. T., Columbia Network, Coast to Coast.

NOW IN ITS FOURTH MILLION

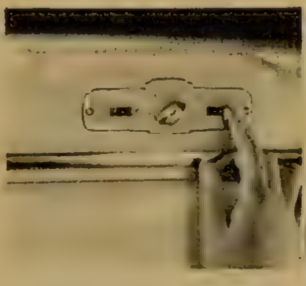
AND TODAY – EVERY MODEL OF THE FRIGIDAIRE '35 OFFERS THE SUPER FREEZER • SEE IT AT YOUR DEALER'S SPRING PARADE

New visions of convenience, dependability and usefulness are presented by the Frigidaire '35 with the Super Freezer. It gives a new idea of cold-producing ability and offers the five essentials that a refrigerator should have for complete refrigeration service. It provides the right kinds of cold for every purpose—all in the same cabinet.

There's *fast freezing* for ice and desserts; *frozen storage* for meats and ice cream; *extra-cold storage* for a reserve supply of ice cubes; *moist storage* for vegetables and fruits; and *normal storage* below 50° for foods requiring dry, frosty col

The Frigidaire '35, equipped with th Super Freezer, brings you many other ad vantages. Ice trays slide into your hands at the touch of a finger. It eliminates all worry when defrosting. There is more room for chilling tall bottles. And the Super Freezer is so remarkably efficient that only a small amount of electric current is consumed.

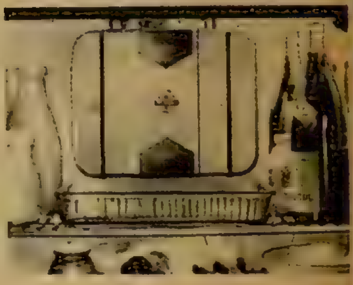
But see the greatest Frigidaire series ever produced. Attend the Spring Parade of Frigidaire '35 at your first opportunity.



Automatic Reset Defrosting—turns itself on automatically when defrosting is completed

The Super Freezer provides greater cold-producing ability, greater ice capacity, faster freezing

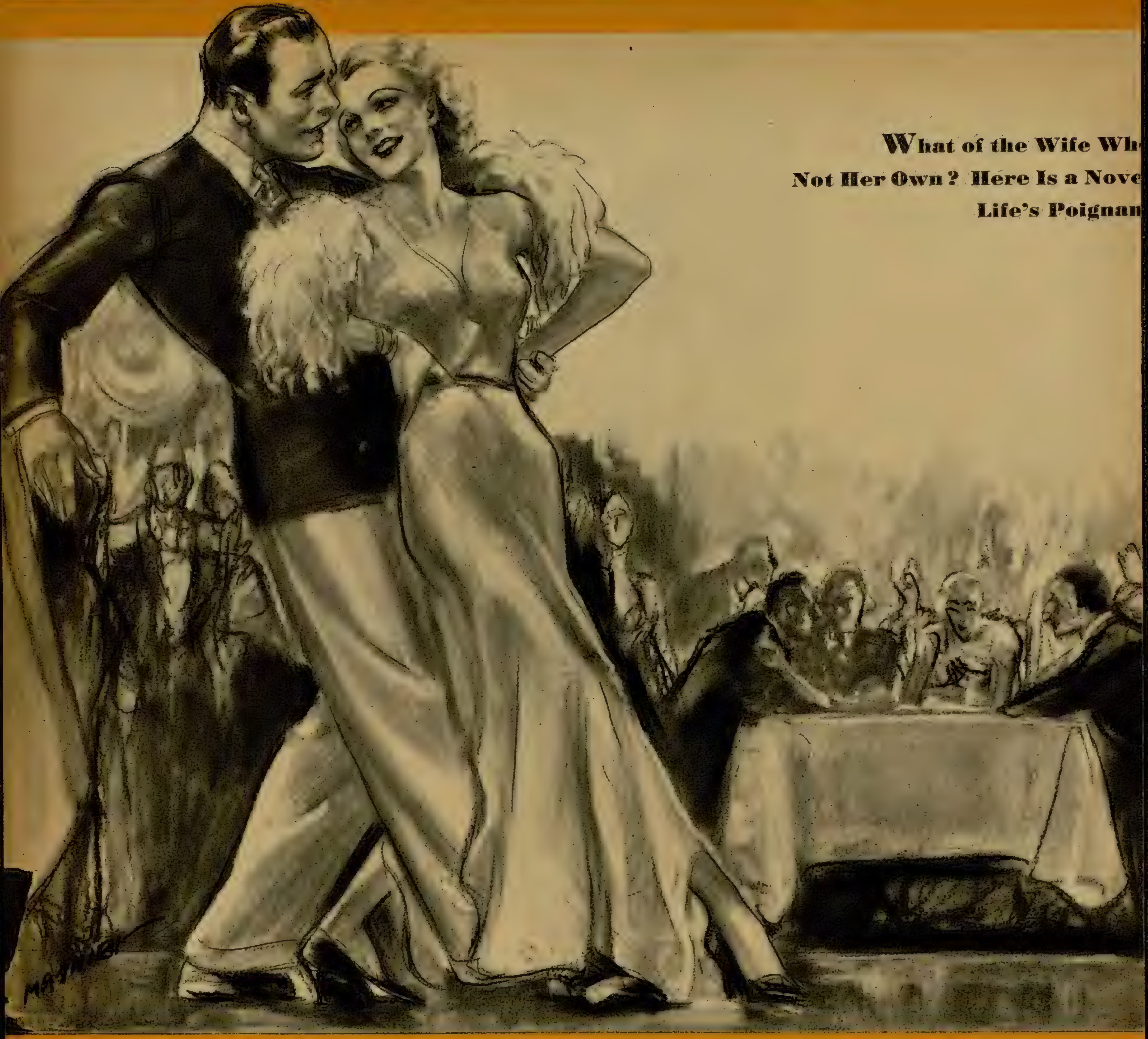
With Automatic Ice Tray Release the Frigidaire '35 gives you ice trays that come sliding out at the touch of a finger



An interior light flashes on as the door is opened—and there's space for tall bottles on each side of the Super Freezer

FRIGIDAIRE '35

The General Motors Refrigerator



What of the Wife Wh
Not Her Own? Here Is a Nove
Life's Poignan

"They're a wonderful team," said Frieda, her eyes on Hippy and Dor

She Made Her Bed

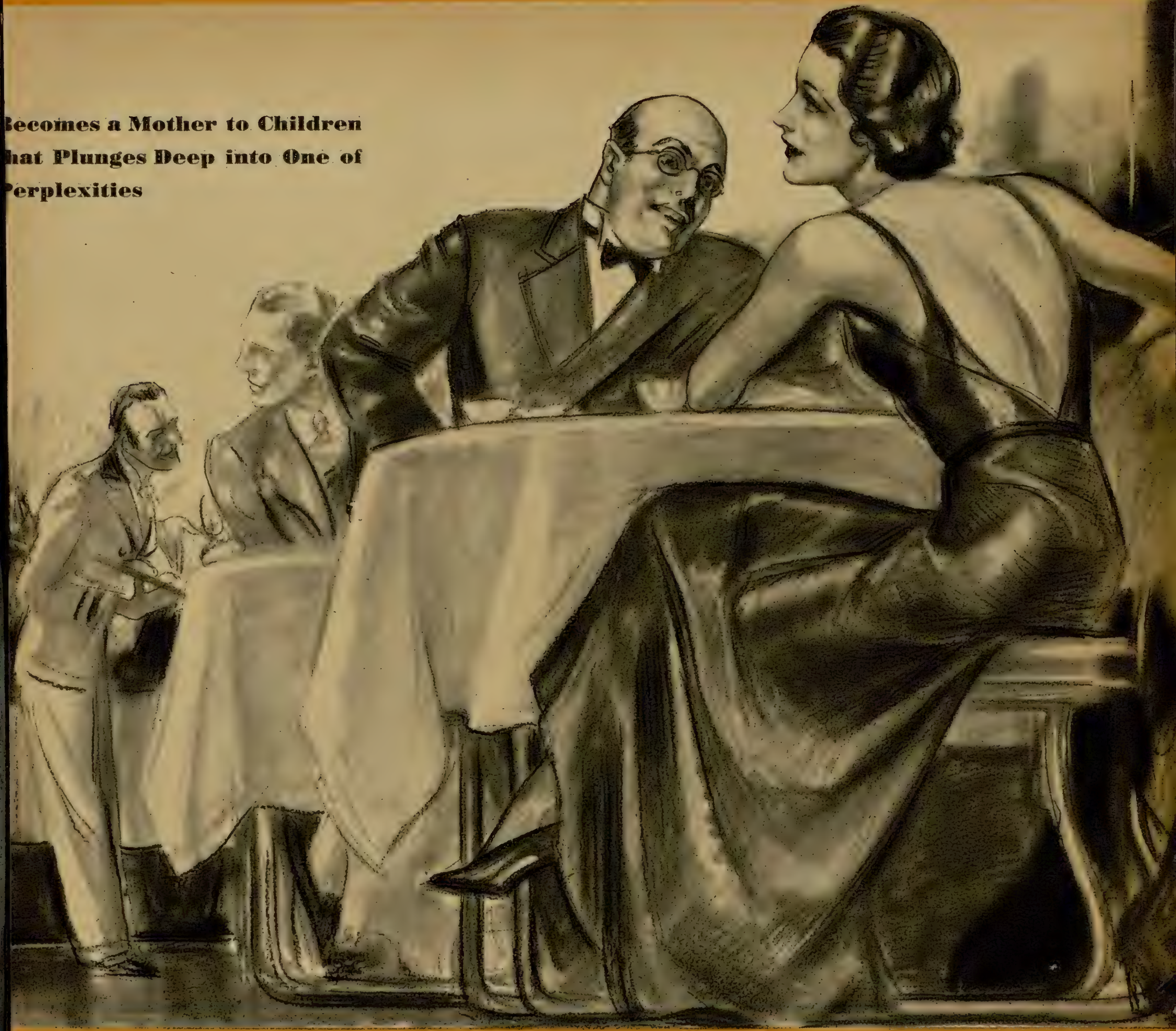
READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

FRIEDA LESLIE, young and beautiful, gambles her love against enormous odds when she discards wealthy young Kirk Bailey and marries Ned Pierson, famous San Francisco architect and widowed father of two grown children.

Anxious to ease the burden of family worries from Ned's shoulders, Frieda immediately sets about trying to straighten out the muddled lives of troublesome selfish Doris, the twenty-year-old divorcee daughter, and Artie, the ambitionless son whose recent suspension from Stanford University was a blow to Ned's hopes.

Frieda learns that Doris's affair with a dance-hall gigolo called Hippy is causing considerable worry to likable Joe Wirth, a wealthy Los Angeles lad who is madly in love with her. She also learns that Artie is involved in a gambling debt with poolroom sharks who threaten to tell Ned if the money is not paid immediately.

ecomes a Mother to Children
hat Plunges Deep into One of
erplexities



waying trancelike in the middle of the floor. "Wonder what his wife'll do about that," Mr. Reed said flatly.

by WALLACE IRWIN

With the sole intention of keeping peace in the family, and forgetting her faithful promise never to conceal any secrets from Ned, Frieda advances the necessary funds to Artie, but makes him promise in writing, on threat of exposure to his father, that he will mend his ways and re-enter college.

Ned, although busily engaged in designing his life's greatest work—a lofty building memorial to his dead wife Sylvia, to be erected by her wealthy father—cannot help noticing Artie's sudden reform. But Frieda does not divulge her secret even when Ned tells her of his knowledge of the gambling debt.

Frieda, a few days later, advises Joe Wirth to return to his Los Angeles home until Doris comes to her senses. Enraged when she learns this, Doris tells her stepmother in no mild terms to mind her own business. That night Frieda tells Ned of her quarrel with Doris and her part in sending Joe away. Ned takes it all very coolly and Frieda is depressed.

PART FOUR—DORIS SURRENDERS

WHAT I say means less to him than the wind blowing, Frieda was thinking that night as a Pacific gale swooped gustily around the North Beach house. Gustily, like the wind, Ned had taken Doris up to the tower room and locked himself in with her for more than an hour. Faintly the young wife sat on the stairs, straining her ears for sounds of quarreling. She had worked her

ILLUSTRATION BY HUBERT MATHIEU

hardest, trying to simplify things for Ned; but all her simplifications had grown into ramifications. Just because he wouldn't listen to her. Adoring him, she realized that in most things he was much wiser than she. But when it came to his family he was very Pierson—oftener, very O'Brien.

When he let his children gnaw at him, Frieda felt his pain more vividly perhaps than he did. There was nothing of the martyr in Ned.

Tonight's set-to with Doris was quieter than some had been. Mumble-mumble up in the tower room—and finally they came out, she rebelliously vivacious, he smiling away the bruises she had given him. Nothing was decided; Frieda knew that just by looking at them. Nobody has a right to hurt him so! she thought. She could have wrung Doris's slim straight neck as the girl yanked on her coat and disappeared, heaven cared where, without saying good night. . . .

That was the first night that Doris didn't come home. Late next afternoon she showed up, her pancake hat a little dusty, her eyes a little tired. She banged the door when she came in and embraced Frieda like a long-lost sister.

"Worry makes 'em old," she giggled. "How you've aged! I'll bet dad's in a perfect lather."

"He hasn't said a word," Frieda assured her, somehow glad that Doris was friendly again. "Where've you been, if it's any of my darned business?"

"You'd be surprised. The midnight ride of Paul Bunyan. Sacramento and back. Hippy drives the way he dances—safety first, with a touch of dynamite. Frieda, you ought to come round to the Abalone Palace sometime just to watch him and me. I could pull down a thousand a week even in these times."

"Better take a bath and go to bed," said Frieda, not very severely.

She had her own ideas about the girl; half-formed ideas, working in her mind. Artie was a simpler problem. He was drinking, staying up nights, cutting his lessons.

One night Frieda chanced to open a desk which had been locked for over a month. Letters and trinkets were all there. The funny contract which she and Artie had signed was gone. She had found the key in its usual place, under a mantel ornament. This was all very discouraging; but she managed to look indifferent when she cut off Artie's escape next morning.

"Going to Congress, old man?"

"Congress?" He looked like a five-year-old caught in the jam closet.

"You must be going somewhere—certainly not to college."

He laughed heavily and began mauling her, little-brother fashion. "How come, big momma?"

"I didn't think you'd be so mean, Artie."

HE looked at her like a wounded gazelle. But her eyes didn't swerve, and at last he began to stammer: "Gee, Frieda. You mean the fatal papers? Honest, that thing was too raw—making me sign up like a white slave. It was all good clean fun, of course. But suppose somebody should find that comedy contract. Phew!"

"Yes?" She wasn't smiling now. "What did you do with it?"

"Lit a nickel cigar. Listen, Frieda—"

"I won't! You didn't help yourself a bit by stealing it. I'm going straight to your father now and tell him."

"All right, Frieda." Artie's tone was gentle as he leaned against the doorframe, one foot folded over the other. "There's another piece of news you might tell him, too. I was saving it for Sunday, just to give him a good laugh."

"What else have you done?"

He hung his head. "Maybe you'd better not break it to dad too suddenly," he mumbled. "It might kill him. But day before yesterday I—I passed my sophomore exams for the University of Chicago."

"Artie, you aggravating horrid little angel!" She seized upon him, kissed him roughly, and shoved him out on the porch.

"You're a pretty sweet kid for a stepmother," said Artie, wiping a daub of lipstick from the corner of his grin. "Guess I'd have grabbed you myself if dad hadn't seen you first."

"And a fat chance, too!" She stood there smiling, her heart lightened. "Now run along, animal, and don't get too tight."

"Say, Frieda." He paused in the middle of the walk. "When you tell dad, give me a break, will you? I mean, you don't need to drag in that twenty-seven hundred, do you?"

Artie put his thumbs against his ears and waggled his hands. A gay parting. Frieda stood hugging her heart, sweet with a secret victory. She had taken a long chance and won. Artie had worked for her not because he was afraid but because she had befriended him.

She flew to the telephone and called Ned. It was wonderful how his office-chilled voice warmed into laughter when she told him that Artie had passed his sophomore exams for the University of Chicago. "Well, the little devil, the little hound! Of course he'd tell you first! Where's he now?" When she said that Artie was all dressed up and long gone, Ned bawled enthusiastically, "Drag him back, darling, if you can. Send him round to the Pacific Union for lunch. Honey, you're a hypnotist. That's what it is—hypnotism!"

THAT night he brought her a bracelet of square-cut emeralds. Frieda, who had economized on clothes and scolded Doris for her extravagance, wore the bracelet with a harem luxuriousness. It was a medal of honor; her splendid commander had given it to her, almost without a speech, for a deed well done.

This success encouraged her to follow Doris to the Abalone Palace. Ned had gone to Seattle on business, so there was no hurry about getting home.

It was late in the afternoon—since repeal they've been advertising it as the "cocktail hour"—when Frieda left her car and climbed the breakneck steps up to the stuccoed house pinned on the cliffside. By the door there was a modest advertisement for "Hippy, Hoofer-Crooner Sophisticate." Coming in, Frieda bowed to one or two people she knew, for the Abalone was becoming fashionable as a half-Bohemian dancing place. The headwaiter, knowing her, as most San Franciscans did by then, asked, "With your party, Mrs. Pierson?"

"Just a table for two; I'm waiting," she said.

The big noisy room, tables around an oily dancing floor, an imitation tent reaching down from ridgepole to waggly gilt pillars, was so like other dancing places that Frieda wondered why they took the trouble, these brats, to move from one to another. But here was the difference.

On the platform Hippy, in a sports coat of sky-blue gabardine and pink-flannel slacks, conducted, played a trombone, a bagpipe, a ukulele. During the long melodies people danced, hundreds of them, infected by him. He was like some great revivalist or orator, swaying emotions. At the refrain he'd pick up a gold-plated megaphone and give forth his stirring metallic tenor: "All I do-oo is dream of you-ou," singing straight into a microphone. Then, gone suddenly dervish, he'd swoop to the floor and dance with any girl that flew into his arms.

There was Doris, a wisp of silver lamé, a trifle against his sky-blue breast. "Take a lesson from the lark," the orchestra was crooning. Deftly its leader threw away his glittering armful, mounted the platform, and took up his megaphone. Frieda, alone, leaning against the wall, saw this, and was not unpleasantly sad.

"Well, *Frieda!*"

Her name, spoken eagerly, turned her to a tall young man, his red hair aglow in the false light, his prominent eyes all animation.

"Why, Kirk! How in the world did you ever get here?"

"Just blew in from Los Angeles. Blowing back tonight." He laughed largely, happy to see her, no sullen memories lurking in his look. "Here with a crowd?"

"No"—a trifle embarrassed to be wandering there alone. "I just dropped in to get Doris."

"I've been watching that kid," said Kirk, more admiring of Doris than he had used to be. “She sure can step. Has she gone pro?”

“Not yet.” Then, with her old lust to tease him, “Have you?”

“Riding me again, huh?” With his rich laugh that seemed to reach out for her. “Say, Freed, I've brought along my mob. Sit in with us a while?” Waiters skipped about, bringing Mrs. Pierson a chair, a plate, a glass, pouring her wine unctuously as they lifted a fat bottle from a silver bucket. The other chairs were empty; Kirk's mob was dancing.

“We flew up the coast yesterday,” he confided, “and we've been burning the town ever since.”

“I can't believe it.”

“I guess we've danced over every inch of San Francisco.” His bright gray eyes were full on her. In them she could almost see the picture of herself, not as she was today, but as she had been back in Honolulu. A girl with a foreign look, straight and smooth as a wand of ivory, looking at a sea that seemed to wave like a flag of green and lavender. The giant in red trunks, crouching beside her, disappointed because she was waiting for the man who came like an answer to prayer.

“Do you still dance, Frieda?” asked Kirk.

“No.” She laughed mockingly. “I'm a very old woman. My knees crack so you can't hear the music.”

“Well, you look about the same as ever. Not a gray hair.” Hippy's orchestra began to croon. “Come on, try this one. Or do you still prefer sitting?”

So he hadn't forgotten that day at Waikiki when he left her on the beach—left her to Ned Pierson and the kind of life she had never dreamed could be hers.

“Come on,” she smiled.

And they were dancing just as they'd used to in hotels and aboard ship.

It might have been only yesterday, she fell back so easily into the fun of dancing with Kirk. Yes, she was glad to see him again. All these months with Ned she had missed dancing—no, not really. Only, it was rather delicious again. Kirk's steps were like silk.

The music died. They drifted back to their table and Kirk's mob.

He was handsome and golden, slouching there, turning his eyes on her. Apparently he had something he wanted to say—it didn't matter what it was.

“After all,” he said at last, “it's good to see you again.”

“It's good to see you too, Kirk.”

“Fine.” He offered her a cigarette. “You know, two or three times I thought of calling you up.”

“Why didn't you?”

“Hey, woman, haven't you got a husband?”

“You were at the wedding, weren't you?” She laughed. But it was a shame to tease Kirk. Already his full red lips were on the droop.

“That's a kick in the pants.”

“I'm sorry.” Then, to get away from themselves, “What have you been doing with yourself all these months?”

“Traipsing around the country, following the golf mostly.”

THE old patter, the old music. Nothing could change Kirk, not even his choice in girls.

A silence fell between them; so quickly they had said all they had to say.

“Dance?” he asked.

They danced again. His clean trained body seemed to sing with the fiddles and the horns.

“Some band!” was all he said as they moved their way around the crowded floor. Hippy, after bleating a stanza of Two Cigarettes in the Dark, bounced down and snatched Doris again. Like Kirk, she was lovely in motion. The little exhibitionist, thought Frieda, this is what she ought to do. But Ned just couldn't stand it. Feeling how Ned would hate this place, what Doris was doing, what she was doing, took the joy out of that dance.

Two married months had changed her. This was a lark, but enough was enough. Kirk, sulking at her refusal, seized Bobbie, in his party, and went back to the

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floor. Frieda found a fat bald middle-aged man she hadn't seen before. He introduced himself as Hamilton Reed. He looked amusing and very little like his name. “I flew up with Kirk's party,” he said. “Ever see anything like Kirk? Oh, my tired feet! Let me freshen up your glass. No?” He filled his own, swallowed thirstily. “Got to do something before I fall dead.”

“They're a wonderful team,” said Frieda, her eyes on Hippy and Doris swaying trancelike in the middle of the floor. People had stopped to watch them.

“Wonder what his wife'll do about that,” Mr. Reed said flatly. “But I suppose they get pretty hard-boiled, these professional people.”

Frieda turned to him with sudden interest. “I didn't know these night-club men got married.”

“He had to, I guess,” said Mr. Reed. “I come from Chicago, you know.” As if that explained everything.

“Oh, yes?”

“Last year he was running a sort of fashionable slum joint on the edge of the Loop. Girl named Stirling met him and wouldn't go home. The papers were full of it. Family objection, midnight marriage. He called himself De Costa then.”

Frieda sat very still. She didn't want this man to see her excited interest. She chose her words with care. “These people are divorced so easily,” she said, almost too casually.

Mr. Reed let out a loud guffaw. “Not this time. Hippy's crazy about her, if a hoofer's ever crazy about anybody. Besides, there's a baby. He's bringing 'em on, he says, when he gets this dance racket going right. I guess she'll chuck a few bombs when she sees that.”

Mr. Reed's bulbous nose was pointed toward Doris, swaying in Hippy's arms.

“You know a lot about him, don't you?” said Frieda carelessly.

Mr. Reed showed the effects of his hard night keeping up with Kirk's party.

“I ought to know about him,” he said. “I'm his lawyer. But not for publication, sweetheart.”

He grew affectionate—began pawing her knee under the table. Frieda got up and said something about time to go home. She wandered off and waited near the door. Finally Kirk saw her and came to ask anxiously what was the big idea.

“I'm late,” she told him. “I've got to get back. Do come to see us, Kirk, next time you're in town.”

He looked at her a long uncomfortable second.

“I don't think so,” he said, giving her hand a friendly squeeze. “Can't I help you find your car?”

“No, thank you. Sullivan's parked just below the steps. Good-by, Kirk.”

“Good-by, Frieda.”

She hurried away, somehow glad that she had seen him and taken this short plunge back into her dancing days.

WHEN Ned came, two nights later, they lay together in the dark tower room. The sepia portrait smiled dimly over them, but now it gave no hint of a third to share their love. Ned had been away a week; he and Frieda were together again, infatuated. Seated on his lap, drawn close to him, she let her fingers play over his face, felt the line of dark mustache above his upper lip. The touch thrilled through her like a kiss. He was harmony, and she a dream-bound listener. Then why should discords, the shriek and bellow of real life outside of theirs, jar in again on their silence?

It was she who broke the spell. How did the work go up in Seattle? Oh, well enough, he said; and a guarded weariness sounded in his voice. They hadn't much to spend on that new clubhouse; they couldn't make it look like anything. Behind his words there was a disappointment in his larger vision—the splendid white building which he might never get a chance to do. Even his brave reticence seemed to be drawing him away from Frieda. Insanely she wished that she had told him, when she could, about Artie and the money. That might have drawn them even closer; no secrets.

“You're home, darling,” she whispered. “Nothing else matters.” What else counted? His arms were around her, his lips over hers. Let them fail in business, be poor as dirt. That couldn't change Ned. Always he could wrap her in a cloak of beauty, hummingbirds' feathers, spun gold, and diamond dust.

Then again the clangor of intruding life. There was something she must tell him.

“Darling,” she said, “the other day I went on the loose. I wanted to find out about Doris. I went to that place—that place with the funny name; the Abalone Palace.”

She felt his arm slacken.

“Was she there?” he asked dryly.

“Don't get mad with me, Ned.”

“I'm not, honey—”

“Yes, she was there. She seems to be Hippy's dancing partner. And, Ned—” She had to raise her voice, he was so silent. “Ned, Kirk Bailey came in with a crowd from Los Angeles.”

“Oh, yes?”

“Don't be silly, Ned.” For his arm lay around her like so much limp rope. “I danced with him.”

“That's fine. You ought to dance more.”

“IT wasn't anything to rave about. He's a good dancer. That's about all he can do—that and tennis and golf. Ned, you've spoiled me for dancing men.” His arm tightened a little, and it gave her courage to say, “We've got to do something about Doris.”

“Yes; we always have.”

“But it's pretty bad now, Ned. Do you know a man named Hamilton Reed?”

“Yes; he's a lawyer. What about him?”

“He was rather tight when I met him at the Abalone. He said he was Hippy's lawyer, and that Hippy's married and has a baby. His wife isn't going to divorce him. Ned, Doris is with Hippy all the time.”

“Since you sent Joe back to Los Angeles.”

That was cruel. She tore herself from him.

“All right—blame me!” she raged. “Nothing has ever been done about Doris. You've let her run wild. And Artie too. I'm the only living person that ever tried to take them in hand. Blame me, that's right. Blame me!”

The point of his cigarette was like a signal beacon in the dark. He lay there a long time in the aching silence.

“Oh, well,” he said at last. “Worry killed the Widow Malone's cat. If she wants to go Hippy, and stay gone, I don't see what we can do about it, except to poison 'em both.” That was light. Then his voice came more solemnly out of the darkness: “Joe's nothing much, but he's straight, and he could take care of her if she'd let him. Phew! She's a handful, that girl.”

“You're a handful too, Ned.” But she caressed his hand when she said it.

“I guess I am, Little Detroit.” A pause; then Ned's tone grew heavier: “But didn't I tell you that night on the boat that it would be unfair to you?”

“No—it's you I'm thinking about. Honestly, Ned. This isn't any time for them to bother you.”

“It never is”—bitterly. “Why don't we let children go their own way? Why do we have them at all?” Then, apropos of nothing, he pulled Frieda on his lap again and kissed her. “Just hand Doris over to me. I won't have her bothering you too.”

But Frieda sat on his knee, thinking.

“Ned,” she said, “this is just one of those things. I don't believe she knows about Hippy's wife, and if she does, maybe she doesn't care. But something's got to be done about her.”

“You can't take her doll away from her, not at her age.”

An idea, half formed, came together, made sense.

“Yes, you can. Ned, she doesn't know what money is, but she has to have it. It's the way you let her run bills up on you, dear. Her allowance is gone before she gets it. Don't be mad with me, Ned. But isn't it so?”

She shook his arm, he seemed so inattentive.

“Well, getting down to brass tacks, I guess that's it,” he finally admitted.

“And if she finds that money doesn't grow on trees, maybe she'll come out of this spin. You're not so flush yourself, Ned. Why don't you tell her the party's over? No more credit, no more allowance? Probably she's lending Hippy money. She's been buying costumes for his hostesses—I saw them."

"Hell's bells!" A distant rumble of the O'Brien. Then, more reasonably: "You said that lawyer who told you about Hippy's wife was tight. Drunks are always spilling over about nothing."

"But Hippy's with her a lot now." Frieda hated to tell him this, but he must know. "Some nights she doesn't come home."

"Howling around the ash cans again." In the dark she could feel Ned heating up for another family row. "Oh, well, I've gone through all this before."

"I'll go through it with you this time, Ned." She pulled his hand against her breast and gave it comfort.

"God, these children!" he growled. "Punishment for our sins."

"Ours wouldn't be like that." It came involuntarily out of her thought. She felt Ned's hand spring away from her. A chill from the fog outside seemed to sift between them.

"Let's leave this mourners' bench," he said with a flat laugh. "We'll be practical, what? Do you think Joe would come back to her?"

"In a minute. He writes to me about her all the time. He's—"

"Would she listen to him?"

"If she hadn't any money of her own she'd certainly listen. I'm betting on that."

"Heigh-ho!"

Suddenly Ned leaped up, stretched, and said, "Freed, there's a funny show on at the Curran. Let's put on our hats and run down. I feel just like a funny show."

So all that evening they giggled at the comic farce-puzzled actors. Between the acts they stood in the lobby and smoked. Everybody in town seemed to know Ned, to gather around him, to want to meet his wife. It was a fine thing to be Mrs. Edmund Pierson at a public appearance in San Francisco.

NED'S mood, which had been so gay and debonair with the jokes of the comedians, the jokes of his friends, the joke that was life, sifted away into heavy silence as they drove back from the theater. Sitting beside him as their car went over the foggy hills, Frieda tried to talk about the show and the funny things in it. Right now there was no comeback to Ned, sunk in a Celtic depression.

"Was I wrong—I mean about Doris?" she asked as their car drove up the hill.

"Gosh, no." But it was the O'Brien speaking. Another shindy was due in the Pierson house.

"Let me talk to her, Ned. She seems to listen to me. I'll tell her you won't give her any more money and—"

"Oh, Freed, for heaven's sake!"

She drew away from him. This impatient man couldn't be Ned, who was so meticulously courteous to his wife. When they were in the house, putting away their coats, she thought the bad spell was over, for he kissed her very gently.

"Good night, sweet." He was smiling now, but very positive.

"Ned, aren't you coming up? You're not going out—"

"No. I think I'll sit up a while."

"Is that—Sylvia bothering you?"

"Well—" He smiled and rubbed his forehead. "That gal gives me plenty to think about."

But work wasn't keeping him up; that she knew.

"You're waiting for Doris?" Frieda took him by the lapels, shook him. "Ned, she might not come in at all. The house is stone-cold. You'll catch your death."

"I'm no spring violet. Now get to bed."

SHE watched him go into the living room and touch a match to the wood in the fireplace. Then dutifully she went upstairs, stilled by the thought, He doesn't want me in on this. He doesn't want me around when anything really important happens.

She undressed slowly, taking her time, going to the door now and then to listen. Worms worked in her imagination. She saw Ned's failures parading before him. In his work he was fighting uphill, never sparing himself. And now his tattered nerves must be laid bare, rasped again by his devilish children. Tonight trouble would mount upon trouble for poor Ned. Artie would be in first maybe, too limp to get upstairs without help. Doris would come home later, much later perhaps. Or not come at all. It might be better that way. No, it wouldn't!

She went to bed at last and tried to read something light and plotty. Action and characters jammed themselves together along the crooked lines. She got up, opened the door so that she could hear better, then went back to her frothy book.

A front door banged. She threw on Ned's thick bathrobe and stole to the head of the stairs. Below her she heard two men's voices—Ned's and Artie's. This was surprising enough. Artie, for once in his life, had come home early. And rather sober, too, it seemed, for he and Ned were laughing—a friendly sound. "Well, good night, kid," she heard the father's voice. "No. I'm sitting up for a while—a little job to think over."

Artie's steady feet were on the stairs when Frieda glided back to her room and softly closed the door. It was merciful, she thought, that Artie hadn't made things worse for Ned.

Again the front door closed, more softly this time. Shivering with the cold, holding the bathrobe tight around her, Frieda hurried again, barefoot, to the head of the landing. There was a glimpse of Doris's impertinently bare back before it flicked into the living room. Then her over-

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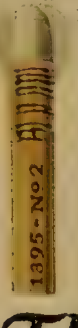

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shrill "What have we here, pop? A night watchman?"

O'Brien broke loose in the house.

Ned's tearing voice: "Why do you always have to go to the zoo? Have you forgotten what a real man looks like?" Doris's yelling: "Oh, can that tripe. Stick me in a convent, why don't you? And a fat lot of good—" Then, back and forth, tangled words, tangled voices. "A married man, I tell you. Expect me to take care of his wife and baby?" "One of Freed's lies." "No more credit. Stay home a while and think that over, if—" "Oh, spending it all on her, you mean! Emerald bracelets and—" "Keep still!" "I'll get the money all right. From the first man that comes along to—" Sudden uncontrolled weeping—the temper crying of a baby about to hold its breath.

Unexpectedly Doris came shooting out of the drawing-room door like a tinseled comet. The tat-tat of little angry shoes on the second floor; then bang!—a door slammed. Ned had settled things in his own way.

Frieda was in his bedroom when he came up. He had the rumpled look of a man who had been in a fight.

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned, throwing up his hands. "How I hate to beat her up! She was so pretty, Freed, taking it on the chin and coming back for more. But *that's* over, anyhow."

"You think so?"—dubiously, having her own opinions.

Ned was relieved. He had fought it out; his temper was over. But the hurt was there just the same.

Frieda's love rushed back and gathered around him: "If they'd only hurt me and leave you alone."

"No, honey. Stay out of it. This business isn't yours."

"Why?"

He wouldn't tell her why, even after they had gone to bed and she had his poor bothered head against her breast. But he still loves me, she told herself. And when there's our baby—

That was all till next morning when, not long before lunchtime, she came upon Doris, in arsenic-green mules and some lacy thing over her pajamas, telephoning savagely:

"Oh, yeah? Sweetheart, don't let me waste your time any longer. The wronged wife and neglected chee-ild are waiting for you, probably, at the corner of Kearney and Market. Oh, cut out the honey, honey. I'm out of the five-and-ten class from now on. Shut up! You make me sick."

THE telephone receiver slammed into its bracket. Tight pinkish curls bowed impetuously into folded arms. Doris was beginning to cry.

"I'm glad you did it, dear."

Frieda was sorry for Doris, surrendered there by the telephone. But Doris shook a consoling hand away. Sobs came faster from the slim arms gathered around the foolish curly head.

"You—you shut up, too. Listening—listening in again—on me!" Suddenly she sat up, pink cheeks oily with tears, tears streaming from long golden eyes. "All right. I've got Joe! If you two chiselers think I haven't—"

As Frieda went about her work, suddenly she realized how tired she was. Men feel like that after a battle. . . .

One September morning—one that carried fate heavily for her and for all the Piersons—Artie was running around headlessly, losing safety razors, finding them again, dropping socks, taking off coats, wondering what he'd done with that dippy key ring. He was going to college; the car was waiting outside, full of new airplane luggage which Frieda had helped him buy because, he said, he wanted to show Chicago. There was plenty of time, but the boy was panting like a spent athlete, for fear they'd miss the ferry that caught the trains on the Oakland side. Doris was still abed. Artie's future, or Frieda's or Ned's, was nothing to her. She was going to marry Joe and be done with it.

Frieda was calling after the distracted Artie, "Tuck your shirt in, kid, and take your time," when the telephone rang.

It was Ned, saying slowly in a voice that chilled her blood, "When you drop in for me, come up to the office, will you? Better drop in a little early, Freed."

"What's the matter, Ned?"

"Nothing. Why?"—dead and flat.

"You sound so queer, Ned!"

"I'm busy. Come up—"

OTHER voices seemed to interfere. He hung up. Darkness settled around Frieda for a moment. Ned, who never asked her to his office, who had said clearly this morning that he would meet them downstairs in the lobby, wanted her to come up. In that hard voice that seemed to threaten her.

"Artie," she called when she had calmed herself, "your father wants us to come early—to his office."

The boy's face turned and twisted when he asked, "Office? Early? What the hell now?"

"Don't ask me. But hurry!"

When they were in the car, going downtown, the big lovable lout, proud of his new collegiate clothes and his rather loud plaid raglan, put an arm around her protectively and said:

"Gee, Frieda, it's all right. The boss has his ups and downs, but it's oke. He's full of ginger, really—me on my way and Doris getting married."

"Of course," she said absently. She was ashamed that the boy had seen her worried look.

"Everything's jake," said Artie. "But, Frieda, this is my idea about the boss. He works too hard over nothing. Me, I can take it or leave it. But get dad mixed up in a job and he's lost till it's over."

This made Frieda laugh, but ruefully; she knew it was true. "Why don't you tell him so, Artie?"

"Uh-uh. I'm not telling *him*. He's telling *me* nowadays."

Presently they were on Sansome Street, stopping in front of the old Pindar Building. Ned's offices were on the fourth floor, and Frieda led the boy with uncertain steps over the deep-piled carpets of the elegant Old World rooms. Ned's workroom, she knew, was a little square place beyond another little square place where Miss Shelborn, his spinster secretary, sat like a fiercely blonde watchdog, fiercely spectacled. "He's somewhere around," said Miss Shelborn, who usually smiled on Frieda. Now she wore the quiet restrained air of tragedy as she snapped, "I suppose you've heard," and disappeared.

In Ned's little office, above the wide board on which he worked, Frieda gazed absently at a whitish square on the wall.

What was it she was supposed to have heard? Ned's voice, so queer, calling to her . . .

Can you guess what the mysterious something is? Its disclosure in next week's installment serves as a prelude to another chain of unparalleled thrilling surprises in which Doris plays her trump card with Joe Wirth and the irresponsible Kirk again moves into the scene.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 37

1—Joe E. Brown played with the New York Yankees.
2—Transpire.
3—Pounds, shillings, pence.
4—The late Lieutenant General Sir Arthur William Currie.
5—John Tyler.
6—An aquatic mammal.
7—An instrument for measuring a small electric current.
8—Great Slave Lake.
9—Hysterics is a fit of uncontrolled laughter and crying. Hysteresis (a physics term) is a retardation of the effect, when the forces acting upon a body are changed.
10—The United States Tariff Act of 1828.
11—It is the new name of Persia, officially adopted March 22, 1935.
12—On the Straits of Malacca.
13—Its entire course of approximately 350 miles is in the state.
14—At St. Lin, Province of Quebec, November 20, 1841.
15—A hippologist.
16—Arkansaw as the state; Arkansas as the river.
17—The Latin *manus*, hand, and *scribere*, to write.
18—In honor of H. R. H. Princess Louise Caroline Alberta, daughter of Queen Victoria.
19—If his face is characterized by "extreme ugliness."
20—Mary Randolph Custis, a great-granddaughter of Martha Washington.

TO THE LADIES!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

LILLIAN D. ROCK heads the League for a Woman President and Vice President. I asked Miss Rock if *she* would like to be President of the United States, and she said no, she wouldn't.

"We are not," she explained, "campaigning to put a woman in the Presidential chair. We are merely trying to find out how people would feel about voting for a woman candidate if we had one."

Personally, Miss Rock would rather be a distinguished woman lawyer—which she is now—than be President. Yet she and the members of her league believe that in some ways a woman President might be better than a man.

"Oh, tell me why!" I exclaimed.

Well, Miss Rock said she thought a woman President might be more practical about housing problems, schools, public welfare, etc. And a woman President, she said, would employ every means to keep us out of war. And she said there is no legal reason why a woman should *not* be President. There is nothing against it in the Constitution. As a matter of fact, a lady named Belva Ann Lockwood ran for President in 1884. Got licked, of course. Expected to get licked. Just tried it to prove that it could be tried.

LILLIAN D. ROCK

"How should a woman President dress?" I asked Miss Rock.

"In lovely gowns," she said, "cut on classic Grecian lines. Nothing stylish. To follow every fashion—in the White House—would not be dignified."

ONCE more I call attention to the ripe philosophy of New York taxi drivers. In a New York cab a woman friend of mine listened patiently to the somewhat wild complaint of a young female relative who said she wanted to run away with a certain married man, and didn't see why she should care what other people thought of her.

"It isn't what other people think," cautioned my friend, the older woman. "It's what you think of yourself. You can get away from other people—but don't overlook the fact that you will have to live with yourself all the rest of your life."

The girl protested. Whereupon the cab driver turned around and spoke to her firmly. "The lady is right!" he said. "Don't you be a smart aleck. My folks gave me the same advice when I was your age, but I was a smart aleck. And look at me now! Drivin' a cab to make my livin'!"

CONFESSION: *I can't carry a tune.* Can't sing, hum, or whistle more than a dozen notes of any tune correctly. All my life I have been grieved by this inability, because I love music. Now a psychologist friend of mine informs me that my tune failure is purely mental. I always thought I was born that way. He says no, any child can be taught scientifically to carry a tune. His explanation of the process is quite complicated; I won't attempt to repeat it. But I certainly believe that parents should find out whether or not their children are *tune cripples*—and should have them cured if they are.

WOMEN of the Balkans know how to peel onions without shedding a tear. Here's how they do it:

Take a steel needle between your teeth, with the sharp end sticking out between your lips. Bite on the needle while you peel your onions. Your eyes won't water—you will experience no discomfort.

It's true! I've tried it! I don't know why it works—but it does. I have asked erudite scientists to explain this—and none of them can.

A YOUNG business woman asked another young business woman to lend her three hundred dollars. The two had been to college together, were quite close friends. We will call them Jill and Jacqueline. Jill was the one who needed the three hundred.

"I'll lend it to you," said Jacqueline, "but under one condition. You must promise to have lunch with me once a week until you pay it back. And I'll tell you why. You know the old saying—lend money and lose a friend. I don't want that to happen."

Jill promised. That was six months ago. And Jacqueline tells me that she hasn't laid eyes on Jill since!

LAST week, to keep up my serious reading, I went through The Body's Rapture—latest novel by Jules Romains. I liked it. (Published by Liveright.)

AMERICAN dress designers are rhapsodizing in blue this spring. I defy any girl to resist the new American symphonies in azure dawn and Mediterranean blue for evening wear. Trailing clouds of pale cerulean float around you as you move through your private world—making you feel like an angel—although you know that you are not a *bit* angelic. Give thanks for the blue vogue!

Vox

A ROBOT IN EVERY HOUSE

Brooklyn, N. Y.—In February 9 Liberty Nikola Tesla made one of the most formidable picturizations of the future that I have ever had the displeasure of reading. Once Tesla's future becomes a reality, we will be able to say without a shadow of a doubt that our civilization is approaching its end. With a robot in every house, the human body will slowly but surely degenerate into a living corpse whose sole purposes will be to eat, sleep, and propagate.

Tesla's monstrous war machine would only cause our ultimate self-destruction. It is true that for a time war would be outlawed, but only because of the nations' fear of each other. However, the instability of human nature would soon turn this into hatred, and finally there would be a war which would make the World War seem like a sham battle.

I certainly thank my lucky stars that I won't be alive during Tesla's twenty-first or twenty-second century.—*J. M. Kleiman.*

NO SHUTOUT FOR DIZZY

Pittsburgh, Pa.—In his very entertaining baseball article, Those Dizzy, Daffy Deans (February 16 Liberty) Dick Williams states that Dizzy shut out the Pittsburgh Pirates for his first major-league victory in 1930. As a matter of fact, Dizzy pitched and won the last game played with the Pirates, but it was not a shutout. He allowed three hits and one run. The final score was 3 to 1. As a loyal Pirate fan I would like this correction made.—*Robert Yates.*

TOO OLD AT THIRTY-FIVE?

Selma, Ala.—Speaking of old-age pensions—answer this one if you can. Several months ago a man thirty-five years of age had the misfortune to lose all his material belongings. On every side this man was turned down when he applied for a job. He was healthy and able, but he was too old!

Now, if men at the age of thirty-five are too old to get work of any kind, and the old-age pension is made for people over sixty years of age—pray tell me, where do these young-old men come in? —*Mrs. Jennie E. Hale.*

KAISER'S BOOTS FOR HITLER

Cincinnati, Ohio—Germany has supplied the world's need for a personal devil for many years. Emperor William II filled the bill to perfection until he was propagandized into oblivion. The correspondents then fitted the Kaiser's boots on Adolf Hitler, and herculean efforts are being made to constantly present Der Fuehrer in a sordid role. Princess Catherine Radziwill's article, Hitler's Coming Doom, is in dire need of crutches.—*Walter Schucht.*

Rockville, Md.—Reading poor stories and depression literature in the past—or until I came across Princess Radziwill's Hitler's Coming Doom—had placed me in serious danger of succumbing to Huey Long's doctrines or embracing other similar political mountebanks.

But the authentic picture portrayed for me in the Hitler series made me realize the only p[illegible]sible result of any such political regime and consequently filled me with new hope, ambition, and thanks for our present leaders in this great country.—*Morris Kashdin.*

RATHER PAY THAN WED

Seattle, Wash.—One of our state representatives recently suggested taxing all men over twenty-four years of age and single as a means of supporting unemployed single women.

Personally, I would gladly pay that tax and many more to avoid some of these modern barmy females.—*G. H. F.*

"A DAVID FOR EVERY GOLIATH"

Bonham, Tex.—In February 9 Vox Pop Mr. Harold W. Lauber states: "Once the United States builds up a fighting force so strong that no other nation will dare to rise up against it, the rest of the world will be seeking our favors and trade."

For every Goliath there has always been a David and somebody would soon take a sling shot at us.

When a man goes about parading his swords and his guns or even his golf clubs, he will probably get a challenge. So why not practice more peace and less preparedness?—*Lonnie A. Vermillion.*

WOBBLES THROUGH LIFE

Berkeley, Calif.—It is astonishing that the human race, after centuries of civilization and learning, should be so profoundly stupid.

In this country excellent facilities for educational advancement are provided at little or no cost, yet the average adult is an ignoramus. Books on all subjects of interest and importance, compiled by fellow humans of great intelligence who have spent their lives on them, are available at all libraries. And what does our hero, the man in the street, do? Profit by the experience of these learned brothers? Oh, no. Too much trouble!

He wobbles through life in a haphazard manner, crying for sympathy and help from his wiser and smarter brothers.

It all seems so absurd when for nothing more than a little of his spare time (and he has plenty) he could, through education, transform himself into a radiantly healthy and mentally alert human. —*California Popper.*

CAUSING HUSBANDS TO GO ASTRAY?

Nebraska City, Neb.—Some one of these days married women will wake up to the fact that some of their kind (beautiful but dumb) are not only stealing their husbands' jobs and lowering the wage scale of others but also causing a great many husbands to go astray. Take women out of the business world and business will get better, if for no other reason than that men will have more time to concentrate on their business and less on their employees. Man has always been a backward sort. Even in the time of Adam and Eve, Eve had to talk Adam into eating the forbidden fruit.

What married women need is a woman's labor law, the same as those governing child labor, making it impossible for a married woman to be employed, and no single one under the age of thirty, unless she is a widow or orphan.

A law of this kind would make such a shortage in labor that within sixty days men who are now working for fifteen dollars a week would be drawing thirty dollars a week. There would be no unemployment and the depression would be over.

Women have representation in our government through the right to vote. Why don't they use it?—*T. F.*

"HIC" HELPS

St. Louis, Mo.—Here's the quickest, most effective way to cure hiccups: Hold the breath and swallow nine times before taking another breath. It works! —*Mrs. Frances Jennings.*

Chicago, Ill.—I had hiccups for three days recently, and a good Samaritan advised me to try this one: Fill a glass of water to the brim and set it on the edge of a table. Clasp your hands behind your back as firmly as possible, forcing the shoulders back, bend forward, and drink slowly. It's awkward but it turns the trick.—*Walter W. Sauter.*

WHO IS HUEY?

Newton, Kan.—This is just a howl from the wide-open plains, but I'll gamble the same questions are in the minds of thousands of other right-minded people.

Just what, who, and how is Senator Huey Long? Is he a martyr, much abused by the press and berated by envious rival politicians, or is he another product of a polluted political era gotten out of hand?

Does he fight behind his (?) militia and enjoy immunity through political guards and influential friends? If he is guilty of some of the deeds charged against him he should be in prison. If he is innocent he should be helped in his campaign. Who can enlighten us?— *C. O. B.*

[Some very opportune questions, Brother C. O. B., and we're ready with the answers. Turn to page 24 of this issue and begin Will Irwin's sensational series on the Kingfish.—Vox Pop Editor.]

THE RIGHT NOT TO STRIKE

Atlanta, Ga.—Bernarr Macfadden's sentiments, expressed in his February 16 editorial, Protection in the Right Not to Strike, were first voiced by Georgia's own governor, the Hon. Eugene Talmadge, in an order issued by him during the textile strike of September, 1934.

Governor Talmadge is backing up his sentiment with the National Guard and giving protection to all Georgians who do *not* want to strike.

I am glad to know that in Liberty such an idea is getting widespread circulation.—*Ernest E. Dallis, Johnson-Dallis Company.*

Pop

ILION, N. Y.—Protection in the Right Not to Strike was unfair and poorly prepared and dealt with a problem which is entitled to much greater consideration and preparation than can be presented by any publisher.

The ability and will to fight for one's rights are the most commendable traits of the American people. Those who are too weak-spined to uphold their rights are deserving of as little consideration as they usually receive.—*Harold Beer, District Council Office Equipment Workers.*

DO MEN WRITE CLEANER STORIES?

DES MOINES, IA.—I have enjoyed reading Liberty and want to continue it, but please try to keep it clean so that my family may also read it.

I note you've just had another story by the woman who wrote such muck as Bad Girl, Bright Girl, Kept, Sadie McKee, etc. They were all rotten and a young daughter should not read them; neither are they good for a boy.

Men generally write cleaner stories than women. The latter generally run to filth.

One wonders what kind of minds they have and what kind of lives they have lived.—*A Constant Reader.*

WHERE ARE THE WESTERN HE-MEN OF YESTERYEAR?

YUMA, ARIZ.—I'm completely fed up on the undeserved plaudits given these big Western he-men in comparison to their Eastern brothers.

I came here from a large Eastern city determined to sample some of this unvarnished romance, adventure, and love these husky lovers are supposed to abound with. Instead I found a country full of jolterheaded oafs who can't help growing big because they're too lazy to do anything else.

Their idea of romance and adventure is a bruising horseback ride, a harmonica serenade, an outdoor meal of coffee strong enough to chew, bacon as tough as saddle leather, and beans as hard as pebbles. And they're just about as devoid of manners and chivalry as a pool ball is of wavy hair. Dress clothes to them means a pair of freshly starched overalls creased crosswise, like pajamas, so they won't wrinkle when the gal sits on their lap.

He-men lovers? Not for me! As soon as I can coax enough money for railroad fare out of their moth-infested pocketbooks I'm leaving them for the Eastern man who uses cream in his coffee, washes the back of his neck, and treats a lady like a lady and not a shorthorn calf.

Young men might have been successful in heeding Greeley's advice but it certainly doesn't apply to women.—*Renée Hazel.*

MANICURED OR PEDICURED?

BIG RIVER, SASK.—In Safe with Alexander (February 9 Liberty) Marjorie McClure states that the patient had "manicured toes." Shouldn't the word pedicured have been used instead? *Manus* means hand, and *pedio* foot. And, unlike the nails of the hand, the toenails are filed straight or rounded and are never pointed.—*Interested.*

ALSO EIGHT AROUND MISSOURI

DANTE, VA.—If you paid one dollar for Question 16 of February 9 Twenty Questions, What state is bordered by eight other states? and the answer, Tennessee, it seems to me you are entitled to a fifty-cent refund. The answer is correct; but, unless I have forgotten my geography, Missouri also is bordered by eight states: Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma.—*A. Muse.*

THE HABITS OF THE MOON

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Can it be, by any possible chance, that James Warner Bellah and Richard Halliburton are relatives? They both have the rare ability of being able to cause the new moon to rise after sunset.

In his whale of a serial, Passport to Hell (Liberty, February 9), Mr. Bellah writes: "A sliver of new moon winked over the rise behind the town."

Likewise Mr. Halliburton says (in his Royal Road to Romance): "The young moon rose over the tree tops" (time, 7 P. M.).

Nothing younger than a full moon can rise after sunset. Or maybe the moon works differently on the other side of the globe.—*Dean Ryder.*

WHO SAID WEEDS?

BUFFALO, N. Y.—If wild flowers, merely because they grow in profusion, must be classed as weeds, as E. H. Bemis calls them in his February 9 Vox Pop letter, then it's high time the lexicographers did something about it.

And if mountain laurel, lupine, yucca, and countless others are weeds, then let's have more of them!—*R. Clarke.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—For the benefit of E. H. Bemis, there ain't no such animals as weeds. If he cultivated a tract of goldenrod and an orchid happened to sprout in the middle, the orchid would be considered a weed. For a weed is a plant that is not wanted. There are about sixty species of goldenrod, or *Solidago*, found in the eastern part of North America, several on the Pacific coast, a few in Mexico, South America, Europe, and Asia, making altogether perhaps 130 species. Who said weeds?—*Commercial Floriculturist.*

FORD'S FAITH

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—Henry Ford Tells His New Faith in America (March 2 Liberty) was an inspiring, forceful article and held more hope and faith for the future of America than all of the New Deal propaganda put together.

If industry had more leaders like Ford we would have been out of the depression long ago.—*James D. Barstow.*

VOX POP! LONG MAY HE HOLLER

NYACK, N. Y.—Scientists tell us that in a few years there will be nothing left to laugh at.

Cheer up! The depression may be cured by our politicians and bankers, or vice versa; and even Liberty and Vox Pop may still be published.—*Skeptic.*

IS BEVERLY TWINS?

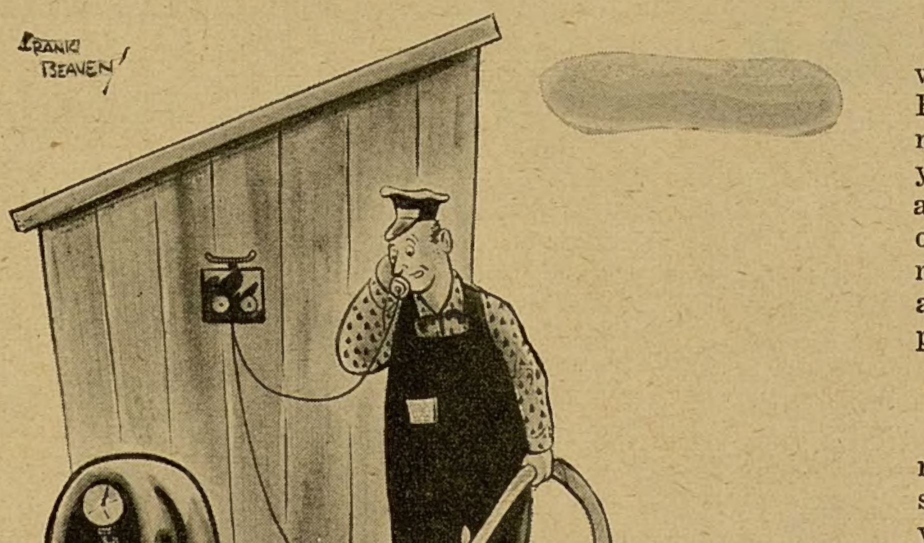
WASILLA, ALASKA—I note with no little concern that Beverly Hills spells the name with a final s. When you—if you ever do get around to it—publish the sex of this most baffling specimen, will you please tell us also if it is singular or plural?—*J. E. Wilson.*

FIREWORKS FOR POP

TABER, ALTA.—Why do we not hear more about the sires of famous people as well as the dames? In The Private Life of Ginger Rogers (February 2 Liberty) not one word was said about her dad. Is he hiding out till the fireworks are over?—*T. LL.*

FISHY

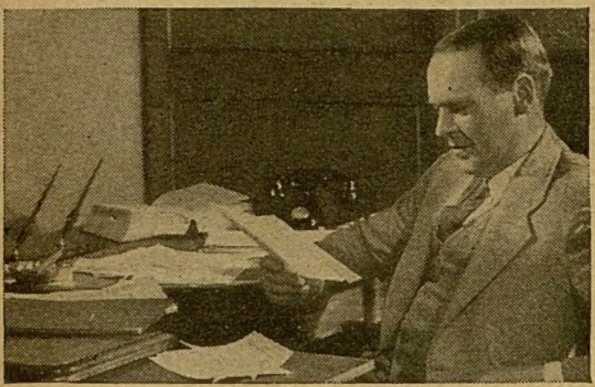
DETROIT, MICH.—The series of biographies slay me. I suggest that you print the autobiography of a kippered herring.—*Allyn Riant.*



Hello, Metcalf. Your wife says to bring home a loaf of bread and a can of sardines.

No busy man has time for headaches!

GEORGE WINTERS *has just signed up a new client. And that means quick work . . . hard work . . . till late at night. No matter how tired he gets, it must be done.*



. . . 5 o'clock finds him a bit groggy, but a Bromo-Seltzer soon has him feeling more alert, just like a new person. Its citric salts have a special benefit.

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HITLER'S HELLISH NEW WEAPONS OF WAR

By

Wythe Williams

Fantastic but *real* . . . and far more terrible than anything yet devised by man—now their appalling secrets can be told

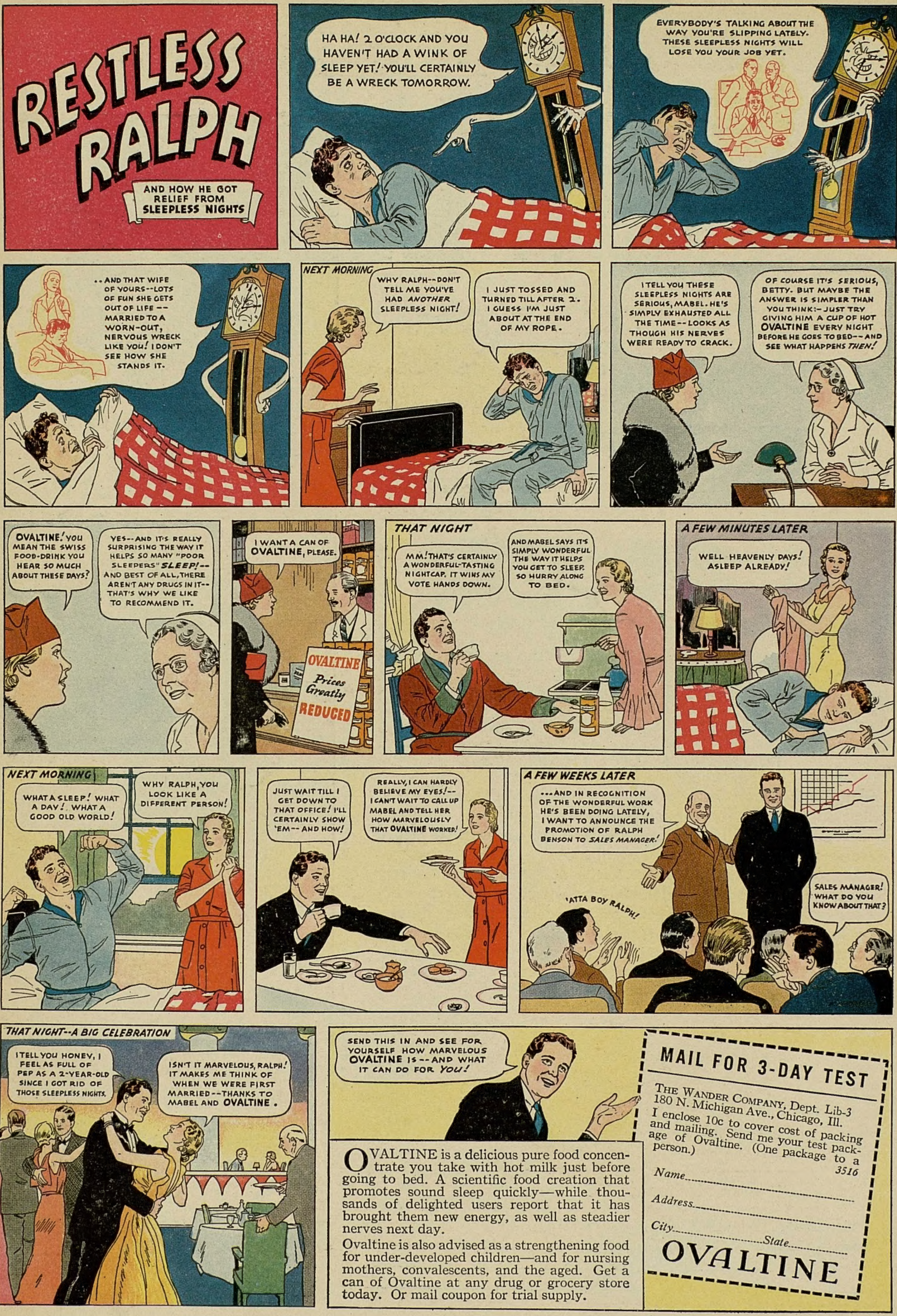
ONE—NOT TWO

By

Achmed Abdullah

A vividly colorful tale of East and West—of the heart of a girl, a dark revenge, and a friendship broken and mended

Other stories and articles by Will Irwin, Reita Lambert, Wallace Irwin, Lowell Thomas, Tyler Mason, and others


RESTLESS RALPH
AND HOW HE GOT RELIEF FROM SLEEPLESS NIGHTS
HA HA! 2 O'CLOCK AND YOU HAVEN'T HAD A WINK OF SLEEP YET! YOU'LL CERTAINLY BE A WRECK TOMORROW.
EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT THE WAY YOU'RE SLIPPING LATELY. THESE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS WILL LOSE YOU YOUR JOB YET.
..AND THAT WIFE OF YOURS--LOTS OF FUN SHE GETS OUT OF LIFE -- MARRIED TO A WORN-OUT, NERVOUS WRECK LIKE YOU! I DON'T SEE HOW SHE STANDS IT.
NEXT MORNING
WHY RALPH--DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE HAD ANOTHER SLEEPLESS NIGHT!
I JUST TOSSED AND TURNED TILL AFTER 2. I GUESS I'M JUST ABOUT AT THE END OF MY ROPE.
I TELL YOU THESE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS ARE SERIOUS, MABEL. HE'S SIMPLY EXHAUSTED ALL THE TIME--LOOKS AS THOUGH HIS NERVES WERE READY TO CRACK.
OF COURSE IT'S SERIOUS, BETTY. BUT MAYBE THE ANSWER IS SIMPLER THAN YOU THINK:- JUST TRY GIVING HIM A CUP OF HOT OVALTINE EVERY NIGHT BEFORE HE GOES TO BED--AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS THEN!
OVALTINE! YOU MEAN THE SWISS FOOD-DRINK YOU HEAR SO MUCH ABOUT THESE DAYS?
YES--AND IT'S REALLY SURPRISING THE WAY IT HELPS SO MANY "POOR SLEEPERS" SLEEP!--AND BEST OF ALL, THERE AREN'T ANY DRUGS IN IT--THAT'S WHY WE LIKE TO RECOMMEND IT.
I WANT A CAN OF OVALTINE, PLEASE.
OVALTINE Prices Greatly REDUCED
THAT NIGHT
MM! THAT'S CERTAINLY A WONDERFUL-TASTING NIGHTCAP. IT WINS MY VOTE HANDS DOWN.
AND MABEL SAYS IT'S SIMPLY WONDERFUL THE WAY IT HELPS YOU GET TO SLEEP. SO HURRY ALONG TO BED.
A FEW MINUTES LATER
WELL HEAVENLY DAYS! ASLEEP ALREADY!
NEXT MORNING
WHAT A SLEEP! WHAT A DAY! WHAT A GOOD OLD WORLD!
WHY RALPH, YOU LOOK LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON!
JUST WAIT TILL I GET DOWN TO THAT OFFICE! I'LL CERTAINLY SHOW 'EM--AND HOW!
REALLY, I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE MY EYES!--I CAN'T WAIT TO CALL UP MABEL AND TELL HER HOW MARVELOUSLY THAT OVALTINE WORKED!
A FEW WEEKS LATER
...AND IN RECOGNITION OF THE WONDERFUL WORK HE'S BEEN DOING LATELY, I WANT TO ANNOUNCE THE PROMOTION OF RALPH BENSON TO SALES MANAGER!
'ATTA BOY RALPH!
SALES MANAGER! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?
THAT NIGHT--A BIG CELEBRATION
I TELL YOU HONEY, I FEEL AS FULL OF PEP AS A 2-YEAR-OLD SINCE I GOT RID OF THOSE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.
ISN'T IT MARVELOUS, RALPH! IT MAKES ME THINK OF WHEN WE WERE FIRST MARRIED--THANKS TO MABEL AND OVALTINE.
SEND THIS IN AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW MARVELOUS OVALTINE IS--AND WHAT IT CAN DO FOR YOU!

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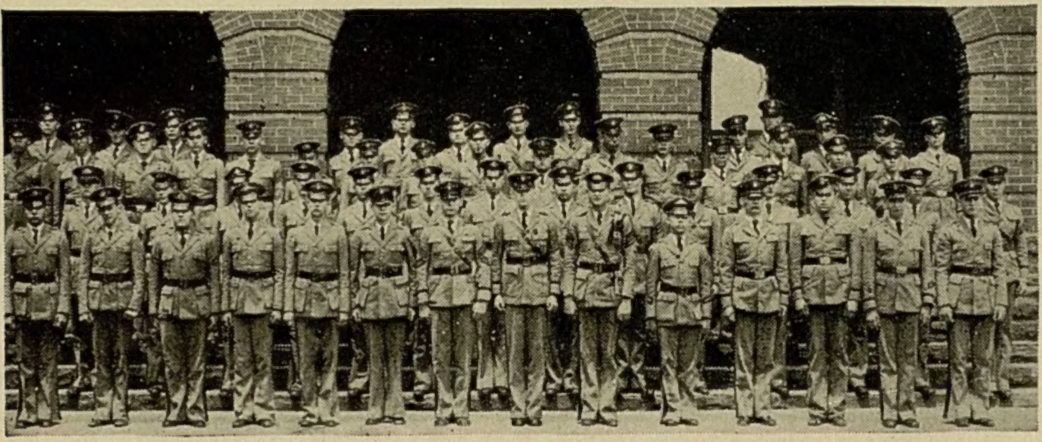
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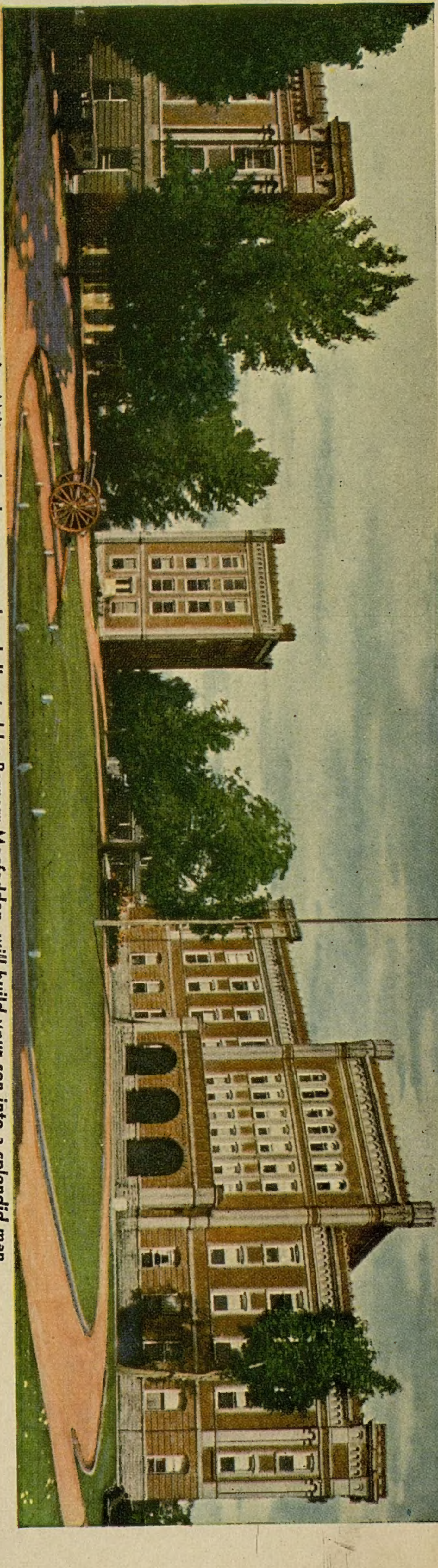
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